THE

xiii. Bukes of Eneados of the famose Poete Virgill Translatet out of Latyne verses into Scottish metir, bi the Reuerend Father in God, Mayster Gawin Douglas Bishop of Dunkel & vnkil to the Erle of Angus. Euery buke hauing hys perticular Prologe.

¶ Imprinted at Londō
15 . 33

THE

¶ Cõmendation of Virgill



Iude, honoure, prasing, thankis infinite
To the, and thi dulce ornate fresch endite
Maist reuerend Virgil, of latine poetis prince
Gem of ingyne, and flude of eloquence
Thou peirles peirle, patron of poetry
Rois, regester, palme, laurere, and glozy
Choisin Charbukill, cheif floure, and Cedir tre
Lanterne, lade sterne, myrrour, and a per se
Maister of maisteris, swete sours and spryng and well
Wide quhare ouer all, ingis thyne heumly bell
I mene thy crafty werkis, curious
Sa quyk lusty and maist sententius
Iesand perfyte, and selabill in all degre
As quha the mater behelde, afore there. E.
In euery volume, quhilk the lilit to write
Surmonting fer all vther maner endite
Like as the rois, in Iune with hir sueite smell
The Marigulde or Dasy, doith excell

¶ compari son.

Quhy suld I than, with dull forhede and bane
With rude ingyne, and barane emptnie brane
With bad harsk speich, and lewit barbare toung
Presume to write, quhare thy sueit bell is roung

¶ The Ivethoris humilytie.

Or counterfete sa, pretius wordis deir
Na na not sa, bot kneil quhen I them here
For quhat compare, betuix myd day and nycht
Or quhat compare, betuix mirknes and lycht
Or quhat compare is, betuix blake and quhit
Fer greter defference, betuix my blunt endite
And thi scharpe kyrurate, sang virgiliane
So wisely wrocht, vythoutyne word in vane
My wauering wit, my cunnyng kebill at all
My mynd misty, ther may not myss are fall
Stra for thys ignorant, blabering Imperfite

Beside thy polist termes, redymyte
And netheles with support, and correctioun
For naturale luf, and freyndly affectioun
Quhilkis I bere, to thy werkis and endite
All thought god wate, I knaw tharin ful lyte
And that thy facund sentence, mycht be soung
In our langage, a's weill as latyne toung
A's weil na na, Impossibil be perde
Sit with thy leif, Virgil to follow the
I wald, into my vulgare rurale grose
Write sum sauoring, of thy Eneadose
Bot sare I drede, for to distene the quyte
Throw my corruppit cadence, imperfyte
Distene the na forsoth, that may I nocht
Weill may I schaw, my bureil bustious thocht
Bot thy werke schall endure, in laude and gloire
But spot or falt, condigne eterne memorie
Thocht I offend, vnwemmyt is thy fame
Thyne is the thank, and myne salbe the schame
Quha may thi verlis follow, in all degre
In bewte sentence, and in grauite
Nane is nor was, nor sit salbe trowe I
Had, has, or sall haue sic craft in Poetry
Of helicon so drank, thou dry the flude
That of thy copious forth, or plenitude
All men purchesse drink, at thy suggerit tone
So lamp of day thou art, and schynand sone
All theris one forse, mon thare lycht, beg or borowe
Thow art wesper, and the day sterne at morowe
Thow Phebus, lichtnare of the Planetis all
I nat quhat deulie, I the clepe sall
For thou art all and sum, quhat nedis more
Of latyne Poetes, that seyis war of before
Of the wytis macrobius, sanys fail

In latyne toung Virgill excellis all other Poetis both in sentence and eloquence

In

In his grete volume clepit, saturnale
Thy sawis in sic eloquence, dois flete
So inuentiue of rethorik, fluris swete
Thow art, and has, so hie profound sentence
Tharto perfyte, but ony indigence
That na louingis, may do incres thy fame
Nor na reproche, dympnew thy gude name
Bot sen I am compellid, the to translait
And not onlie of my curage, god wate
Durst I interprise, sic outragious folie
Quhare I offend, the lesse reprefe serf I
And that ze knaw, at quhais instance I tuke
For to translate this maist excellent buke
I mene Virgillis volum maist excellent
Set this my werk full febill be of rent
At the request, of ane Lord of renowne
Of ancestry nobill, and Illustir baroun
Fader of bukis, protector to science and lare
My speciall gude Lord Henry, Lord Sinclare
Quhilk with grete instance, diuerse tymes sere
Prayit me stranslaite Virgill, or Homere
Quhais plesoure soothle, as I vnderstude
As nere conionit, to his lordschip in blude
So that me thoch, this requeist ane command
Half disparit thys werk, I tuke one hand
Nocht fully grantand, nor anys sayand ze
Bot onlie to assay, how it mycht be
Quhay mycht ganesay, ane Lorde sa gentill and kynd
That euer had ony courtasy, in thare mynd
Quhilk besyde his innatiue policy
Humanite curage fredome and cheualry
Bukis to recollect, to reid and se
Has grete delite, as euer had Ptholome
Quharfor to his nobilite, and estate

Hee is happye, whose fame noether prayse reprouis of enuye can disdayne.

Quhatso it be, this buke I dedicate
Wyttin in the langage, of Scottis natioun
And thus I mak, my protestatioun.

A protestacion to the Reader.



Irst I protest, gud Readers be zour leif
Be weill auisit, my werk or ze reprief
Consider it werly, rede ofter than anys
Weil at ane blenk, sle poetry not tane is
And zit forsoith I set, my besy pane
(As that I couth) to mak it, brade and plane
Kepand no sodroun, bot oure awin langage
And speke as I lerned, quhen I wes ane page
Na zit so clene, all sudroun I refuse
Bot sum worde I pronuce, as nychboure dois
Like as in latyne bene, grewe termes sum.
So me behuffit quhilum or be dum
Sum bastard latyne, Frensche or ynglis ois
Quhare scant wes scottis, I had nane vthir chois
Not that oure toung, is in the seluin skant
Bot for that I, the couth of Langage want
Quhare as the cullour, of his propirte
To keip the sentence, thareto constrenit me
Or that to mak my saying, schort sum tyme
Ware compendius, or to likly my tyme
Tharfor gude freyndis, for ane gympe or ane bourd
I pray zou note me not, at euery worde
The worthye clerk, hecht laurence of the vaile
Amang latyne ane, grete clerk sanys faile
Gramtis quhen twelf zeris he had bene diligens
To study virgil scant, knew he quhat he ment
Than thou or I my freynde, quhen we best wene
To haue virgil red, vndirstand and sene
The richt sentence, perchance is ser to seik
This werk twelf zeris, first was in making eik
And not corecke quhen, the poete can deceis

Thus

Thus for small faltis, my wise freynde hald thy pece
Wherand, to my protestacioun
Thoch wyllíame Cartoun, had nó compatioun
Of Virgill in that buk, he preyt in prois
Clepand it Virgill, in Eneados
Quhilk that he sayis, of Frensche he did translait
It has na thing ado, therwith God wate
Nor na mare like than the Deuil, and sanct Aull
Haue he na thank tharfore, bot lois his pyne
So schamefully, the storie did peruerte
I reid his werk, with harmes at my hert
That sic ane buk, but sentence or ingyne
Suld be intitulit efftir the poete diuine
His ornate goldin versis, mare than gylt
I spitte for dispite, to se thame spylt
With sic ane wicht, quhilk treuly be myne entent
Knew neuir thre wordis at all, quhat virgill ment
So fer he chowpis, I am constrenyt to flyte
The thre first bukis, he has ouerhippit quyte
Saifing ane litill, twiching polidorus
And the tempest, set furth by Eolus
And that full simpilly, on his owin gyse
Virgill thame wrate, al on ane vther wyse
For Cartoun puttis, in his buke out of tone
The storme furth sent, by Eolus and Neptone
Bot quha sa redis Virgill, southfastly
Shall fynd Neptone, sayfand Eneas nauy
We list not schaw, quhow the storie of Dido
Be this Cartoun, is hale peruertit so
That besyde quhare he fenis, to follow bochace
He rynnys so fer fra Virgill, in mony place
On sa prolixt, and tedious fassyoun
So that the ferd buke, of Eneadoun
Twiching the luf and dede, of Dido quene

Cartoun fenzeis.

The tua part of hys volume, doth contene
That in the tert of Virgil, traistis me
The tuelf part skars contenis, as ze may se
The fyft buke, of the Eneidis funerall
The lusty gammys, and playis palestrall
That is ouer hippit, quite and left behind
Na thynge therof, ze sall in Cartoun fynd
The sext buke eik, he grantis that wantis hale
And for therof, he vnderstude not the taile
He callis it fenzete, and nocht for to beleif
Sa is all Virgill perchance, for by his leif
Juno nor Venus goddis neuer were
Mercury, Mars, Neptune nor Jupiter
Of fortun eik, nor hir nece slite
Sic thingis not attentik, ar wate we
Nor zit admittis, that quent Philosophye
Haldis saulis hoppis, fra body, to body
And mony thingis, quhilk Virgil did rehers
Thocht I them write, furth followand his vers
Nor Cartouns schrinkes not, sic lyke things to tell
As not war fabil, bot the passage to hell
Bot traistis wele, quha that ilk sext buk knewe
Virgil tharin, ane hie Philosophoure him schew
And vnder the cloudis, of dirk poetry
Hyd lyis thare mony, notabill Historie
For to the Poetis, be thare craftye curys
In similitudis, and vthir quent figuris
The soithfast mater, to hide and to conserene
All is not fals, traist weil in cace thay fene
Thare art is sa, to make thare werkis fare
As in the ende of virgill I sall declare
Was it not eik als possibill Eneas
As Herculus or Theseus, to hell to pas
Quhilk is na gabbing, suchly nor na lye

vnder derk Poetrye is hid great wisdome and lernig

As Jhone bochas, in the geniologie
Of goddis declaris, and like as ye may reid
In the recollis of Troye, quha lift take hede
Quha wate, gif he in vifioun thidder went
Bi arte magik, Sorcery, or enchantment
And with his faderis faul, did fpeik & mete
Or in the liknes of fum vther fpzett
Like as the fpzete of Samuell Jages
Rafit to Kinge Saul, was by the Phitones
Jwyll not fay, all Virgill bene als treiwe
Bot at fic thinges ar, poffibill this Jfchewe
Als in they dayis, war ma illufioums
Be Deuillis werkis, and conuratiouns
Than now thare bene, fa can clerkis determe
For bliffit be god, the faith is now mare kerme
Jnewch therof, now will J no moze fayne
Bot vnto Cartoun, thus J returne agane
The names of Cietes, or peppll bene fo bad
Put be this Cartoun, bot that he had bene mad
The flude of Touer, for tyber he had wzite
All men may knaw, thare he fozueyit quyte
Falent the ciete, of Euander King
As virgill planely, makis refherfing
Stude quhare in rome, now ftandis the cheif palice
The faimyn buke, eik in, mare heit malice
One the felf ryuer of touir, fays planelye
Eneas did, his ciete edifie
Thus aye for Tiber, Touer puttis he
Quhilk mony hundzeth mylis fundzy be
For fikkirly les, than wyfe authoris leyne
Eneas faw neuer Touer, with his Ene
For Touer diuidis, grece from vngarye
And Tiber is cheif flude, of Jtalye
Touer is kend, ane grane of that riuer

The Prelace.

In Latyne hecht, Danubium, or Iſter
Or gifit be Tanays, he clippis ſa
That ſtude diuidis Ewrope, fra aſia
Elikewiſe eik, this Cartoun all in vane
Criſpina, clippis Sibilla, Cumane
That in the text of Virgil, traiſtis vs
Hate Deyphebe, Douchter of Glantus
Quhilk was Eneas, conuoyar to Hell
Quhat ſuld I langer, on his errouris duell
Thay bene ſo plane, eik and ſa mony fold
The hundreth part therof, I leif vntold
The laſt ſext buke of Virgil, al in feris
Quhilk contenis, ſtrang battellis and weris
This ilk Cartoun, ſo blatlye iattis ouer ſlip
I hald my toung for ſchame, bitand my lip
The grete affers, of atyir oiſt and arraye
The armour of Eneas, freſche and gaye
The Quent, and curious caſtis poeticall
Perfyte ſimilitudis, and examplis all
Quharin Virgil beris, the palme and laude
Cartoun for dreid, thay ſuld his lippis ſkaude
Durſt neuer twiche this bark, for laike of knaiage.
Becaus he onderſtude, not Virgils langage
His buk is na mare like Virgil, dar I lay
Than the nycht oule, reſemblis the papingay

Exhortation to the Reader.

Quharfor, zou gentill Redaris, I beſeiche
Traiſt in na wiſe, that this my werk be ſiche
Quhilk did my beſt, as the wit mycht atteyne
Virgillis verſis to follow, and na thing feyne
Ze worthie nobillis, redis my werk for thy
And caſt this vther buke, on ſyde fer by
Quhilk vnder cullour, of ſum ſtrange wycht
So frenſihly leyes, vneth tuo wordis gais rycht
I nold ze traiſt I ſaid, thys for dyſpite

For

For me lyst wyth no man, nor bukis flyte
Nor wyth na bogill, nor browny to debaite
Nowthir auld gaistis, nor spretis dede of laitt
Nor na man will I lakkin, nor dyspyse
My werkis till authoris, be sic wise
But twiching Virgyllis honoure and reuerence
Quho euer contrary, I mon stand at defence
And bot my duke, be foundin worth sic thre
Quhen it is red, do warp it in the seye
Thraw it in the fire, or rent it euery crum
Twiching thet parte, lo here i s all and sum
Syne I defende, and forbiddis euery wicht
That can not spell, ther pater noster richt
For to correct, or zit a mend Vyrgill
Or the translater blame, in his vulgare style
I knaw quhat pane was, to follow him sure hate
Albeit thou think my saying, intricat
Traist weil to kolow, ane fix sentence or mater
Is rare practike, difficul and fer strater
Thocht thyne ingyne, be eleuate and hie
Than for to wryte, all wayis at liberte
Gif I had not bene, to ane boundis constrenit
Of my bad wit, perchance I thocht haue kenit
In ryme ane ragmen twise als curiouse
Bot not be tuentye part, sa sentencius
Quha is attaychit, vnto ane staik we le
May go no forther, but wretl about that tre
Rycht so am I, to virgyllis text ibound
I may not fle, les then my fault be kound
For thocht I wold transcend, and go besyde
His werk remanis, my schame I can not hide
And thus I am constrenit, als nere as I may
To hald his verse, and go nane vthir way
Les sum Historie subtell worde or ryme

Admonitio vnto vnlerned people/ whose rudenes cannot understand ypocrit.

Cauſis me mak, degreſſioun ſum tymē
So thocht in my tranſlatioum, eloquence ſkant is
Na luſty caſt of Oratry, Virgill wantis
Wy ſtudious brane, to compzchend his ſentence
Lete me neuer taiſt his fluide, of eloquence
And thus forſoith, becauſe I was not fre
Wy werke is mare obſure, and gros perde
Quharof god wate, Virgil has not the wyte
Thocht myne be blunt, his text is maiſt perfite
And zit perſaue I weile, be my conſate
The King of Poetis, ganis not for rurall eſtate
Nor his freſche memor, for bombardes he or ſchot
Quha takis me not, go quhare they haue ado
The ſonnys licht, is nauer the wers traiſt me
All thochte the bak, his bricht beames doith fle
Grene gentill engynis, and brciſtis curagious
Sic ar the Pepill, at ganys beſt for vs
Our werk deſiris, na lewit rebaldale
Full of nobilite, is thys ſtorie alhale.
For euery vertew, belanging an nobyll man
This ornate Poete, bettir than ony can
Wantand diſtruis, in perſoun of Eneas
Not for to ſay, ſic ane Eneas was
zit than be him perfitly blaſonis he
All worſchip, manhed and nobilite
He hated vice, abhorring craftineis
He was a myrrour of vertew, and of graits
Juſt in his promys euer, and ſtout in mynd
To god faythfull, and to his frendys kynd
Uerteous byſe, gentil, and liberall
In feates of war, excelling vderis all
With euery bounte belangand, ane gentill knicht
Ane prince, ane conqueroure, or ane valzeant wicht
In luſtis cure, yneuch here ſall ye fynd

Wyrgilys worlkis ar meit for wiſe and lerned men and not for the comon people

The ſoum of hole virgill, quhilk for tis fure the Eneas a Prince full of a kind of vertens/to be exampill y myrrour/ to euerye Prince y is obyl man

And

And schortely Virgill, left na thing behind
That myght his volume, illumyne or crafty mak.
Reid Quha him knawis, I dar this vnder tak
Es ofte as ze hym reid, full weile I wate
ze fynde ilk tyme, sum mery new conſate
Thoch venerabill chancere, pyncipall poete but pere
Heuinly trumpet, orlege and regulere
In eloquence balme, conditt and dtall
Wylky fountane, clere ſtrand, and rois riall
Of freſche endite, throw albioun Iland brad
In his legend of notabilis ladyis ſaid
That he couth follow, word by word, virgill
Wikker than I may fail, in lakker ſtyle
Sum time the text, mon haue ane expoſicioun
Sum tyme the coloure, will cauſe ane litill additioun
And ſum tyme of ane word, I mon tak thre
In witnes of this terme, oppetere
Eik weill I wate certayne, expoſitouris ſere
Makis ane text, ſentence diuers to here
As thaym apperis, according thare entent
And for thar part ſchawis, reſſonis eudent
All this is ganand, I will weile it ſa be
Bot ane ſentence to follow, may ſuffice me
Sum tyme I follow the text, als nere I may
Sum tyme I am conſtrenit, ane vther way
Beſyde Latyne, our langage is imperfite
Quhilk in ſum part, is the cauſe and the wyte
Quhy that Virgilis vers, the ornate be wte
In till our toung, may not obſeruit be
For thar bene Latyne wordes, mony ane
That in our leid ganand, tranſlation has nane
Les than w' myrrnis, thare ſcience and graunte
And zit I ſchant weil exponit, quhay trowis not me
Lat thaym interpret Animal, and Homo

Chaucers commendation.

Chaucers fault.

Virgill ſo ſo ſentencious that he cannot be tranſlated word by word.

Quith mony hundreth, other termes mo
Quhilks in our langage, soithly as I wene
Few men can tell cleirly, quhat thay mene
Betuix genus sexus, and spetics
Diuersite in our leid, to seik I ceisse
For obiectum, and subiectum, alsua
He was expert couth fynd, me termes tua
Quhilkis ar als ryff, amang clerkis in sculis
As euer koulis plungit, in lake or pulis.
Logitianis knawis, her in myne entent
Underquhais boundislurkis mony strange went
Quhairfor the proces as now, we mon lat be
Bot sit twiching, our tongis penurite
I mene vnto compare, of fare latyne
That knawin is maist, perfite langage fyne
I mycht alsd percais, cum lidder spede
For arbor vz lignum, in till our lede.
To fynde different, propir termes twane
And tharto put, circulotucioun nane
Rycht so by about, speich often tymes
And semblabill wordis, we compyle our rymes
God wate in Virgill, ar termes many an hunder
For till expone, maid me ane fellown blunder
To followe alauerlye Virgilis, wordes I weyne
Thare suld few vnderstand me, quhat I meyne
The bewte of his ornate, eloquence
Wey not al tyme, be kepit wyth the sentence
Sanct Gregoure als, forbiddis vs to translate
word eftir word, but sentence folow algate
Quha halis quod he, the wordes of propirteis
Ful oft the verite of the sentence fleis
And to the sampyn propirteis, we may apply
Horatius, in his art of poetry
Preis not sais he, thou trais interprete

wordis eftir word, to translate thy mater
Lo he reprouis, and haldis myne lempyng
Ay worde by worde, to reduce or thy thing
I say not this of chaucere, for offence
But till excus my lewit, insufficience
For as he standis beneth virgill, in gre
Under him als, for I grant my self to be
And not the les, vnto sum ease, quha kend it
My maister Chaucere, gretelie virgil offendit
And thocht I be to bald, him to reprefe
He was ser balder, certes by his leif
Saying he followit, virgillis lantern to forne
How Eneas, to Dido was forsworn
Was he forsworne, than Eneas was fals
That he admittis, and callis him tratour als
Thus wenyng allone Enee, to haue reprouit
He has greitlie, the prynce of poetes greuit
For as said is, virgil did diligence
But spot of crymne, reproche or ony offence
Eneas for to loif, and magnifye
And gif he grantis, him manesworne foulely
Than all his cure, and crafty ingyne gais quyte
His tuelf zeris laubouris, war not worth ane myte
Certis virgil schawis, Enee did no thyng
From Dido of cartage, at his departing
But quhilkis the goddis commandit, made him to forne
And gif that thare command, made him mansworne
That wair reprefe, to thare diuinite
And na reproche, vnto the said Enee
Als in the feist, quhare Jlioneus
Spekis to Quene Dido, sais he not thus
Thare cours by fate, was set to Jtalie
Thus mycht scho not pretend, na iust cause quhy
Thoucht troianis eftir, departis of cartage

Gods wyl and commaūdemēt shald euer be preferd and haue the first place in all mens actions & doynges.

Seyne

Sen thay before declarit hir, thare vāyage
Reid the ferde buke, quhare Quene Dido is wraith
Thare sal ze fynd, Enee maid neuer aith
Promit nor band, wicht hir for to abide
Thus him to be mansworne, may neuer betyde
Nor nane vnkindnes, schaw for to depart
At the bidding of Joue, with reuthful hart
Sen the command of God, obey suld all
And vnder his charge, na wrangus deid may fall
Bot sikkerlie of resloun, me behuffis
Excuse Chaucere, fra all maner reprufis
In louing of the Ladyis, Lilly quhite
He set on Virgil, and Eneas, this wyte
For he was euer god wate, all womannis freynd
I say na mare, but gentil redaris heynd
Lat all my faltis, with this offence pas by
Thow Prince af Poetis, I the mercy cry

Invocatiō to God.

I mene, thou King of Kinges, Lord eterne
Thow be my muse, my gidare, and laid sterne
Remitting my trespas, and euery mys
Thou christ thy sone, bring vs to heuynly blys

The werk that beginnes not of God can neuer haue prosperus succes.

Alsald godhede ay, lesting but discrepance
In personis thre, equale of ane substance
On the I cal, with humyl hart and milde
Caliope, nor payne, goddis wilde
May do to me no thing, bot harme I wene
In christ I trest, borne of the virgine Quene
Thou Saluiour of mankind, be mye muse
That neuer zit, na sinful lust refuse
Quhilk the besocht, deuotelie for supple
Albeit my lang, to thy hie maieste
Accordis not zit condiscend to my wite
For thy excelland mercy, and loue perfite
Thou holy gest, confort and sanctifye

My ſpreit to ende, this wark to thy glory
Bot forthirmare, and lawarc till diſcend
Forgif me Virgill, gif I the offend
Pardoun thy ſcolar, ſuffer him to ryme
Sen thou was but, ane mortall man ſum tyme
In cais I fail, haue me not at diſdenze.
Thocht I be lewd, my leile hart can not kenze
I ſall the follow ſuld I, tharfor haue blame
Quhay can do better, ſay furth on goddis name
I ſchunk not anys, correctkit for to be
With ony wycht, groundit on charite
And glaidlie wald I, baith inquire and lere
And to ilk cunnand wicht, la to myne ere
Bot laith me war, but vther offences or cryme
Ane rural body, ſuld intertrik my ryme
Thocht ſum wald ſwere, that I þ text haue warpit
Or that I haue this volume, quite myſtarpit
Or threpe planelie, I come neuer nere hand it
Or that the werk is werſt, that euer I fand it
Or zit gewe, Virgil ſtude wele before
As now war tyme to ſchift the werſt ouer ſkore
Ellis haue I ſaid, thare may be na compare
Betuix his verſis, and my ſtile vulgare
All thoch he ſtand, in latine maiſt perfyte
Zit ſtude he neuer weil, in our toung endite
Leſt than it be by me, now at this tyme
Gif I haue failzeit, baldlie reprefe my ryme
Bot firſt I pray zou grape, the mater clene
Reprefche me not, quhill the werk be ouer ſene
Be not ouer ſtudyous, to ſpy ane mote in myn. E
That in zour awin, ane ferrye bot can not ſe
And do to me, as ze wald be done to
Now hark ſchirris, thare is na mare ado
Quha luſt attend, gyfkis audience and draw nere

It is more eaſy to reprone. Then good worke them to make or do a good worke.

The Preface.

A good ob-
ſell for eue-
ry man to
do as they
wolde be
done vnto.

We thocht virgil, begouth in this manere
I the ilk vmquhilis, that in the ſmall air rede
Toned my ſang ſyne, fra the woddis zede
And feildis about, taucht to be obeyſand
Thocht he war gredy, I to be buſſy huſband
Ane thankfull werk maid, for the plewmans art
Bot now the horrible ſterne, deidis of marte.

The contentes of euery buke.

i. The firſt contenis, how the prince Enee
And troianis war, driue vnto cartage ciete.
ii. The ſecund buke ſchawis, the finale Enuoye
The grete nyſcheſt, and ſubuerſioun of troye
iii. The third, tellis how fray troyis cite
The troianys caryit wer, throw out the ſe.
iiii. The ferd, reherſis of fair Quene Dido
The double woundis, and the mortall wo
v. The fift contenis, funerall gammys glaide
And how the fire, the nauy did inuade
vi Into the ſext buke, ſyne dois virgil tell
how that Eneas went, and weſyit hell
vii. The ſeuynt, Ence tymges to his grouid fataile
And how Italianis, troianis ſchupe to aſſaill.
viii. Unto Enee, geuis the auchten buke
Baith fallowſchip, and armoure, quha liſt luke
ix. Dawnus ſon turnus, in the nynte tak tent
Segeis new troye, Eneas tho abſent
x. The tent Declaris, by the couſt attanis
The batell betuix, tuſkanis and rutulianis
xi. In the leuenth, rutulianis bene ouer ſet
By the deceiſe of Camylla, Deum bet
xii. The tuelf makis and ende of all, the were but dout
Throw the ſlauchter, of turnus ſterde and ſtout
xiii. The laſt exit virgillis, nowmer eum
By mapheus conuoyis, Ence til heum.

Finis.

¶ The poete first, proponyng his entent
Declaris Junois wrath, and matalent.

THe battellis and the man, I will discriue
Fra Troyis boundis, first that fugitiue
By fate to Italie, come and coist lauyne
Ouer land and se, cachit with meikill pyne
Be force of goddis aboue, fra euery stede
Of cruel Juno, throw auld remembrit feid
Grete payne in batelles, sufferit he also
Or he his goddis, brocht in latio
And belt the ciete, fra quham of nobil fame
The latyne peopill, taken has thare name
And eik the faderis, princis of Alba
Come, and the walleris, of grete rome Altys
O thow my muse, declare the caulis quhy
Quhat maiesty offendit, schaw quham by
Or zit quharefor of goddis, the dyery Quene
So feil dangeris, sic trawell maid sustene
Ane worthy man, fulfillit of pietie
Is thare sic greif, in heumlie myndes one hie
Thare was ane ancient ciete, hecht cartage
Quham hynis of Tire, held in heritage
Incmye till Italie, standing fare and plane
The mouth of lang tyber, ouer forgane
Wychty of nobillis, full of scules sere
And maist expert, in crafty fait of were
Of quhilk ane land Juno (as it was said)
As to hir special aboue, all otheris maid
Hir native land, for it postponis sche
Callit samo in cartage, set hir se
Thar war hir armes, and here stude, eik hir chare
This goddes ettillit gif werdes, war not contrare
This realme to be, superior and maistres

The propo sition of the hole worke.

Innocatione.

Narratiõe schewinge the cauſes wherfore/ Juno hyen derid the Troians.

To all ladis, bot cirtes nethe les
The fatale sisters, reuolf and schaw sche kend
Of troiane blude, ane pepill schuld discend
Valzeand in ware, to regne wyde quhare and syne
Cartage suld bring, vnto fynale rewyne
And clene distroye, the realme of Libia
This dredand Juno, and ferthirmare all wa
Remembrand, on the mortall anciant were
That for the grekis, to hir leif and dere
At Troye, lang tyme sche led before that day
Forzet the cause of wrath, was not away
Nor cruell harme forzet, ne out of mynd
Full depe ygrauen, in hir breist vnkynd
The Jugement of Paris, how that he
Preferrit Venus, dispysing hir bewte
Als troiane blude, to hir was odious.
For Jupiter, engenerit Dardanus,
Fra quham the troianis come in adultre
And Ganymedes, reuyst abone the sky
Made hym his butler, quhilk was his douchters office
Juno inflammit, musing on thir casis nyse
The quhile ouresey, that sals the troianis
Quhilkis had the dede, eschaput and remanis
Wouldane of Grekis, or the fers Achil
Sche thame forzdriuis, and caulis oft gowyll
Frawart Letyn (quhilk now is Italy)
Be frempt werde, full mony zeris thareby
Cauchit and blaw, wide quhare all seyis about
Lo hew grete cure, quhat pane trauell and dout
Was to begyn the wourthy, Romanis blude
And as the troianis, frakkis ouer the flude
Skars from the sicht of Cicilly the land
Wyth bent sale ful rycht merely, saland
Thare steuynnys stowrand, fast throw the salt fame

The occasione and counsal of Juno to reuenge

Quhen

Quhen that Juno, to hir euerlasting schame
The eterne wound, hid in her breist ay grene
Unto hir selfe thus spake, in propir tene
Is this garand, that I my purpois faile
As clene ouercum, and may not fra Itale
withhald this king, of troy and his nauye
Am I abandonit, with sa hard a destany
Hen pallas myght, on Grekist ak sic waik
To birn thare schyppis, and all for anis saik
Dyoun in the seye, for aiax oilus wrang
From Jupiter, the wilde fyre down sche slang
Furth of the cloudis, dissrois thare schyppis all
Ouerquhelmit the sey, with mony wyndy wall
Aiax peirsit gaspand, and furth flamand smoke
Sche with ane hud, strikkit on ane scharpe rok
Bot I the quhilk, am clepit of goddis quene
And vnto Joue, baith spous and sister schene
with ane peple, sa fele zeris wer fall lede
Quha sall fra thens, adorne in any stede
The power of Juno, or alteris sacrifye
Gif I ouercummyne, be this schamefully

How dame Juno / till Eolus cuntre went
And of the storme on the Troianis furth sent.

And on this wise, with hart burning as fyre
Musing alone, full of malice and yre
To Eolus cuntre, that wyndy regioun
Ane bludy land, of furius stormy soun
This goddes went, quhare Eolus the kyng
Ingouslly cauts, the windis loud quhilling
And braithlie tempestis, by his power refanys
In bandis bard, schet in presoun constrenys
And thay hereath, auand full gret disdene
Quhill all the hyll resoundis, quhyne and plene

Hir self on the Troyanis.

Propoliet ons.

Abōut thāre clouſouris bꝛayis, with mony āne rāre
King Eolus ſet heich, apoun his chare
With ſcepture in hand, thare mude to meis and ſtill
Temperis thare yꝛe, les thai ſuld at thare will
Bere with thare bir, the ſkyis, and dꝛiue about
Erde, are, and ſeye, quhen euer thou liſt blaw out
Thus the hye fader alinyghey, in Cauis dirk
Their wyndis hid, foꝛ dꝛede ſicwangis thai wirk
And thare aboue ſet, wechey hillis huge
The office of a pꝛince. Gaif thame ane king, quhilk as thare loꝛde and Juge
At certane tyme thayme ſtancheing, and with hald
And at command mycht alſo, quhan he wald
Let thaym go fꝛe at large, to blaw out bꝛade
To quham as than lauly, thus Juno ſaid
The oꝛiſō. of Juno to Eolus. Eolus, ane pepill bnto me inneinpe
Narratiō Salis the ſey tuſkane, caryand to Italie
Thare Vncuſt hamald goddis, and Illione
Bot ſen the fader, of goddis euery one
And king of men, gaif the power quod ſche
To meis the flude, and rais with ſtoꝛmes hie
Petitions. Infoꝛce the windes ſynk, all thare ſchippis in fer
Oꝛ ſkattir them wyde, quhare in countreis ſere
Warp all thare bodyis, in the dcpe bedene
I haue quod ſche, luſty ladyis fourtene
I pꝛomyſe of reward. Of quham the foꝛme ſt, clepit diope
In ferme wedlock, I ſall conione to the
Foꝛ thi reward, that lilly quhite as ſware
With the foꝛ to remane, foꝛ euer mare
The frute of mariage Quhilk pꝛopꝛ ſpous, and eik thy lady mylde
Shall make the fader, to mony fare childe
Eolus anſueris, o thou my lady Quene
Quhat you deſiris, to the it doith pertene
Foꝛ to deuiſe, and me behuiſis thy command
Obey foꝛ thou the ſceptoure, geuis me in hand

Of

Of all this realme, quhat so it be and oft
Jupiter with me conſideris, and full ſoft
Cauſis me feiſt, amang the goddis at reſt
And makis me maiſter, of windis and tempeſt
Be this was ſaid, ane grundyn dart let he glyde
And perſit the bois hill, at the hyade ſyde
Furth at the Ilis porte, the wyndis hyade in ane route
And with ane quhirle, blew all the erde about
Thay vmbeſet the ſeyis, buſtuouſly
Quhill fra the depe, til euyrye coiſt faſt by
The huge wallis weltres apon hie
Rowit at anis, with ſtormes and wyndis thre
Eurus Nothus, and the wynd aphricus
Quhilk Eiſt, South and weſt, wyndis hate wyth vs
Sone eftir this, of men the clamor rais
The takillis graſſillis, cabillis can frate and frais
With the cloudis, heuynnys ſon and dayis lycht.
Hid and hyeſt out, of the troianis ſycht
Derknes as nycht, beſet the ſee about
The firmament, gan rumyllyng rare and rout
The ſkyis oft lychtned with fyry leuyn
And ſchortlie, baith are ſee and heuyn
And euery thyng manifeſtis, the men to de
Schewand the dede preſent, befoire thare E.

A diſcription of the the tempeſt

How Eneas was/with the tempeſt ſchaik
And how Neptune his nauy/ſanit fra wraik.

BElike Eneas membris, ſchuke for cauld
And murnand, baith his handis vp did hald
Towart the ſterneſ, with pietuous voce thus can ſay
O ſeuin tymes, how happy, and how happy bliſt war thay.
Vnder hie wallis of troy, be dynt of ſwerde
Deit in thare faderis ſycht, bytand the erde
O you of gret, maiſt forty diomede

Eneas exclamations being in great perrell of the ſee.

Quhy mycht I not on feildis of Troye, haue deid
And by thy rycht hand, zaldin furth my ſpyete
Quhare that the balzeand Hectour, loiſt the ſwete
On Achilles ſpere, and Grillie ſerpedoun
Quhare vnder the ſhude, of Symois mony one
Vvith ſcheild and helme, ſtalwart bodyis lyis warpit
And all in vane, thus quhil Eneas carpit
Ane blaſterand bub, out fra the nozth bzaying
Gan ouer the fozeſchip, in the bak ſail ding
And to the ſternes, vp the ſhude can caſt
The aitis hathis, and the takillis bzaſt
The ſchippis ſteuyn, thzawart hir went can wzyith
And turnit hir bzaid ſyde, to the wallis ſwyth.
Hie as ane hill, the Jaw of the watter bzak
And in ane hepe come on them, with an ſwak
Sum heſit houerand, on the wallis hicht
And ſum the ſouchand ſey, ſo law gart licht
Thame ſcempt the erde, oppynyt amyd the ſhude
The ſtozme vp bullerit ſand as it war wod
The ſouth wind Nothus, thze ſchippis bzak away
Amang blynd craggis, quhilk huge rokkis thay lay
Amyd the ſey Italianis altaris callis
And vther thze Eurus, from the deip wallis
Tachit amang the ſchaldis, bankis of ſand
Dolozus to ſe them, ſchap of grund and ſtand
Like as ane wall with ſand, warpid about
Ane vther in quham ſalut, the lucianis ſtout
Quhilom fallowis, to king pandoure in were
And ozontes Eneas, fallow dere
Befoze his Enc hallelye from the nozth wynd
Ane hidduous ſey, ſchippit at hir ſterne behynd
Smat furth the ſkippare, clepit lewcalpis
His hede doun warppit, and the ſchip with this
Thzyis thare the ſhude quhirlit, about round

The sowkand swelth,sanke vnder sey and dzound
On the huge deip,few saland dyd appere
The Troants armure,tabillis and vther gere
Flet on the wallis,and the strang barge tho
Bare Alteoneus;and sche that bare also
Foicy Achates,and sche,that bare Abas
And sche quharin antient,Alethes was
The stoume ouerset,raif rebbis and syde semes
Thay all lekkit,the salt wattir streames
Fast bullerand,in at euery rift and bore
In the mene quhile,with mony roist and roze
The sey thus trublit,and the tempest furth sent
Felt neptune,and his wattir moueth and sthent
The deip furth zett,in schaldis here and there
Greely commouit,out the sey can stare
His plesand hede,rasit on the hiest wall
Lukand about behaldis,the se ouer all
Eneas nauy shatterit,fer in sounder
With fludis ouer set the Troianis,and at vnder
By flaggis and rane,did from the heuin distend
Junois dissait and Ire,full well he kend
He callit to him Eurus,and zepherus
The Eistland west wyndis,and said them thus
Are ze sa greitlye assurit in zour hie kin
ze wyndis (quod he) durst but my leif begin
Baith erde and aire,to moue on this manere
And eik the se,with sa stout stoumes sterc
I sall zou chaistice,bot me behuffis first meis
The moctoun of fludis,and thaym appese
Traist weile vnpunyst,ze sall me not astert
One sic ane wise,gif ze falt efterwart
Withdraw heris,and to zour kyng say ze
He has na power,nor auctoryte
On seyis,nor on the syze grantt sceptour wand

By Neptunus ojja cione the tempest ce sid.

Quhilk

Quhilk is by cut, gewin me to bere in hand
Hald him on craggis, and amang rochis hie
Thare is zour dwelling place, Eurus quod he
Bid Eolus keip him, in that hald conding
Do clois the pzesoun of wyndis, and thar on ring
Thus said he, and wyth that wourde hastely
The swelland seyis has swagett, and fra the sky
Gadderit the cluddis, and chaissit sone away
Bzocht hame the son agane, and the bzicht day
His dochter Tymothie, and his son triton
Enforsis them, the troiane schippis anon
To rais and lift, of the scharp rokkis blynd
The God him self, can hesing them behind
Wyth his big scepture, hauand granys thre
Oppynnys schald sandis, and temperis wele the se
Ouer slidand lichtlie, the croppis of the wallis
And as ze se oft, amang commonus fallis
Strife and debate, in there wod fuliche ire
Now fleis the stanys, and now the bzandis of fire
Thair greif and furye, ministeris wappynnys plente
Bot than percace, gif they behald ozse
Sum man, of grete auctozite and effers
Thay ceise, and all still standand, giffis him eris
He with his wourdis, can slaik thair mynd and swage
On the sampyn wyse, kell all the seis rage.

A discrip tion of a se dition of the comme people.

The feute of eloquete

¶ How Eneas in Affrik did aryne
And thare wyth schote slew. vii. hartis belyne.

After that the Fader of the fluidis Neptune
Had on sic wyse, behaldin the seis abone
Under the stabillit heuin, mouit in his chare
Slakking his renzeis, with pzosper cours and fare
Eneas and his feris, on the strand
Wery and forwzocht, sped them to nerrest land
And at the coist of Libia, arriuit he
The hauyn place with an lang hals ozentre

Thair is within ane Ile, Inuironit, on athir part
To brek the stormé, and wallis on euery art
Within the wattir, in ane bosum gais
Bayth here and thare, standis large craggis and brais
To se the hewis on athir hand, is wounder
For hicht that semes pingill, with heum and vnder
In ane braid sand, sour fra all wyndys blawis
Flowis the schore depe, euer stabill but ony wawis
Ane wod aboue ourheildis, with his braid bewis
And castis ane plesand schedow, ouer the clewis
Rycht ouerforgane the forrett of the bra
Vndir the hingand Rokkis, was Ilsua
Ane coif, and tharin fresche wattir springand
And seatis of stane, neuir hewin with mennis hand
Bot wrocht by nature, as it ane hous had bene
For Nymphes, goddis of fludis and woddis grene
Perbrekit schyppis, bot cabillis thare mycht ryde
Nane anker nedis, make thame arreist nor bide
Of all his nauy thiddir, Eneas brocht
Bot seuin schyppys, with gret desire and thocht
To be on ground, tropanis sped them to land
As thay desirit set, softlye to the land
Thare lichtis and lymys, in salt wattir be dyit
Strekit on the coist, syzed furthbekit and dryit
Bot first Achates, slew fyre of the flynt
Kepit in dry leuis, as tunder quhil thay brynt
Syne stikkis dry, to kyndill thare about layd is
Quhill all in flame, the bleis of fyre bybradis
Than was the quhete with fludis, chauft and wete
And instrumentis to purge it, swith out sete
For skant of bittale, the cornes in quernis of stane
Thay grand, and syne beuke at the fyre ilkane
In the mene quhyle, Eneas the banke on hie
Has clummyn wyde quhare, behaldand the large sle

The diſcri-
ueth ane
ſpꝛince to
haue mo3e
cure of his
people the
of him ſelf

Gyf ony ſchyp tharon micht be perſaitit
Quhilk late before the windis, had bewaitit
Or ony trotane galay, bark or barge
Antheus Capis, or caitus ſtramaris large
Waikkand or ſchewand, fra thare top on hicht
Na ſchip he ſaw, bot ſone he gat ane ſicht.
Of thre hartis wauerand by the coaſtis ſide
Quham at the bak, throw out the grauis wyde
The mekle herdis, followit in ane rout
And paſturit, all the large vale about
Thare at he ſtintis, and hynt his bow in hand
Swift ſteand arrowis, faſt by him had berand
The traiſt Achates, and firſt the ledaris thre
Quhilk on thare hedis, bare thare tyndis hie
Smartlie he ſlew, ſyne all the rum gald perſewis
Wyth grundin arrowis, amang the thik wod bewis
And ſtintis not, with dartis them to bete
Quhil he to grund had brocht, ſeuin hartis gret
And with his ſchipp;s, thare nowmer equale made
Syne to the heum, ſped him without abade
And thame diſtribute, amang his feris all
The wine thare with, in beſchell grete and ſmall
Quhilk to him gaif, Aceſtes his rial hoiſt
At his departing, from Cecilly the coiſt
To thame he birlis, and ſkynkis faſt but were
And with ſic wordis, comforttis thare drery chere

A conſtant
oꝛiſon of
Eneas full
of conſola
tion wyth
the which
as a nobyl
wayeant
pꝛynce he
exhoꝛtes

O ze my feris, and deir freyndis, quod he
Of bywent perrellis, not ignoꝛant ben we
Ze haue ſuffert, greter dangeris vnkend
Like as hereof god ſall make, ſone ane end
The rage of ſilla, that huge ſwelte in the ſe
Ze haue eſchapit, and paſſit eik haue ze
The euer routand, caribdis rokkis fell,
The craggis, quhare monſtruous cyclopes dwell,

ȝe ar expert pluk vp ȝour harts, I ȝou pray
This doloȝus dȝede, expell and do away
Sum tyme hereon to think, may help perchance
By diuers casis, sere parrellis and sufferance
Unto Itaill we ettill, quhare destanye
Has schap foȝ vs ane rest, and quiet harbȝye
Ydestinatis, thare troye sall ryse agane
Be stout on prosper, foȝtoun to remane
Oft plesand woȝdes carpand, he has foȝth brocht
Sett his mynd troublit, mony greuous thocht
Quith fenzet confoȝt, by his chere outwart
The doloȝus paine hid depe graun in hart
His ferys has this pray, ressaut raith
And to thare meat, addȝessis it foȝ to graith
Hynt of the hydis, made the boukis bare
Rent furth the entrellis, sum into tailȝeis schare
Syne brocht flukerand, sum gobbetis of lyre
Rest in caldȝons, and vthir sum bet the fyre
Thame to refresch, thus all the coist on lenth
Sped thame with fude, to recouir thare strenth
On the grene gers, sat doun and fillit tham syne
Of fat venison, and nobill ald wyne
Quhen hȝger thus with meatis, was chasit away
And dischis drawin lang, with lang sermon thay
Bewalit thair feris, lost on the flude
Betuix gude hope, and dȝede in doute they stude
quhither thay war lewād, oȝ tholit extreme dede al
Thay answerit not, set thay oft plene and cal,
Bot pȝyncipale, the petyfull Eneas
Regrettis oft the hard foȝtun, and case
Of sterne oȝontes, now dȝownyt in the se
And now Amytus harme, complenis he
Now him allone, the cruell fate of Licus
Now strang gyane, now stalwart Cloanthus.

His mind so patience in aduersite

How

How Iowe beheld/the large coastis on ser
And how Venus carpit/with Iupyter.

GOne was the day,and all thar lang sermon
Quhan Iupiter,from his hie spere adoun
Blent on the saleryke seyis,and erth tharby
With peppl dwelling,on the costes fer sundry
Heich in the heuyns top,he baid houerand
And of libie,beheld graithly the land
Within his bre:st,on diuers curis as he thus
Musis and thinkis,vnto him spak Venus
All doloꝛus hir ene,full of brycht teris
O you quod sche,quhilk gouernis,reulis and steris
Baith goddis and men,be thyne eterne inspire
And oft affrayis,with thundir and wylde fyre
Holw mycht myne Enee,sa gretly the offend
Oꝛ quhat mycht troianis trespas,quhilk now at end
Ar brocht and sufferit,sa feil coꝛs laid deid
Throw out the warld,debarrit in euery stede
And dreuine from Itale,thow hecht sum tyme persay
Of thame schuld cum ektir this,mony ane day
The worthy Romanis,and of Troianis of spryng
Princis of power,ouer sey and land to ring
Quhat wikkit counsel,fader hes turnyt thy thocht
Forsoyth at troyis distructioun,as I mocht
I tuke comfort herof,thinkand but baid
That hard wanwerd,suld follow fortune glaid
Bot zit the same perchaunce,persewis them sare
In sundry dangers,cachit here and thare
Of thare trauell,quhat end grantis thou gret kyng
Sen Anthenoꝛ mycht throw myd otiles thring
Of Grekis and Meris,the soundis Iliria
And souerlye,pas the strait regioums alsua
Of liburnanis,and ouer tymauy the flude

Venus ora
tion to Iu
piter.

Quhare

Quhare that nyne monthis, rinnand as thay war wod
The hill is resoundes, sa rudely dois it rout
And like ane sey betis, on the brayis about
Thare netheles of padwa, the cicte
Ane dueling place, for troianis biggit has he
And nemmyt the pepill, after him and ful zore
The armes of troy, hes set vp in memore
That we thy blud, thi kinrent, and of spring
To quham in heum, thow grantit ane place to ring
Schame for to say, all throw the feyd of ane
Has losit oure schippis, and ar betrasit ilk ane
And fer from Italie, bene with haldin eik
Is this reward ganand, for them ar meik
Is this the honour done, to them bene godlik
Restoris thou thus, on sic wyse our kinrik
Sympling sum, deil the fader of goddis and men
Quith that ilk sueit visage, as we ken
That mesis tempestis, and makis the heuins clere
Firsk kyssit his child, Syne said on this manere
Away sic dzede, Cytherea be not efferd
For of thi lynnage vnchangeit, remanis the weird
As thou desyris, the cicte sal thow se
And of laynie, the pzompst wallis hie
Eik sell thou raise, aboue the sterrit sky
The mankull Eneas, and him deify
My sentence is not alterid, as thow traistis
Bot I sall schaw the, sen sic thochtis the thristis
And here declare the destanyis the secrete
Full mony zeris tofore, thay bene compleit
This Eneas, wyth hydduous barganyng
In Italie thzawart pepill, sall doun thzing
Syne eftir statute, lawis, for thay men
And beild townis, and wall his cicteis then
Quhen thze Someris, in latyn of Italie

Juppiter confortis venus and wyth a lōg narration. Showes the some of the hystory fra Eneas to the Emperour Augustus time.

and

And there wynteris,he ryngin has all hale
Fra time retuliamis,bene ſubduit in fecht
Than the yong child,quhilk now aſtaneus heicht
And now to ſurname,clepit Julus ſans fale
For he in Jlion,was of the blude riall
Quhill that of troye and Jlion,ſtude the ring
Thretty lang twelf monthis rowing ouer,ſalbe king
From lauyne realme,the ſate tranſlatit alſua
And fortely wal, the cete lang alba
Thare,ſall thre hunder zeris,to giddir remane
To ring vnder the pepill hettoriane
Quhill Jlia nun,and dochter of ane king
Conſaut of Mars,tua twinnis boith furth bring
Than with the glittrand wolf ſkyn,ouer hir array
Cled in his nuris talbart,glad and gay
Romulus ſall the pepill reſſaue,and weild
And he the mureall wallis,of rome ſall beild
And eftir his name,call the pepill Romanis
To the folkis,ful lang the rul remanis
Nothir termis of ſpace,nor boundis of ſenzeorye
Nane will I ſett,for to thame grant haue I
Perpetuale empire,but end of left
Perſmar Juno,that with gret vnreſt
Now cummeris,erd,are,and ſe quod he
Sall turne hir mind bettir wyſe,and with me
For the Romanis,lorde of all erdlye gere
And latine pepill kep,bath in pece and were
This is determit,this likis the goddis I wys
Efter mony luſteris,and zeris ouerſlodin is
The tyme ſall cum,quhen auchiles of ſpring
The Realme of Perthia,in bondage ſall doun thring
And eik of myce,ſubdew the regioun large
And vnder thare lordſchip,dant all grece,and Arge
Ceſar of nobill Troyane,blud borne ſalbe

Quhilk sal the empire dilate, to the occiane se
And to the sternes vplyving, sall the same
Of Julus, that takyne has his name
From Julus thy nevo, the great kyng
As prince discend, of his blude and ofspring
Quhan eftir this sowtr, of thine entent
Charge it with the spulze, of the ozient
Amang the nowmer of goddis, ressaue thou sall
And as ane god, men sall him clepe and call
The cruel tyme, sone ther eftir sall ceis
And weris stance, all sall be rest and peice
Antiant faith, and vailzeand knychthede
With chast religioun, sall than the lawis leid
The dredful portis sall be schet but faill
Of Janus tempill, the takynnar of battell
With hard Irne bandis, claspit fast in cage
Of wikkit bargane, thare in the furius rage
Set apoun greislie armoure, in his sete
And with ane hundreth brasim, chenzeis grete
Behynd his bak, hard bundin his handis tua
The horryble tyrrant, with bludy mouth sal bra
This brand said, Jupiter full euyn
His son Mercury send doun from the heuyn
So that of cartage, baith realme and new ciete
To luge the troianis, sall all reddy be
Les than Dido, the destany mysknawand
Wald thame expell, the boundis of hir land
Ye with gret fardis of windis, flaw throw the skyis
And to the cuntre of Libie cum on hye
Thare did his charge, and the folk of cartage
Thair feirs mindis, and hartis canalluage
At the plesure of the god, quhilk thame tauche
And first of vthir the quene hir self hes cauche
Towart the troians, ane full freyndlie mynd
As vnto thame to be, bousum and kynd

Enee at mozowe/raband thozow the schaw
Met with hys Moder/in to habit vnknaw.

BOt all this,the reuthfull Eneas
That in his mynd, can mony thinges compas
Belive as that,the halesum day wox licht
Bzellit him furth to spy,and haue ane sicht
Of new placis,foz till ceirs and knaw
To quhatkin coistis,he with the wind wes blaw
Quha thaym inhabit,quhidder wilde beistes oz men
Foz all sempyt,but wildernes to him then
And as he fand schupe,to his feris schaw
His nauy derne,amang the thik wod schaw
Under neth the hingand,holkit rochis hie
Dekkit about with mony,semely tre
Quhais schaddois Dirk, hid weile the schippis skare
And he bot with ane fallow,furth is gane
With traist Achates in atheris hand yfere
The bzaid steile heid schuke on the hunting spere
Amid the wod,his mother met them tuay
Semand ane made,in village and array
With wappinnis,like the Virginis of Spartha
Oz the stowt wenschе,of trace harpalita
Haistand the hozs,hir fadder to reskewe
Spediar than hebzoun,the swift flude did perlew
Foz Venus efter the gys,and maner thare
Ane actiue bow,apoun hir schulder bare
As sche had bene,ane wilde huntreis
With wind wafting,hir haris lowsit of trace
Hir skirt kiltit,till hir bare knee
And first of vthir,vnto them,thus speike sche
Howe,say me zoungkeris,saw ze walkand here
Be auenture,ony of my sistris dere
The cais of arrowis,cauchit by hir syde

The commonyng betwixt eneas and hys mother

And

And cled into the spottit linkis hyde
Or with loud cry, kolour and the chace
Efter the lomy hare, in thare solace
Thus said Venus, and hir son agane
Answeris, and said, treuly maid in plane
Nane of thy sisteris, did I here nor se
Bot o thou virgine, how sall I call the
Thy visage semis, na mortall creature
Nor the voce soundis not, lyk to humane nature
Ane goddis art thou, sothly to my sycht
Quhiddir thou be diane, phebus sister bricht
Or than sum goddis, of thyr Nymphyis kynd
Waistres of woddis beis to, bs happy and kynd
Releif our lang trauell quhat euer thow be
And vnder quhat art, of the heuin so hie
Or at quhat coist of the warld, finaly
Sal we arriue, thow teich vs by and by
Of men and land vnknaln, we are dryue wyll
By wind and stoyme of sey, cathit hiddirtyll
And mony fare sacrifice, and offerand
Before thyme alter, sall de of my richt hand
Venus answerit I dedeinze not to ressaue
Sic honour certis, quhilk keris me not to haue
For to the madinis of tyre, this is the gise
To bere ane case of arrowis, on this wyse
With rede botynis, on thare schankis hie
The realme of punis, this is quhilk ze se
The pepill of tire, and the citc but more
Belt fra the folk, discend from Agenore
Ze bene in the marchis of libie, sans sale
Inhabit with pepill, vndantabill in battell
Quhare Dido quene, reulis the empyre
Hidder from hirbreder, fled from the realme of tyre
Lang war the Iniuris, the douris lang to be tald

Venus wha at the fyrst he hyd not knawe.

Bot I the ſmall, of the mater ſal hald
Ane huſband, quhilk Sicheus hecht, ſayd ſche
Richeſt in all the ground, of Phenice
And ſtrangly lout, be the ſylly Dido
For be hir mater, as was the maner ſtho
By chance ſche was, in clene virginite
Weddit to him, but of Tyre the cuntre
In heritage held Pigmalioun her brother
In wikkitnes cruell, aboue al vther
Quhilk but offence, or occaſioun of greik
For blynd couatyſe of gold, throw his miſcheik
Before the altare, ſlely with ane knyfe
Or he was wer, reft Sicheus the lyfe
Not mouit of piete, vn to his ſiſter ſure
Conſelit this cruell dede, lang vndercure
That fals man, by diſſaitfull wordis fare
With wanhope trumpet, the wofull luffare
Bot of hir huſband, by graunt the ymage
To hir apperis in ſlepe, the pale viſage
On meruellus wyſe, and can at lenth declare
How he was cruelly ſlane, at the altare
Syne ſchew the knyfe, out throw his breiſt threll
And all the hid crime of hir hous, manifeſt
Syne in grete haiſt, exhortis hir to fle
And leif hir natiue land, and tak the ſe
And for to help hir outwart, by the way
Vnder the erd, quhare auld hurdis, hid lay
Of ſiluer and gold, reuelit ane large wecht
Dido he yrat comouit, I zou be hecht
For hir departing, followſchip redy made
Togidder contenis, but ony langare abade
All thay that hatis, the cruell tyrannis dedis
Or zit his feloun violence, ſare dredis,
The ſchippis than on cace, war reddy thare

Thay

Thay tuke and chargit, ful of gold but mare
The tressour, of this wrechit Pigmaliouu
Is thus caryit, ouer the sey anone
Ane woman captane is, of all that deide
Quhare now risis, zone large wallis stout
Of new cartage, with hie towris about
Als meikle grund, thay bocht at the first tyde
As thay mycht cumpas about, with a bullis hyde
Zounder cheik castell, standing on the bray
In to thare langage, clepit is barsay
And of this deid, his name beris witnes zit
Bot quhat be ze, finalie wald I wit
Or of quhat cuntre cumin, or passe wald quhare
Sche sperand, this Eneas sichand sare
The voce drawand deip, fra his breist within
Said o thou goddes, gif I suld beoyn
And tell our labor, from the formest end
To here our stories set, thou mycht attend
Or I maid end besper, the eum sterne brycht
Suld clois the heuin, and end the dayis licht
we are of ancient Troy, gif euer ze
The name of troy has hard in this cuntre
And caryit out, throw diuers seys alsua
And now be forteun, to coist of Libia
Dreuyn with tempest, reuthful Eneas am I
That troiane goddis, curlis in my nauy
Quham fra ainyd our enemes, I rent
My fame is knawin aboue the element
I seik Itale (as native countre) sere
My linnage cummis, fra hiest Iuppyter
With schyppis twis ten, the phrigiane sey
My moder ane goddis, teichand the way toke be
Followand destany, quhilk was to me grant

Dit. Of

Of all our flote, from wynd and wallis flant
Sum euill perqzekit, faik remanis with me
Unkend and mysterfull, in the desertis of libie
I wander expellit, from Ewrop and Asia
Uenus na mare, suffrit hun plene noꝛ sa
Amyd his dolours plantis, thus spak sche
Quhat euer thou art, I traist wele that thou be
Fauoꝛit with the goddis, and drauis this halesum aire
Quhilk is the spꝛete of lyfe, to thy weilfare
Sen thow art cummyn, in Cartage the ciete
Now hald thy way, and at the Quenis entre
Present thy self, I schaw the foꝛ certane
Thy feres ar fair, thy nauy is cummin agane
In fayꝛy bꝛocht fre, of Northwyndis als
Les than my parentis taucht me, spaying craft fals
Behald tuelf swannis, in randoume glaid and fair
Quham newlie, from the regioun of the aire
Iouis foul the egill, discending from his hicht
Has fare affrait amyd the skyis bꝛycht
Now with lang range, to licht thay bene addꝛest
And spyis the erth about, quhar thay sall rest
As thay returne thar weyngis southand Iolely
And with ther cours cirkill, about the sky
Cryand oꝛ singand eftir, thar awin gyse
The schippis and fallow schip, on the samyn wyse
Other ar harbꝛyit, in the haum I wys
Oꝛ with bent saill, enteris into the poꝛt be thys
Now pas thy way euin furth, that samyn went
Thus sayd sche, and turnand incontinent
Hir nek schane, like vnto the Rose in may
Hir heumly haris, glitterand bꝛycht and gay
Reft from hir foꝛehede, ane smell gloꝛious and sueit
Hir habit fell doune, couerying to hir feit
And in hir passage, ane verray god did hir kyith

And

And fra that he knew, his moder allswith
With sic wourdis he followis, as sche did fle
Quhy art thou cruell to thy sonne, quod he
Diseuand him sa oft, with fals sembland
Quhy grantis thow not, we micht ione hand in hand
And for to here and rander, wotis trew
Thus he reproues, bot sche is went adew
Than to the ciete, he haldis furth the way
Bot Venus with ane lop, of myst baith tway
And with ane dirk cloud, clolit round about
That na man suld thame se, nor twch but dout
Na by the wayis, stop or ellis dere
Or zit the cauſis, of thare cumming spere
Hir self vp lyft, to paphum past swyth
To vesy hir resting place, ioly and blyth
Thare is hir tempill, in Cipir land
Quharin thare dois ane hundreth altaris stand
Hait burning full of saba, sence all houris
Ane smelland swete, wyth fresch garlād and flouris

Eneas at hys moderis / commaundement
Cled with the mysty cloud / in cartage went

That in the mene time, haistit furth thare way
As the rode led thame, quhill ascend ar thay
The hill far riſand, abone the toun hicht
Quhare al the ciete forgane thame, se thay mycht
Eneas wounderit, the gretnes of cartage
Quhilk late to fore, had bene ane small cotage
The fare portis allsua, he perlyt fast
And of the bryte of pepill, thar at in past
The large stretis pathit, by and by
The busy tyrianis, labouand ardently
Ane part haistis to beild, the wallis wych
And sum to rais the grete castell on hicht
And vpe vp stanis, to the volt on hie

Eneas knawis his moder.

Sum grathis first the thak, and ruke ofere
And sum about deluis, the fousy depe
Sum chesis officiaris, the lawes to keip
With counsellouris and senatouris, wise folkis
Zounder vthir sum, the new heum holkis
And here also ane other end fast by
Layis the foundament, of the theatry
And vtheris eik, the huge pillaris grete
Out of the querellis, gan do hew and bete,
For thi odome, that place in all degre.
In time cuming, quhare grete triumph suld be
¶ cõparisõ Like to the beis in the feild, flurist new
Gaddering thare wers of many diuers hew
In soft somer, the bricht son hait schynyng
Quhen of thare kynd, thame list swarmis out bryng
Or in kamis inclose, thare hony clene
And with swete liquour, stuffis thare cellis schene
Or ressauis the birdingis, from vthir thair rout
Or fra thare hyff, togiddir in ane rout
Expellis the bowbert best, the kenyt drone be
Thare labor is besy, and feruent for to se
The hony smellis, of the swete tyme seid.
O quod Enee, full happy are ze in deid
Quhais large wallis, risis thus on hie
And quhill he beschit the boundis of this ciete
Ane wounder thing, couerit with ane cloud about
He enteris syne amyd the thikest rout
Amang the men he thrang, and nane him saw
Amyd the ciete stode, ane semele schaw
With his maist plesand sobir schadow quhar
As the punctanis first, vpwapit war
Eftir the stormy blastis and seis rage
Thay delfand, fand the takynnare of cartage
Ane mekill hors heid, that was I wene

As Iuno had ſchaw to ſoꝛe, of goddis quene
That ſignifyit the ciete, excellent in battell
And plentuous eik, all tymes of vittale
In the ilk place, the ſidones Dido,
Begouth to big, ane ꝓoud tempill of Iuno
With dꝛouryis ſere, and giftis of riches
And eik the golden ſtatew, of the goddes
The entre rais, with hir ſtagis of bꝛas
With bꝛas alſo, the cuplis feſtynit was
The bꝛalin duris iarris, on the marbill hyꝛſt
In this tempill ſere, noueltis fyꝛſt
Schawin till Eneas, meſt gretely his kere
The firſt aſſurance of comfoꝛt, was here
And hope of releif, efter aduerſite
Foꝛ as he went, diuers thingis to ſe
Rowming about, the large tempill ſchene
Foꝛ to abide the cuming, of the quene
And of the ciete, the grete ꝓoſperite
The mony werk in-n, and thare caſtis ſle
In dew ꝓopoꝛcioun, as he wounderit foꝛ ioy
He ſaw per oꝛdoure, al the ſege of troy
The famus battellis, vulgate thꝛow the warld oꝛ (this
Of king ꝓiame, and Athir Atridis
And baldare than thame, baith the kers Achil
He ſtyntis and wepand, ſayd Achates till
how now, quhilk place is this mi frendis (quod he)
Quhat regioun in erd, may fundin be
Quhare our miſfoꝛtoun is not fully ꝓoclame
Alas behald, ſe zounder king ꝓiame
Lo here his woꝛſchyp is halden in memoꝛe
Thir lamentabill takinnis paſt befoꝛe
Oure moꝛtall myndis, aucht to compaſſioun ſtere
Away with dꝛede, and take na langare kere
Quhat wenis thou, na this fame ſall do the gude

Thus said he, and fed hys mynd quhare he stude
With this plesand fenzeit ymagerie
Murnand sair, and wepand tendirlie
Eneas lamentacion quhen he remembris his natyue countre. The stude of teris, halmg ouer his face
For as he lukit, on the werk persaue
He saw pozturit, quhare in sic ane place
The Grekis fled, and troianis followis the chace
About the wallis of troy, as thay did ficht
 Att zounder part the Troianis, takis the sycht
With creist on hede, Achilles in his chare
Perfewand stranglie not, fer thens, saw he quhare
The quhite tentis of king, Resus cuill kepe
Betraisit war, apoun the first sleipe
Quhare with grete slauchter, bludy diomede
Distroyit all, and to his tent can lede
The mylk quhite hozs, fers swift and gude
Or euir thay taistit, ony troiane fude
Or dzunken had, of the stude ephantus
And zonuder lo, beheld he Troylus
Wanting his armoure, the fey barnesleand
For to recounter Achilles, vnganand
The hozs hym harland, behynd the void carte
Hingand wyde opin, and his hede doun warte
Suppos he held the rezneis fast but faile
His neck and haris, on the erd can traile
The spere ouerturnit, in the dust did wzite
The samyn tyme, the troianis madynnes quhite
With hare doun skalit all sozowfull can pas
Vnto the temptl of the greuit Pallas
To ask supple with thaym ane wympill bare thay
With handis, betand thair bzeistis by the way
This fremyt goddis held hir ene fixt fast
Apoun the gound, nar blenkis list thaym cast
About the wallis of Troy, he saw quhat wyse

Achilles

Achilles har lit, hectoris body thrys
The dede corps, syne for gold he sauw him sell
Law from his breist murnand, he gaif ane zell
Scand th. wod carte, and spulze of the knycht
And the corps, of his dereist freynd sa dycht
Vziame vnharmyt, strek furth handis did he spy
From Achilles, his sonnis body to by
Him self alsua midlut, persaut he
Amang pyncis of grece, in the melle
The orient hostis, knew he, one by one
And vulcanus armour, on blak menon
The madinis cum fra amasone, saw he scone
With crukit scheildis, schapin lyke the mone
Led by thare furius quene partthasalye
Amyd the thousand egerly fechtis sche
And quhar hir pap, was for the spere cut away
Of gold thairon, was belt ane riche tischey
Ane wourthy weriour, soithlie thay micht hir ken
This wensche stoutlye, recounter durst with men.

Here to the tempyl/cummis quene Dido
Quhare that Enee his feris fand also

QVhill as the mankull troiane Eneas
To se thir vyce figuris, wonderand was
And as he musit, studeand in ane stare
Bot one ane sicht, quhar on he blenkit thare
The Quene Dido excellent in bewte
To tempill cummis, with ane fare menze
Of lusty zoungkeris, walking hir about
Like to the goddes Diane, with hir rout
Endlang the lude of Eurote, on the bra
Or vnder the toppis, of hir hill Cynthia
Ledand ring dancis, quham followis, ouer all quhare
Ane thousand nymphis, flokand here and thare
On hir schulder, the arrow cace bare sche

Quene Did do with hir tryans cummith to church.

And

And quhare ſche walkis, about the laik on hie
Way wele be ſene to latona, hir moder thys
Heuis reioſing, and ſecrete hartis blis
Sic ane was Dido, ſic ane hir blithlie bare
Amyd thame all, the werkis and weilfare
Wrouding for the realme, in tyme to cum
And quhen ſche, to the temple dure is cum
Syne enterid vnder hir myd volt, tuke hir ſete
Hie in ane trone, and cumpanyis grete
On athir half ſtanding, of armyt men
The office of a prince
The domes and law pronuncis, ſche to thaym then
The feis of thare laubouris, equalye
Gart diſtribute, gif dout fallis thare by
Be cut or cauill, that plede ſone partid was
Bot ſuddanly perſauis, Eneas
Quhare with grete haſt com rymyng antheus
Sergeſt he ſeis, and ſtalwart Cloanthus
With diuers vtheris, of the troiane menze
Quham the black ſtorme, had ſkatterit on the ſe
And at ane vthir coiſt, dreum to the land
Hy and his fallow, awounders this ſeand
Achates half aſtonyſt, ſtude in affray
With fere and toy, ſimytin bayth war thay
And langit ſair, to ſchaik handis, bot ihare hart
The vncouth care amouit, in cum part
For to deſſymill, as nathyng ſene thai had
And with the dirk cloud hid, to ſpy thay bad
How it ſtude with thare feris, or chancet eft
Or than quhat coiſt thare, nauyne thay had left
Quhat thay deſyrit for, as full weill thay ſaw
From thare ſchippis per ordoure, thay cum on raw
Beſeikand grace and peace, faſt as thame thocht
And to the tempill, with grete clamour ſocht
Fra thay war enterit, in the temple tho

And

And licence grantit thaym, to speke alsó
The gretest oratour, Ilioneus
With pleland voce, begouth his sermon thus
O hie princes, quham to Jupiter has grant
To beild ane new cicte, and to dant
The violence of proude folk by iust law
We wretchit Troianis, with the windis blaw
Throw strang stremis, and mony diuers se
Forbyd zoue cruell fyre, besekis the
Suffer nat to birn our schyppis, in ane rage
Haue reuth apoun our petuous, aldynage
Considder freindly, our mater how it standis
We come not hidder, with drawin swerde in handis
To spulze templis, or riches of Libia
Nor by the coist, na sperich to driue awá
Sic violence, nane within our myndis is
Nor sa grete stoutnes, to vincus folk Iwys
Thare is ane place, quham the grekis thay ca
Unto his name, clepis hisperia
Ane nobill land, richt potent in batáll
And fructuos grund, plentuos of vittall
Be kyng Enocrtus, inhabit fyrst we trow
Bot in our dayis, lately the fame is now
Efttr thare duke, it is namid Italie
Thedderwart our cours was laid, quhen suddanlie
The flude boldynnyt, and stormy ozione
Amangis blynd bankis cachit vs anone
The bittir blastis, contrarious alwayis
Throw wallis huge, salt fame, and wilsum wayis
And throw the perrellus rolkis, can vs driue
Hidder at zour coist, ar few of vs arryue
Quhat kind of pepill, dwellis here quod he
How bene sic theuis sufferit, in this cumire
We ar defendit to herbry on the sand

Ilionius oration to quens dido

Wyllokit eik to battall, and dryuen to land
By force of stoyme, the slike thay vs deny
Albeit the scanth of men ze set nocht by
And mortall weris contempnis, and comptis not
Beleuis zet wele than, and haue in thocht
The goddis sall remember, traistis me
Baith of gude dedis, and iniquite
The iustice wisdome fortitude & temperāce of Eneas
To vs was kyng, the wourthye Eneas
Ane iustar man in al the warld, nane was
Nor mare reuthfull, nor wyssare in to wer
Nor mare valzeand, in dedis of armes sere
Quham gif the fatis alike, conseruit haith
To tak this heuinlie, are and draw his braith
And not with crewell goistis, hid vnder erd
Thare is na drede, that sall mak vs afferd
Now thow sall neuer repent the sikkerly
To schaw vs first frendschyp, and curtesy
In to the realme of Cicill, als haue we
Frendes and cieties, with armit men plente
And of the troiane blude, Acestes kyng
Gif vs war leuit, our flote on land to bryng
That with the wind and stoyme, is all to schake
And grant eik leif to helv wod and tak
Tymmer to bete, airis and vther misteris
So that our kyng we micht fynd, and our feris
Blythlie we suld hald towart Italy
And to the coist of latin, seik in hy
Bot gif our weilfare, and beleif clene gane is
And the maist souerane fader, of vs troianis
The libiane se withhaldis, gif thou be gone
Nor of Ascaneus comfort, remanis none
Than soithly at the leist, the cecil se
And placis reddy, fra quham bidder dryuen are we
We sall seik, and to the king accestes

Thus

Thus sayd Ilioneus and thus can he ceis
Bot than the noyis rais, amang the Troianis
Thay murmurit, and complent all at anys
Than schortly Dido spake, with bisage doun cast
Remoif all drede, Troianis be not agast
Pluk vp zour hartis, and heiy thouchtis doun thring
Ane hard meschance, and nowelte of this regne
Constrenis me sic maistry for to schaw
And with discuriouris, kepe the coist on raw
Quhay knawis not the lynnage, of Enee
Or quhay mischemys Troy, that nobyll cietye
The grete worschip, of sic men quha wald not mene
And the huge ardent battellis, that thare hes bene
We Phinicianis, nane sa blait breistis has
Nor sa fremmytlye, the son list not addres
Vis cours thrawart, cartage cicte alway
Quhidder ze will, to grete Hisperia
The ground of saturn, quhilk mowis italye
Or to the coist of Cecil, fast thair by
And at the kmg Acestes list zou be
Thidder sall ze surely pas, with my supple
I sall support zou with all gere may gane
And pleis zou with me, in this realme remane
The ciete quhilk I big, is zours fre
Bring in zour schippis, hedder from the sey
Bettuix ane Troiane, and ane tirriane
Na difference, al sal I reule as ane
And with this sampn wynd, hidder blawin fere
Wald god Enee zour kmg, war present here
Endland, the coistis, and fer partis of libie
I sall for soith, exploratours send and spye
In ony wod, gif that he be vpdrawe
Or zit perchance, at ony ciete arriue.

The Eneas his gentil answer to ȝe troians.

How Eneas/wyth all his rout bedene
War thankfully, reſauit with the Quene.

WIth their wourdis, the ſpyete of Eneas
And of the ſtrang Achates, reioſit was
Gretly deſiring the cloude, to breke in tway
Bot firſt Achates, to Enee can ſay
Son of the goddes, quhat purpois thou (quod he)
Riſis in thy breiſt, all is ſure thou may ſe
Thy nauy and thy feris, recouerit bene
Wantand bot ane, amange the fluddis grene
Quhilk we ſaw droun, all vthir thingis thou knawis
Is now conforme, vnto thy moderis ſawis
And ſkarſlie has he all, thyr wordis ſpokin
Quhen that the cloude, about thaym ſwyth was brokin
And vanyſt tyte, away amange the aire
Up ſtude Enee, in clere licht ſchyning faire
Like till ane god, in body and in face
For his moder, grantit, hir ſon ſic grace.
His criſp haris, war pleſand vnto ſe
His fauour gudlye, full of freſche bewte
Like to an 3oungker, and with cua lauchand ene
Als gratius, for to behald I wene
As euour bane by craft, of hand wele dicht
Or as we ſe, the birnyſt ſiluer brycht
Or 3it the quhite poliſt, marbil ſtane ſchyne
Quhen thay beue circulit, about with gold ſa fyne
Or euir thay wiſt, befoire thame all in hy
Vnto the Quene, thus ſayd he reuerently.
Him (quham 3e ſeik) behald now preſent here
Enee the Troiane, delyuerit from all dangere
Of ſtorme and wallis, of the Libiane ſe
O thou onlye, quhilk reuch hes and piete
On the vntellibill pyne, of the Troianis
Quhilk wes the Grekis, leuingis and remanis

Eneas oracion to quene Dido

Quer

Querlet, wych all maner neceſſiteis
And euery perrell, baith be land and ſeis
Within the ciete, reſſauis, till herbry
And to familiare frendſchip and ally
To quitte the rendring, ganand thankis richt:
That'lits not Dido, in till our mycht
Nor al the laik, of the Trotanis menze
Throu out this warld ſcatterit, quhare euer thay be
Bot the hie goddis, gif ony deite takis tent
To thame that pitcous bene, and patient
For iuſtice eik, gif euer reward beis get
And rychtwys mindis remembrit, and not forget
Thay goddis ilk, may alſua ryward the
Accordyng thy diſerk, in all degre
How happy and ioyus, was that tyme ſerene
That the produceit has, ſa nobill ane Quene
How wourſchipfull eik, war thay parentis of mycht
Quhilkis the engenerit, has ſa worthy ane wycht
Quhill fludis rynnys, in the ſey but dout
Quhill ſonnys ſchadow, cirkillis hillis aboun
And the fermament ſternis, dois contene
Thy honour and thy fame, ſall euer be grene
And thy ren owne remane perpetually
Throw all realmes quharto, that druen am I
Thus ſayand til his frind Ilioneus
His richt hand gaif, and to Sereſtus
Gaif his left hand, ſyne beſune mit euery man
The ſtrang Cloanthus, and the ſtout gyan
The Quene Dido aſtonyſt, ane littill wa
At the firſt ſicht, behalding his bewte
Ay wondring be quhat wyſe, he cumin was
Unto him thus, ſche ſaid with myld face
Son of the goddis, quhat hard aduerſite
Throw out ſa fell perelles, has catchyt the

griene Dido anſuerit to Eneas.

Quhat force and violence, drait the hidder till vs
Apoun their coistis, that bene sa dangerus
Art thow not the ilk, compacient Eneas
That apoun halye, venus engendrit was
Be the Troiane anchises, as thay say
Beside the flude Symois in Phrisia
Weil I remember, to Sydony the cietē
Sen tewcer com banist, from his cuntre
Seikand supple at Belus, and sum new land
Wy Fader than belus, I vnderstand
The riche realme of Ciper, waistit he were
And wan it syne, and gaif it to Tewcer
And euer syne of Troy, that grete cite
The distruccioun, has ben weile knawin to mē
The name also and pynces, of grete fame fale
With quham thou faucht, sere times in batale
This ilk tewcer, his nemyis of troy
Rusit and louit, and with excellent ioye
Full oft him self extoll, and vant he wald
Of troiane blude, to be discend of ald
Tharfor haue done, galandis cum on zour way
Enter within our lugeing, we zou pray
Sicklike forto tin, throw mony fell dangere
At last vnto this land, haik drive me here
Thus not my sknawand, quhat pane is ennoy to dre
I lerned to help, and tholis aduersite
Reherssand this, conuoyis sche Eneas
Touart the place, quhare hir riche Palyce was
And thar wyth eik, commandis haly day
Throw out the cite, all suld be gam and play
And netheles, the same time sendis sche
Doun to his folkis, at the coist of the se
Twenty fed orin, large grete and fyne
And ane hundreth bustuous, bowkis of thayne

It is great wisdom to be so timperat in prosperitie that we forget not other in aduersity.

Jne hundreth lammes, and thare medders thãme by
With vther preſandis, and wyne habundantly
The place within, maiſt glorius and gay
Adornit was all ouer, with riall array
Amyd the hie ruik of the meikle hall
For the banket, mony rich claith of pall
Was ſpred, and mony a bandskyn, wounderly wrocht
Of ſyluer platis, ane huge wecht furth was brocht
To ſet on burdis and beſchell, forgeit of gold
Quharin was graue, maiſt curious to behold
The battelis and dedes, of the forfaders, paſt by
Sen firſt beginning of thare genology
Wan efter man, lik as thay did ſuccede
In lang remembrance of thare worthy hedē
Enee for that his faderly piete
Wald not ſuffer his mind in reſt to be
In haiſt Achates, to the ſchippis ſend
To ſchaw Alcaneus all, from end to end
Vnto the ciete, that he anone war brocht
One zong Alcaneus, was al the faderis thocht
Syke giftis eik, he bad bring with him ſyne
Hynt and deliuerit, frõm the troiane reſwyne
Ane ryche garment braſit, with rich gold wyre
The purpoure mantill and rich quent attyre
That pliabill was, with the guilt bordour large
Sum time array of Helene quene of arge
Quhilk frõ the realme of mice, with her ſche brocht
Quhen ſche to troy, forbodin hymeneus ſocht
This wonderus gift, gottin at hir moder Lyda
And for thereik, of fair Jlioneã
He bad him bring with him, the ſceptour band
Quhilum Priamus, eldeſt dochter bare in hand
The collare picht, with orient peirles als
That ſche vnquhile, war about hir hals

Prepare-
tion for the
banket

Of gold also the clois, of double croun
Set full of precious stonys, enviroun
To do his charge, Achates besely
The way towart the schippis, socht in hy.

How that Venus all perellis to seclude
send Cupide in Ascaneus similitude.

Virgil. In the mene tyme Venus, ane sle wile socht
By hir consate, in hir mynd how sche mocht
In forme and visage, of sweit ascaneus tho
Tranformed, send hir alwayn son Cupido
To bare thir presandis, so that the amourus quene
Ye micht inflamb, within hir banis grene
The hote fire of loue, to kindill and stere
For in hir mynd, sche had ane manere fere
Of this lunage, wauerand and vntrew
Thirrianis double toungit, weil scho knew
Of cruell Juno, the drede brent hir inwart
With mony thocht, ran hastely till hir hart
Unto the wingit god of luf, but were
For thi sche spake and sayd on this manere
O thou my child, my strenth my gret mycht
O thou my son, quhilk only art so wycht
That thou the dartis of Jupiter, dar ganestand
Quharwith he slew Tiphone, the grete gyand
To the I cum, to the I seke quod sche
Lawlie alkand thy power and supple
Quhat wyse Eneas, thy brother but dout
Is blawin and warpit euery coist about
Of wikkit Juno, throw the cruell inuy
All this to the is manifest sua at I
For quhen I wepit tharfore, thou murnit also
Now him withhaldis the phinitiane Dido
And culzeis him, with flekit wordis sle
Bot to quhatfyne, richt sone it dredis me
Sall turn this plesand gestinyng in tartage

Quhilk is the burgh of Juno, for in hir rage
As is begun, the mater sall not remane
Quharefor, I vnbethinke me of ane trane
This quene first, for to caucht in luffis lace
And so with flame of amours, to embrace
That by na micht, therefore sche may remuke
Bot strangely, sall with me Eneas luke
Harke my consate, quhat wise this micht be done
The riall child ascaneus full sone
Of quham maist is, my thocht grathis to pas
At commaund of his fader Eneas
To the ciete of cartage, and giftis sere
Turllis with him, of thi auld troiane gere
Quhilk fra the stormе of the sey, is left vntynt
And from the fire, remanis zit vnbirnt
Him sell I sound slepand, stele away
And hyde apoun the heicht of cytharay
Or in Idalium, my hallowit schaw
That our dissait, he nowther persait nor knaw
Nor vnprouisitly, cum thidder, thoch he mycht
Tak thou his liknes, na mare bot ane nycht
For to begile, quene Dido of Cartage
Wy chyld cleith the, with zone kend childis village
So that quhen sche, all blitheit haldis the
In to hir skirt perchance, or on hir kne
At hir feist riall, sittand at hir tabill
Amang dantеis, and wyne amiabill
And can the for to hals, and imbrace
Kissand sweitly the quhite nek, and thy face
Than may thou stely, thy venymous ardent fire
Of freindful luke, amid hir breist inspire
The god of luke, obeis bardelie
His moderis wourdis, and laid his wingis by
And bluthly steppis furth like Julus

Bot Venus to this ylk, Alaneus
The ſweit vapoure, of pleſand ſlep and reſt
On all the membris, of his body keiſt
And ſoftlye the goddes, in hir lap him bare
Amyd the ſchaw, of ydalium quhare
Tendir meriolyne and ſuet flouris thair out
With thar dulce ſmell, him ſchaddowit round aboute,

Of the banket and of the gret deray
And how Cupide inflames the lady gay.

NOw paſſis furth Cupide, full diligent
For til obey his moderis, commandement
Berand with him the kingis giftis ſchene
Quhilk ſuld be preſent to the riall queene
Blithlie following, his ledar Achates
And as they come, the Quene was ſet at deis
Under hir glorious ſtentit Capitall
Amang proude tapetis, and michty riall apparall
Hir place ſche tuke, as was the gyſe that tyde
Quer ſpred with gold, amyd the bed belyde
Aboue all vthir, the fader Eneas
And ſyne zoung gallandis of troy, to meit ſet was
Apoun riche bed ſydis, Per Ordour
Quer ſprede with Carpettis, of the fyne purpoure
To weſche thair handis, ſerwandes brocht watter, clere
Syne brede in baſkettis, eftir thare manere
With ſoft ſtruiotis, to mak thar handis clene
Fyfty damacellis tharin, ſerrit the Quene
Quhilkis bare the cure, eftir thar ordoure hale
In purueiance of houſhald, and vittale
To graith the chalmeris, and the fyris beild
Ane hundreth maydynis, had ſche zoung and eild
The bāket And als mony, of ſam age zoung ſwanys
The courſis, and the meiſis, for the nanys

To set on burdis, sic as we call sewaris
And to full cowpis, goblettes and euaris
And maceattour, the tyzannis halely
At the blith zettis, flokkis to the mangzy
And as thay com, thay wer set doun anon
On bzulyt, oz paynte tappetis euery on
Thay meruellit, the ryche giftis of Eneas
Apon Iscaneus feil wounder was
The schining village, of the god Cupide
And his dissimillit sleikit wourdes quhyte
The pzecius mantill, and quent garment also
Bot pzincipally, the fey vnsilly Dido
Foz the mischeif to cum, pzedestinate
Wicht not restane, noz satisfy his constate
Bot ardentlie behaldis, al on stere
Now likand wele the chyld, and now the gere
As Cupide hingis about Eneas hals,
Embzacit in armes fenzeand luik full fals
By semblant, as he his fader had bene
Full sicly than he blent, apoun the quene
Sche with hir sicht, and all hir mynd richt thare
Pim to behald, sat musand in ane stare
Sum time vnwar, in her bosom held sche
Wilknawand alace, by fals subtilitye
How the greet god of luf, with all his mycht
Watchit foz tyll dissaue hir, wofull wycht
Wot he remembzing, on his moderis commaund
The mind of Sichyus, hir first husband
Furth of hir thocht, pece and pete begouth dzife
And with scharp amouris, of the man alike
Gan hir dolf spzete, foz to pzeuene and stere
Had bene defusit fra luf, that mony zere
Eftir the first pans, and that cours nere gane
And vodouris, and fat trunscheouris away tane

The goblettis grete, with mychty wynes in hy
Thay fill and, couerit set in by and by
Than rais the noyis, quhill dyanyt ruffis and wallys
So thik the bottis fletis, throw the large hallis
From the gylt sparris, hang down mony ane lycht
The flame of torchis, vincust the dirk nicht
The quene than askis of gold, for the nanis
Ane wechty cowp, set all with precius stanis
Bad fill it full, of the richt hypocras
In to the quhilk grete belus, accustumit was
To drink vmquhile, and fra him euery king
Discend of his geneology, and of spryng
And quhen silence was made, ouer all the hall

I prayer to Jupiter with a cõmendacyõ of hospitalitye.

O Jupiter (quod scho) on the we call
For this reasoun, that be wise men is sayd
To gestis thou grant, thy herbry glaid
We the be ferk, this day be fortunabill
To vs tyrrianis, happy and aggreabill
To strangearis cummyn fra troy, in thare vyage
In time cuming, remembrance of our vsage
To our successioun, and posterite
The geuare of gladnes, Bachus here mot be
And gentill Juno, to vs fauorabill and merk
And 3ou my awin tirrianis, I commaund eik
Fallow this feist, with blithnes and with ioy
Were frendly fallowschip, to thir nobillis of troy
This beand said, the cowp with the riche wyne
Apoun the burd sche blissit, and eftirsyne
With hir lip first tharof, tuk but ane taist
And carpand blithly, gaf it Bachus in haist
He merely ressauis the remanent taris
All out he drank, and quhelmit the gold on his face
Syne all the nobillis therof dranke about
I will nocht say, that ilk man playit copout

Bot on his gyltit harpe, berdit Iopas
Playand the geistis, of the grete Atlas
The monys change, and oblique cours sang he
And quhy the son eclipsis (as we se)
Quharof mankind, was made he schew ful plane
Quharof beistis, and quharof engendris rane
Quharof cummes thunder, and fyre leuin
The rany hyades, quhilk ar the sternis seuin
And eik Arcturus, quhilk we cal the leide sterne
The double wlis, weill couth he deterne
And quhy the son, into the wintir tyde
Hastis the sey, sa fast hys hede to hyde
Quhy makis the nicht that tyme, sa large delay
And in the symer, quhy sa lang is the day
The gild and riot tyrrianis, doubtit for ioy
Syne the reird followit, of the zoungeris of troy
Unhappy Dydo, also set al hir mycht
wyth sermondis sere, for to prolong the nycht
The langsum luke, drynk and inwart ful cald
Ful mony demand, of pryame spere sche wald
And quesyouns sere, twichyng Hector Ilius
Now wyth quhais armoure the son of Tutoga
Come to the sege, and now inquyre wald sche
Quhat kynd of hors, Dyomede had in melle
How large of stature, was feirs Achylles
Haue done my gentyll gest, sone till vs this
Herodoure (sayd sche) fra the beginnyng all
The dissate of the Grekis, and the fall
Of zour peyple, and of troy the reuyne
The wandryng by the way, thow schaw vs syne
For now the seuyn symmer, hidder carris the
Wilsum and errant, in euery land and see,

¶ The Prologne of the second Booke of Eneadois.



Dirk herie my muse, with dolorus armony
Melpomene, on the wald clerkis call
For to compile, the dulefull tragidy
Twching of troy, the subuerssioun and fall,
Bot sen I follow, the Poet principall
Quhat nedis purches, fenzeit termers new
God grant me grace him dinglie to ensew.

The dzery fate wyth teris, lamentabill
Of Troyis sege, wide quhare ouer al Is soung
Bot followand virgil, gif my wit war abill
Inc nothir wyse, that bell sall now be roung
Than euer was to forze herd, in our toung
Saturne, thou ald fader of Malancoly
Thyne is the cure, my wofull pen to gy.

Herkis Ladyis, zour bewtyis was the cans
Herkis knychtis, the wod furie of mars
Ayslemen attendis, mony sorowfull claus
And ze disdeuouris, rede heir zour propir ars
And finaly to specify, euery part
Here verifit is, that prouerbe thrching so
All erdly gladnes fynysith with wo.

Finis.

Eneas fir ferculis him/and syne
Addressis to rehers/troyes rewyne.

THay ceissit all attanis, incontinent
With mouthis cloys, and village talking trent
Vpince Eneas, from the hie bed with that
Into k is sege riall, quhare he sat
Begouth and sayd, thy desir lady is
Renewyng of vntellyabill sorow, I wys
To schaw how Grekis did spuilze and distroy
The grete riches, and lamentabil realme of troy
And huge miserie, quhilk I thare beheld
Quhare of my self, a gret part bare and feld
Quhat mirmydone, or gregioun, dolopes
Or knycht wageour, to crueil blixes
Sic matirs to rehers, or nit till here
Wicht thaym contene fra weping, mony ane tere
And now the heuin, ouer quhelmys the donk nycht
Quhen the declynyng, of the sternes brycht
To slepe, and rest persuadis, our appetite
Bot sen thou has, sic plesoure and delyte
To knaw our chancis, and fall of Troy in were
And schortly the lastie end tharof, walde here
Albeit my spriete, abhorris and dois grise
Tharon for to remember, and oft sys
Murnand eftirhois thare fra, with gret diseis
Nit than sall I begin sou for to pleis

Eneas a
long narra
tion rehers
sio the de
struction
of Troye

Quhow the Grekes, with drew thaym of the rade
And of the mekill subtell hoys thay made.

The Grekis chiftanis, Irkit of the werē
Bipaſt or than, ſa mony langſum zere
And oft rebukit, by fatall deſtany
Ane huge hors, like ane grete hill in hy
Craftely thay wrocht, in wourſchip of Pallas
Of ſawing biche, the ribbis forgeit was
Fenzeand ane oblatione, as it had be
For proſper returnyng, hame in thare cuntre
The hoce thus wilc, throw out the ciete wois
Of choiſ men fyne walit be cut thay toke
Ane grete mowmer, and hid in bilgis derne
Within that beiſt, in mony huge cauerne
Schortely the belly was ſtuffit euery dele
Full of knychtis, armyt in plate of ſtele.
Thair ſtandis in to the ſicht of troy ane Ile
Wele knawin be name, hecht Tenedos vmquhile
Richty of gudis, quhill priamus ring ſa ſtude
Now is it bot ane firth, in the ſey flude
Ane rade vnſikkir, for ſchip and ballingere
In deſert coiſtis, of this Iland thare
The Grekis thaym, full ſecretly withdrew
We wenyng thaym hame, paſſit and adew
And with gude wynd, the realme of myce had ſocht
Quharfor all thaym of troy, blyth as thay mocht
Thare langſum dule, and murnyng dyd away
Reſt vp the portis, and Iſchit out to play
The Grekis tentis, drſiris for to ſe
And vode placis, quhare thay war wont to be
The coiſt and ſtryndis, left deſert at ſclene
Here ſtude the armyis of dolyppis, ſum wald mene
Cruell Achil here ſtentit his palzoun
Quhare ſtude the nauy, lo the place zounder doun

Thare

The Grekis made a hors fillit with armit men, to diſceue the troyans by the craftynes of ſynone, vnder the pretences of religion.

Here the oistis war wount, to wone in feild
And sum wounderyng the skaithful gift behelde
Sould be offerit, to the vnweddit Pallas
Thay meruellit first, the hors samekle was
Bot Tymetes exhorts, fast of all
Jt for to lede and draw, within the wal
And for to set it in the cheif Palice
Quhiddir for dissait Jt not, or for malice
Or destany of Troy, wald sa sould be
Bot Capis than, with ane ither menze
Quhilk better auise, thair myndis set apoun
Bad cast or droun into the se anone
That suspect present, of the Grekis dissait
Or kindill thave vnder, flambe of fyris hate
Or for to ripe, that holkit huge belly
And the hid hirnis to serche, and weill espye
Quhat nedis mare, the vnstabill commun voce
Diuidit was in mony sere purpois
Quhen hidder come, before them al anon
Followand ane grete rout, the preist Laocon
From the cheif temptil, rynnand in ful grete hye
On fer, O wrechit pepil can he cry
How grete wodnes is this, that ze now mene
Enemys away salut, gif ze wene
Or gif ze traist, ony Grekis giftis be
Enemis gyftes schuld be haldin suspect.
Without dissait, fallet or subtelite
Knaw ze not bettir, the quent slixes slycht
Othir in this tre, are Grekis closit full rycht
Or this ingyne is biggit to our skaith
A good counsell Laocon gaue to his Troyans.
To watche our wallis, and our biggynnis baith
Or to confound, and ouer quhelme our ciete
Thare lurkis sum fallet charm trauisis me

Lippis

Lippin not troianis, I pray zou in this hozs
How euer it be, I dzede the grekis kozs
And thame that sendis this gift, always I fere
Thus sayand with all his strenth, ane grete spere
At the syde of that bisning beist, thrw hie
And in toynynges of the thrawin wame of tre
Festynnit in lance, that trimbling can to schaik
The bzaid belly schudderit, and with the straik
The bois cauis soundit, and made ane dyn
And had not bene at othir, his wit wais clyn
Oz than the fatis of the goddis, war contrary
He had assayit, but ony langare tary
Hid grekis couert with yin, to haue rent out
Than suld thow troy, haue standing zit but dout
And the pzoud palice, of king priamus
Suld haue remanit zit full glozius.

The taking of the tressonabyll Synone
And of his wourdis / kenzeit mony one.

The great craft of Sinone indeceauing the towne of troye.

LO the ilk tyme, hzrland vnto the king
Troiane hirdis, with greit clamour did bzing
Ane zoung man, baith his handis behind his bak
Hard bundin, that wilfully foz to be tak
Rendzit him self, vnknawin the cauis quhy
Foz to perfozme his dede, mare secretely
Be stout curage, reddy to athir of tua
Lwthir to bzing his slycht to gud assay
Oz failzeing thairof, doutles reddy to de
Les than to Grekis, he oppynyt the dete
On athir part, him to behald atanis
Fast flokit about, ane multitude of zoung troianis
Bysly to knaw and pul the pzisonere
Now the dissait of grekis, ze may here
And all thare falset lerne, by this ane slicht

Foz

For also fast, in myddis of our sycht
As that dreiy vnarmyt wicht was sted
And with ane blent about, simyn full raed
Beh aldand troiane rowtis on athir hand
Alas, quod he, wald god sum erd or sand
Or sum salt se, did swallow me aliue
Quhat vthir thyng, new restis to me cattiue
Quham to sall neuer, amang grekis agane
Ane place be fund, southly to remane
And mareattour troianys, offendit eik
To sched my blude by paneful deith, dois seik
With this regret, our hartis sterit to piete
All molestacioun exilit, and lattin be
We him exhort, rehers and to be bald
Of quhat lmnage he was, or quhat he wald
And to remembre gud hope, of ferme supple
Happines to presoneris oft in captiuite
He at the last, this fenzeit dreide did away
And on this wys, anone begon to say
Forsoith sthir king, I sall quhat euer betyde
Grant to the all the verite, and not hyde
Nor be na wais, me lyst not to deny
That of the Grekis menze ane am I
This principally, I wald thou vnderstude
Thocht thrawart fortoun, miserabil & bare of gud
Has made Synone, sithe sal not him als
Quhat euer he sais, nowther lear nor fals
Gif euir vnto zour eris the name
The hie wourschip, and the renownit fame
Of palmedes, from beluis blude discend
Quham grekis, by fals tresoun as is wele kend
Throw corrupt wanes, stampt to dede but lees
For he the were forbad, and procurit pece
Now murne thay for his dede, and with him here

I fyrst nat natione.

In

In fallouschip, my pure fader in were
Send me of zouth, as to him nere of blude
Quhil in prosperite of the realme, he stude
And grekis ring by counsel was reulit wisely
Sum name of wourschip, and auctorite bare I
Bot eftir that, by inuy and haitrent
Of the fals sleichand, vlixes sa quent
I iap not for that I say, weill I knaw
Fra he was slane, allace and drocht of daw
Dolorus my lyfe I led in sturt and pane
Heuely weyand my Innocent krende, thus slane
Ceis couth I not, but in my krenely
Gif euer I happynnyt, my tyme for till esyy
And victoure haue retornit, into aige
I hecht to be reuengit with wourdis large
Thus I prouokit scharp seid, and malyce bayth
To me this was first, apperance of skaith
From thus forthwarte vlixes, mare and mare
With new crimes, begouth to affray me sare
And dangerous rumours, amangis the commoins hedis
Skalit and scw of me, in diuers stedis
And knawand him self gilty by his conscitc
Grathit his wappynnys, of slicht and fals dissait
Nor ceissit he neuer, his purpois to persew
Quhill the soilsting of Calcas, I micht rew
Bot quhareto teil I, or reherse is this
That be na wayis, displesis zou I wys
Quhy tary I my deith, and ze list strike
Gif that ze fauour, all the Grekis elike
This is ynewch, that ze haue hard of me
Now haist my pane sen, al gatis I mon de
Ulisses (quhilk is king of Ithacy)
Wald it war sua, and with gret pryce wald by
My deith Agamemnon, a's and menalay

Thay

Than haillit we, and birnt to here him say
Helenus all the maner for till here
Wilknawand, and all the iniquiteis fere
And fle craftis, of grekis in euery dede
He quakand than, as it had bene for drede
Begouth for to tell, of the remanent
Sayand on this wise, with dissemblit entent
The grekis oft in purpois, war and wyll
To fle fra troy, and leif it standand still
And wery of thare lang were, pas away
Wald god say thay, had done syne mony a day
The seis rage, and stoirme thame stoppit oft
And frem thair passage, the north wynd vnsoft
Held thame abak, in anguis and in fere
And principally, sen this hors was here
Of haltir gifres, beildit vp but dout
The stormy cloudis ouer all the are can rout
Ane douting hereon, send the preist hcripulus
Answere to seik, at the tempill of Phebus
And from the secrete oratry, doith to sayne
Thir sorowful tythingis, he was brocht agane
With blude, and by the slauchter of ane maid
Grekis ze melit, the wyndis, first he said
Quhen at ze come, of troy to the cuntre
Your hame passage, by blude mon fundin be
And bane your asking, be deith of ane gregioun
Quhen to the commons cris, ran the soun
Of thir wourdis, with myndis affrayit attanis
The cald drede ran in throw thare banis
For fere, quhom to was schaip this destany
Or quhom it was, appollo desirit to de
Ulisses than amang thame, with grete dyn
Calcas the grete diuynar, had brocht in
And deselie at him, Inquiris he

By the respons of the goddis, quha suld de
Than mony ane demyt, to me ful richt
The cruell wraik of that dissaitfull wicht
And quietly persaut, how it wald wend
This Calcas held his toung, ten dais till end
Kepand secrete and cloys, all his intent
Refusing with his wordes, ony to schent
Or to pronunce the deth of any wycht
Scars at the last, throw gret clamour and sclycht
Of vlisses constrenit, but mare abaid
As was deuysit, the laith wourd furth braid
And me adiugit to sendto the altare
Tharto alhail, the greikis assentit war
And sufferit glaidly, so the mater pas
Quhare vs to fore, euery ane to balit was
For him self and tho blith, was page and knicht
The change retornit, one ane catiue wicht
Cum was the dulefull day, that dois me grise
Quhen that of me, suld be made sacrifice
With salt melder, as wele the gyse is kend
Abouit my hede, ane garland or ane bend
I grant, that from the dede my selfe I fred
The bandis I brist, and syne away fast sped
Unto ane mudy mares, in the dirk nycht
Amang the Rusis and Redis, out of sycht
Full law I lurkit, quhil vp sal vs drew thay
Gif thay perchance, be zit passit away
Now restis thar na hope, alace fell me
My natiue cuntre, sall I neuer se
Nor dere children, nor fader wele, belouit
Quham (as I tra st) the Grekis all amouit
For mine eschaping turment, sall with pane
Thay saykles wichtis, sall for my gilt be slane
Quharfor syr king, by the goddis aboue

And

And thare michtis, that treuth best knawis and loue
And by the faith vnfilit, and the lele lawte
Gif it with mortall folkis, may fundin be
Haue reuth and pietie, on sa feill harmes smert
And tak my compassioun, in thy gentile hart
Apoun my wrechit saule, haue sum mercy
That geltles sufferis, sic desellis wrangussye.

Syit of the tratouris fals contreuit sligbe
That was beleuit allace with euery wicht.

Modall pite eys of simplicite are oft tymes deceuyd bi erakty mē whyche is a gret fait & negligēs in pr neis.

PArdoun and life, to thir teris gif we
(Quod priamus) and mercy grantis frē
And first of all the mannakillis, and hard bandis
Chargeit he lous, of this ilk mannis handis
With frendly wourdis, syne thus vnto him sayd
Quhat euery thou art, beis mery and glaid
Forzet the grekis that lost, ar and away
From thens fordwart, thou salbe ouris perfay
Bot schaw truly this ane thing, I inquire
Unto quhat fyne this huge hors was here
And of sa grete stature, bieldit apoun hie
Quhay wrocht the werk, quhat may it signifie
Quhidder is it, ane offerend of sum halynes
Or sum engyne of batell, as I ges
Said Priamus, bot than the to thir wichis
Ful weil instrukkit, of Grekis art and slicht
Lousit and lattlye, fred of all his bandis
Unto the sterns, heuit vp his handis
O ze (quod he) euerlesting lampes bright
And zour diuyne power, and zour gret mycht
That aucht not bene, forsworne I testifye
And zon altaris, and cruel swerdis quham I
Am eschapit, and all zou goddis wyse
Quhais garlandis bare I, as zour sacrifice
Lesfull is now to brek, but mare abade

The kwozne pzomysis, that I to the grekis maid
Lefull is eik thay pepill foz to hate
And schaw furth planely, al that euer I wate
Thare hid slicht als, to ripe furth to the ground
To na cuntre noz lawis, am I bund
So mot thou trope, quham I sall saik fra skaith
Kepe me thy pzomys, and thy lawte bayth
As I schaw sall, the verite ilk deille
And foz my lyfe, sall render zou anc grete wele
The grekis traist, and confozt mony zeris
From the beginnyng, of their moztall weris
On pallas help stude, haill thys toun to get
Bot efter that Thedeus warpit get
With blisles kindare, of wikkitnes
The katatill relik, of palladium I ges
Furth of the tempill, and the hallowit hald
To reik away fozcebly, war so bald
And sla the wachis, of the cheik castell
The haly ymage, grisly foz to tell
Vullit and kilit, and with thare grisly handis
Hir birgine balis, and blisslit godly garlandis
Vzesumpt with sen, syne has euermare
Bakwart of grekis, the hope went and welfare
Thare michtis, and thare strengthis feblit fast
Sa krawart thaym this god, hir mynd has cast
That with na doutsum takinnis, may than tua
Hir greike furthschew this ilk tritonia
Sharplye the statew, was in there temple vp set
Quhen all hir membzis, bittir teris swet
Hir Ene glowit as ony glede foz ire
Quherfra thare flaw mony sparkis of fire
Ane farfull thing, and wounderfull to tell
Thyis schinning doun, on the erd sche fell
Hir targe trymbling, and schaking fast hir spere

Quone

Amone almoſt ze wend to ſey in ſere
Tryis Calcas, noꝛ grekis inſtrument
Of troy the wallis ſal neuer hurt noꝛ rent
Les then agane, the land of arge be ſocht
Wyth alkin poꝛtage, quhilk was hiddir bꝛocht
In barge oꝛ bilget, ballingeꝛ ouer ſe
The goddis mon, be meſit als (quod he)
And now ſet thay, with this ilk wynd haue ſocht
Thare land of Grece, oꝛ myce, this is thar thocht
To graith thare armour, and wappynis by & by
And with ſupple of goddis in cumpany
In haiſt foꝛ to retyrne agayne, ouer ſey
Oꝛ ze bene war apoun zou wil thay be
Thus all per oꝛdour declaris thaym Calcus
At quhais monitioun, als vpbiggit was
This buſtuous foꝛme, in likneſ of ane hoꝛs
Foꝛ palladum and to appeis the foꝛce
Of the goddeſs, and to recompence
Of thare wꝛetchit, and doloꝛus offence
And mareattour, of ſa huge quantite
Calcas commandis, big this ſtatew of tre
Thus large & gret, weile nere the heuin on hicht
So at the poꝛtis, it ne entir micht
Noꝛ zit be bꝛocht, within zour wallis wyde
Noꝛ zit zour pepill, fauour help noꝛ gyde
Eſtir the auld religioun, and vſage
Foꝛ gif zour handis had violet in zour rage
This haly preſent, of the good mynerue
Grete wꝛaik ſuld folow, that all ſuld ze ſterue
Priamus regune diſtroyit and al zour pelf
Quhilk deſtany goddis, turne rather in him ſelf
Bot gif this ilk ſtatew, ſtandis here wꝛocht
Warr with zour handis, into the eicte bꝛocht
Than ſchew he that the peopil of Aſia

Artificiꝰ ous argumẽt vnder pretence of religion to deceue the troyans.

But ony obſtakill, in ſell battel ſuld gā
Bet doun the toun, of arge that regoun
And the ſamyn kate happynnyt, our ſuccelſioun
Be ſic wil's and ſlithtis, mony one
Of fals contrunit, and manſwoꝛn ſynone
The mater is beleuit, with all it heꝛis
And takin ar by diſſait, and fenzet teꝛis
Thay peppll, quhom is the ſon of tedeus
Noꝛ feꝛs Achilles, clepit laꝛiſſeus
Noꝛ grece tenzeꝛis, in batall mycht ouercum
Noꝛ zit the thouſand ſchippis all and ſum.

How ſtranglit was the pꝛeiſt heicht laocon
And how the hoꝛs clam ouer the wallis of Ton.

BEtid the ilk tide, ane feꝛ greter wounder
And mare dꝛedefull to catiuis, be ſic hunder
Quhilk of troianis, trublit mony vnwarnit bꝛeſt
As Laocon that was neptunus pꝛieſt
And choſin by cauill, vnto that ilk office
Ane fare grete bule, offerit in ſacrifyce
Solempnitlie, befoꝛe the haly altere
Thꝛow the ſtill ſey, from tenedos in feꝛe
Lo twa gret lowpit esderis, with mony thꝛaw
Firſt thꝛow the flude, towart the land can dꝛaw
My ſpꝛete abhoꝛꝛus this matter to declare
Aboue the wattir, thare hals ſtude euir mare
With bludy tꝛeſſis out with, the wallis hie
The remanent ſwam, alwais vnder the ſe
With gruſly bodyis, lynkit mony fald
The ſalt ſaime ſtouris, from the fard thay hald
Vnto the ground thay glade, with glowand Ene
Stuffit full of venom fire, and felloun tene
With tounges quhilling in that mouthis red
Thay lyke the twynkilland ſtangis, in thar hed

We fled away, al bludles for effere
Bot with ane braide, to Laocon in fere
Thay flert attanis, and his tua ſonnys ſyng
Firſt athir ſerpent, lappit like and ring
And with thare cruell bit, and ſtangis kell
Of tendir membris, tuke mony ſory morſell
Syne thay the preiſt, inbadit baith twane
Quhilk wyth his wappins, did his bely pane
His childer for to helpin, and reſkew
Bot thay about him lowpit, in wympillis threw
And twis circulit his myddill, round about
And twys faldis thare ſprutillit ſkynnis, but dout
About his hals, baith nek and hede thay ſchent
As he eilis thare hankis, to haue rent
And with handis thaym, alway haue draw
His hede bendis, and garlandis all war blaw
Ful of vennum, and rank poyſoun attanis
Quhilk infekkis the fleſche, blude and banys
And thare with eik, ſo horribly ſchoutis he
The ſternes dynnyt his cryis war ſo hie
Lyke as ane bull dois rummeſing, and rare
Quhen he eſchapis hurt, one the altare
And charris by the ar, with his nek wycht
Gif one the forhede, the dynt hittis not richt
Syne their tua ſerpentis, haſtely glade away
Unto the cheif tempill, fled ar thay
Of ſterne pallas, to the hallowit place
And crap in vnder the feit, of the goddes
Hid thaym behind the bois, of hir buklere
Than trimblit thare mony, ſtout hart for fere
The vncouth dede, into thare breiſtis crap
All ſaid, Laocon Juſtlie (ſic was his hap)
Has dere bocht his wikkit, and ſchrewit dede
For he the haly hors, or ſtalwart ſtede

With violent straik, presumyt for to dere
And thartntill, to fallyn his wikkit spere
Unto the hallowit stede, bring in thay cry
The grete figure, and lat vs sacryfy
The haly goddes, and magnify hir micht
With orisouns and offerandis, day and nicht
Quhat will ze mare, the barmkin doun we rent
And wallis of our ciete, we maid patent
Unto their werk, all sped thame besely
Turnand quhelis thay set in, by and by
Under the feit of this ilk dysiryng Jaip
About the nek knyt, mony hallin raip
This fatail monstoure, clamouer the wallis then
Grete wamyt, and stuffit full of armyt men
And thareabout ran childer, and madynnys zing
Singand carrellis, and dansand in ane ring
Full well was thame, and glaid was euery wicht
That with thare handis amis, twiche the cordis mycht
Furth drawin haldis, this subtell hors of tre
And mannallard slidis throw the myd ciete
Exclams upon. O nateue cuntre, and riall realme of Troy
O goddis hous Ilionn, full of Joy
O mourthy troane, wallis cheuelrus
Foure tymes stoppit, that monstoure perrellus
Euin at the entre, of the portis wyde
And foure tymes the armour that ilk tyde
Clynkit and rang amyd, the large belly
Bot netheles in till, oure blynd fury
Forzettand this richt ermistle thay wirk
And for to drug, and draw waid neuer Irk
Quhill that myschancy, monstoure quentlie bet
Amyd the hallowit tempil, vp was set
Cassandra than, the fatis to cum tauld plane
Bot by command of Phebus, all was in vane

For

For thoch scho spait the soith, and maid nā bourd
Quhat euer scho said troianis, trowit not ane wourd
The tempillis of goodis and sanctuaris all
The key pepill, allace quhat say I sall
Quham till this was, the dulefull lattir day
With festuall flouris, and bewty as in may
Did wele adorne, and feist and riot maid
Thrw out the toun, and for myscheif was glaid

Grekis enteris by tressoun in the cite
And how Hector apperis to Ene.

Disseyver on of the myghtis.

With this the heuin, so quhirllit about his spere
Out of the sey, the dym nycht can appere
With hir derk wede baith, erth and firmament
Inuoluing by her secrete schaddois quent
Couering gregioun, and myrmidonis slicht
Within the wallis to bed, went euery wicht
Still war in all, and soft vapoure of slepe
Apoun thare weary lymmes fast doith crepe
Be than the army of mony ane gregioun
Stuffit in schippis come fra tenedoun
Still vnder freyndlie silence of the mone
To the kend cōsis speding thame full sone
And quhen the taikynnyng, or the bele of fyre
Rais fra the kinges schip, vp birnand schire
Of the Goddis, be frawart destany
Simon preserut couth, this thinge espy
The farren closouris opnys, but noyis or dyn
And Grekis hid, the hors coist within
Patent war made, to sicht and to the are
Joyful and blyth, from that hois slatew there
Discending than, doun lap by courdis attanis
Tisandir auld, schenelus tua capitanis
The dour duikes, als and Achayas

Helyus neuoy Pirrus, and king Thoas
The firſt mathaon, and Menclayus
And the engyne, forgeare hate Epeus
The ciete thay Inuade, and faſt infeſt
The incommodytye of drōkynnes. With wyne and ſlepe, yberied and at reſt
Slane ar the wachis, liggand on ye wall
Opnyt the portis leit, in thare feris all
To gidder Ionyt, euery cumpany
Throw the ciete, ſone rais the noyis and ſkry
This was that tyme, quhen the firſt quyet
Of naturall ſlepe, to quham na gift mare ſweit
Stalit on forgdowertit mortall creaturis
And in thare ſweuynnys, metis quent figuris
Lo in my ſlepe, I ſe ſtand me befoire
As to my ſicht, maiſt lamentabill Hector
With large ſlude of teris, and all by ſpreit
As he vmquhile after the cart was rent
With barb nyt blude, and powder o God, quhat ſkaith
Bo dnyt ful gret war feit, and lynnes baith
By bandis of the cordis, quhilkis thame dreuch
As weil away, quhat harme and wo ynouch
Quhat ane was he, how fer chaugit from ioy
Of that Hector, quhilom retorned to troy
Cled wil the ſpulze, of hym achilles
Or quhen the troiane fyre bleſis Iwis
On grekis ſchippis, thik ſald he ſlang that day
Quhan that he ſlew, the duke protheſelay
His far and berd was, fadit quhare he ſtude
And all his hare, was glotnyt ful of blud
Full mony woundis on his body bare he
Quhilk in defence, of hys natiue cuntre
About the wallis of Troy, reſſaut he had
Me thoucht I firſt weping, and nathing glad
Bycht reuerenely begouch, to clepe this man

And with sic dolorus wourdis, thys began
O thou of Troy, the lem and lamp of licht
O troiane hope maist ferme, defence in fycht
Quhat has the tarit, quhy maid thou this delay
Hector quham we desyrit, mony day
From quhat cuntre thus wyse, cum in art thou
That eftir keile slauchter, of thy freyndis now
And of thir folkis, and ciete eftir huge pane
Quhen we bene irkit, we se the here agane
Quhat hard mischance, kilit so thy plesand face
Or quhy se I thy fell, woundis allace
Unto thir wordis, he name answere maid
Nor to my wode, demandis na thing said
Bot with ane heuy murmour, as it war drawe
Furth of the boddum, of his breist full law
Allace allace, thou goddes son (quod he)
Saik thi selfe fra this fyre, and fast thou fle
Quer Inemyis, has thir worthy wallis tane
Troy from the top doun, fallis and all is gane
Eneuch has lestit, of Priamus the ryngе
The fatis will na mare it enduring
Gif Pargama the troiane, wallis wicht
Wycht langare haue bene, defendit in to ficht
With thys rycht hand, thay suld haue bene defendit
Adew farewele forever it is endit
In thy keping committis, Troy but leis
Hir kyndely Goddes, clepit penates
Tak thir in fallowschip, of thi fatis all
And large wallis for thame, seik thou sall
Quhilk at the last, they self sall beild vp hie
Efter lang wandering, and errоure ouer the se
Thus said Hectour, and schew furth in his handis
The dreidfull balls, wympillis and garlandes
Of vesta goddes, of the erd and fyre

Hector bidis eys eneas to depart and saue him selfe because the wyl of the godis was to distroy the citie of troy.

Quhilk

Quilk in hir tempill eternall birnis schire.

How Eneas the tersioun did persaue
And quhat debate he made the rouns to saie.

IN sere placis, throw the ciete with thys
The murmour rais, ay mare and mare I wys
And clerar wox the rumour, and the dyn
So that suppois auchises, my faderis in
With treis about, stude secrete by the way
So buisuous grew the noyis, and furious fray
And ratling of thare armoure, on the strete
Affrayit I gliscrit of slepe, and sterte on fete
Syne to the hous, hede Ascend anone
With eris prest stude thare, als styll as stone
Ane sound or swouch, I hard thare at the last
Lyke quhen the fire be fellonn wyndis blast
Is dreuin amyd the flat of cornes rank
Or quhen the burne on spait hurlis doun the bank
Wythir throw ane wattir brek, or spait of flude
Ryfand vp rede erd, as it war wod
Doun dringand cornes, all the pleuch labor atanis
And drouis on stilly, stokkis, treis, & stanis
The silly hird seand, this grilly sycht
Set on ane Pennakill of sum cragis hicht
All abasit not knawand, quhat this may mene
Wounderis of the sound, and ferly that he has seine
Richt so I than, be clere takynnis ynew
Manifestly all the Grekis falsed knew
Thare hid dissayte, wor patent than to vs
The nobill lud zeung, of wourthy Deiphebus
Was fall to ground, the fyre vpspred anone
The nurt hous birnis of Vlalegone
The large seis, and corstis segeane
Throw lycht of flawmes and bucht fyris sheine

Vp spring

Up ſprang the cry of men, and triumpis blist
As out of mynd, myne armour on I thrist
Thocht be na reſoun perſaue, I mycht but fale
Quhat than the force of armes, could auale
Sit hand for hand, to thring out throw the pres
With my feris, and rynnyng or we ceis
To ſe the caſtell, our hartis birnt for deſire
The furie catcht our myndis hate as fyre
So that we thocht, maiſt kemelye, in ane feild
To de fechtand ennarmed vnder ſcheild
Bot lo panthus ſlippit the grekis ſperis
Panthus othrides ſon, that monyzeris
Was of the ſtrenth, and phebus tempill pryeſt
In to his armes lappit, to his breiſt
The haly relikis of the ſanctuary
And eik our vincuſt goddis, by and by
With him bering, and in his hand alſo
Harling him eftir, his litill neuo
Cummis lik ane wod man, to our zet rynnyng
How now panthus, quhat tything do ze bring
In quhat eſtate is ſanctuarie, and haly geir
To quhilk vthir forres ſall we ſpere
Skars layd I thus, quhen gouling pietuſly
With their wourdis, he anſuerd me in by
The laſtir day is cummyn of dardanus end
The fatale tyme, quham na waling ma mend
We war troianis, vmquhile was Ilioun
The ſchynand glorie, of Phrigianis now is goun
Feris iupiter to grece al has tranſlait
Quer all the ciete, kendillis in flammis hate
The Grekis now are lordis, but ony force
Within the wallis zone mekill ſtandand horſe
Zettis furth armed men, and new Sinon
Is vyctor haill, kendland euery one

The diſtrue ſion of troy Horſy as herſid.

The

The new firis gladlie, as it war spozt
Jet ather set bene ruschit, in sic ane sozt
Sa mony thousandis come neuer, from myce noz arge
Sum cumpanyis with speris, lance and targe
Walkand wachand in rewres, and narow stretis
Arrayit battallis, with drawin swerdis that gletis
Standis reddy foz to stik, goz and sla
Sharslye the wachis, of the poztis tua
Begouth defence, and melle as thay mycht
Quhen blyndlingis, in the batall sey thay licht
Throw their wourdes of Phantus, and goddis hiell
Jmyd the flammes, and armour in Jpreist
Ruschand thidder, quhar sozowfull eryneis
The noyis and bzute me dzew, and quhare Jwys
The clamour hard, Jrys vp to the are
And of our fallowis, to me come tua pare
Ripheus first by the licht, of mone
Vailzeand in armes, Ephitus followit sone
Hypanis syne, and eik Dymas in hy
Fast to our syde, adionit by and by
Jdoneus son, allo Cozebus zyng
Quhilk in thay dais, foz key luf hate burnyng
Of Cassandza to Troy, was cumming that zere
To helpe Priame, and Troianis in the were
Unhappye he was, wald beleif fermly
Hys sayd spouses command, and prophecy
Quhen Jthaym saw, this wife adionit to me
And wilfull foz to strike, in the melle
Thus Jbegouth, than fozthirmare to stere
O ze maist fozty zoung men, that bene here
With bzestis strang, and sa bald curage hie
Jn vane ze preis, to succour the ciete
Quhilk birnis all in fyze and flammis rede
The goddis all ar fled out of this stede

Eneas lyke a valyante capton erhortis his tropās to defence of their native contre

Thych

Throw quhais mycht, stude our empire mony day
Now all thare templis, and altaris wairst leik thay
Bot gif zour desire be, sa fermlie prest
To fallow me, dar tak the vttirmest
Quhat fortoun is betid, all thinges ze se
Thare is no more, lat vs to gidder de
And amyd our, Inemyis army schute
To vincuste folkis, is ane comfort and bute
Nane hope of helpe, to beleif or reskew
So with thir wourdis, the zoung mennis curage grew
That in the dirk like, raupnis wolfis on rawis
Quham the blynd furie, of thare empty mawis,
Dryuis furth of thare den, to seik thare pray
Thare litill quhelpis left, with dry throttis quhil day
So throw the wappynnys, and our fais went we
Apoun the dede vndoutit, and wald not fle
Amyd the cietie, we held the maister steit
The dirk nicht hid vs, with close schaddowis mete.

Dispersaid on sum tim helpis in battell.

¶ The wofull end per ordoure here allas
Followis of troy, and geistis of Eneas.

QVha sall the harme, of that wofull nycht
Expreme, or quha, with toung to tell has mycht
Sa feil dede corpsis, as thare lyis slane
Or thocht in cais thay weip, quhill teris rane
Equalie may bewale thay sorowis all
The anciant wourthy cicte doume is fall
That mony zeris, held hie seneory
Strekit in stretis here and thar thay ly
Feil corpis dede, of mony vnweildy wicht
Doung doun in hous, fey thay fell al nycht
In sanctuaris and templis, of Goddis eik
Na quhare sanctuarie, nor mercy mycht thay seik
And not onlie of troianis throw out the toune

Pitcous exclamatiō for the distruction of the cyte.

The

The blude is ſched, thus murtherit and ſlane doun
Bot ſum time erke to thame ouer cum in and ſchent
Agane returnis, in breſſis hardiment
So that ſum grekis, victouris war ſmyte dede
Cruel womenting occupiit, euery ſtede
Ouer al quhare drede, ouer al quhare wor care
And of the dede feil, gaiſtlie ſchaddois thare
Bot fyrſt enconteris vs, Androgeus
With ane gret cumpany, of the Gregious
Unwarly wening his fallow we had be
In hamly wordis to vs, thus carpis he
Haiſt zou matis quhat ſleuth tariit zou thys late
Ouer othir feris, rubbis turſing away fute hate
The ſpreith of Troy, quhilk now is brynt to gledis
And ze firſt from zour ſchippis, now zou ſpedis
Thus ſaid he, quhen that ſuddanlie and anon
He felt him ſelfe, happynnyt amyd his fon
For we him gaif anſuere, not traiſt yneuch
Aſtonyſt with the word, abak he dreuch
As qua vnwar, tred on ane rouch ſerpent
Ligand in the bus, and for fere bakwart ſprent
Se and hir reddy to ſtang, and to mek
Set vp hir venomous zallow boldin nek
On the ſamyn wiſe Androgeus ofour ſicht
Greitlie affrayit fled, in all his mycht
On thame we ſchout, and in thar mind rout duſchit
Hewit, hakkit, ſmyte doun, and all to fruſchit
Thay fey Gregiouns, on ilk ſyde here and thare
With drede ouerſet, and wiſt not quhar thay ware
The firſt laubour thus, lukkit wele with vs
Joyus in hart of this, chance Corebus
O ze feris hald furth, this way quod he
Quhar fortoun firſt has ſchawin ws ſic ſupple
Hald hiddir quhare our manhede has vs taucht

Now

Now lat vs change scheildis, sen we bene saucht
Grekis ensenzeis, do we counterfete
Quhidder be slicht, or strenth of armes grete
Ane man ouer cum, his Inemy quha rekkis
Thay sall vs rander, thare harnes of thar bakkis
And sayand thus, Androgeus crisit helme
He hint in hy and ouer his hede can quhelme
His schunyng scheild, with his baugie tuke he
And hang ane gregioun doun by his the
Siclik dyd Rypheous, my self eik and dyamas
And dalthe vther zoung men, that thare was
Full gladlie in that retent spulze warme
Belike ilk man, did him selfe armarme
Amang the Grekis baldlit, than went we
Not with our awin takin, nor deite
Mony debatis, and vnsettis we hauc done
And throw the silence of the nycht vndone
Feill of the Grekis, and send till hell adoun
Ane vyir menze sled, fast out of the toun
To thair schippis and thair traist coistes nyce
Sum part also, for schamefull cowardice
Clame vp againe in the grete hors mawe
And hid thame in that belly weill be knawe
Alace vnlefull is any man towene
Contrare the plesour of goddis ocht may sustene
Lo Priamus Douchter the virgine Cassandra
Was, from the temptill, and sete of mynerua
Drawin forsably barehede, with hair doun schaik
Reuthfully in vane behald and heun alaik
With clotnyt ene, for baith hir tendir handes
War strenzeit sair, yboundin hard with bandes
This dolorus sicht, Corebus mycht not se
Bot ruschit with furious mynd in the melle
Reddy to de, and we all followit fast

We labouris in vayne, that worskis against god.

Amang

Amang glauis, and armour in we thrast
Here war we first to fruschit, and hard beset
Worth dartes and with staues all to bet
By our awin feris, from the temple hicht
Ane miserabill slauchtir, thay begouth that nicht
The portratour of armes was miskmaw
All war but grekis, tymbrillis that thay saw
Als quhat fra waling, and irons wordis fell
Agane reskewit, said by the dampsell
Grekis flokkis to gidder here and thare
And vmbesettis, cruelly and sare
The felloun Aiax, and athir Atrides
And all the routis, clepit Dolopes
Lik as sum tyme, the feirs wyndes ze se
ze pherus, notus, and Eurus all thre
Contrarius blaw, thar bustuous bubbis with bir
The woddis reirdis, baith elme eik and fir
Ouerturnis the ground, and nerens the fomy
From the fey ground, wod wraith is cachit on hy
On sic lik wyse, the Grekis war inbadit
For than thay all at fled, warand euadit
Throw the dirk nycht, quhen sum thare feris slew we
And thaym had chasit, throw out all the cietc
Thay war the fyrst come, now to do vs dere
Our fenzeit scheildis, wapnys and vther gere
Full wele thay knew, and by our vocis eik
Thay notify, that nane of vs was greik
By multitud and nowmer, apoun vs set
All zede to waik thare, war we hall doun bet
And first of all, doun smyte was Corebus
By the richt hand, of greik peneleus
Before the altare, of Armypotent pallas
Rypheus doune fell, ane of the maist Just men was
Amang Troianis best, kepand equite

Bot

Bot vthir wayis, the goddis thoucht ſuld be
Hypanis eik, and Damas alſua
war by thar fallowis, throw gird bayth tua
Noꝛ zit the pauthus, quhen that thou fell doun
The grete piece, and godlie religioun
Noꝛ habbit of Appollo hid from ſkaith
O ze cauld aſſis of Troy, and ſlambis bayth
And extreme end, of cuntre folkis here I
Drawis zou to witnes, and dois teſtify
Quhen that ze fell to ground thus, and war ſlane
I nothir ſparit wappynnys, ſtrencht noꝛ pane
Noꝛ nane vnſet, eſchewit of Grekis mycht
Foꝛ gif fatis, wald I had fallin in ſycht
Thare with my handes, wocht I woꝛth my dede
Bot with the preis, we war relit of that ſtede
Onlie with me, Hiphitus, and Pelas
Foꝛ age Hiphicus waik and febyll was
And Pelyas ſlauly, mycht one this go
By vtlyres foꝛ he was woun dit ſo.

How to the kyngis palice ſped Enee
That ſyn was tak thare helpit na ſupple

ANon vnto the palice, of Priamus
The Schoutis, and the cryis callis vs
Thare was ane hidduous batall foꝛ to ſene
As thare name, vthir bargane are had bene
Like as nane ſlane, was to all the ciete
Sa wod vndantit, melle thare we ſe
The Grekis ruſchand, to the thak on hicht
So thik thai thrang about, the poꝛtis all nycht
That like ane wall thay, vmbeſet the zettis
Up to the layd wallis mony leddir ſettis
Quharon thai preis, faſt ouer the ruf to ſpele
Coꝛerit wich ſcheildes, agane the dartis fele

Thare left hand hie abon, thare hede gan hald
And oft with thare rycht hand, gryp the battalling wald
Troianis agane, schaping defence to mak
Rent turrettis doun, and of hous hedis the thak
Quhen all was lost, thay se at latter end
With syc wappinnis, thay schupe thame to defend
The gilt sparris, and geistis gold begane
Doun on thame slang thay, and mony coistly schane
The proud and rial werkis, of faderis auld
And vthir sum law doun, within that hald
With drawin swerdes, stude reddy to kepe the zet
In ane thik rowt, thareat was mony set
Our spretis war restorit, and curage grew
The kingis palice to succoure, and reskew.
The men tharin with all help, and supple
To strenching thame, war bincust nere we se
Ane small wikkit thare, was or entre derne
Ane littil zet clepit, ane posterne
On the bak half, priamus palyce almaist
Amang biggingis, stude desolate and waist
quhar at was woun, alone andromatha
To entir oft to Priamus, and Hecuba
And aftionar her zoung son, with hir bring
Untyl hir grantschir, Priamus the king
Thare at I enterid, and to the wallis hicht
Upwent quhare wrechit troyanis, as that micht
Threw doun dartis thocht al was but waist
we sterte bintyl ane hie turret in haist
The top vpstrekand, to the sternes hie
Quharon we wount, ware al troy for to se
The Grekis schippis, and thare tentis eik
With instrumentis of irn, we pyke and seik
Round al about, quhare the ionyngis war wone
Reddy to fal, and corbellis all to torne

We

wē holk and mynd, the cornerys for the nanis
Quhil doun belike, we tumlit all atanis
Ane felloun ruſche it maid, and ſound with all
And large on brede, ouer grekis routis did kal
Bot ſope ane vthir, ſort ſtert in thare ſtedis
Nowthir ſtanis, nor querrells with ſchairp hedis
Nor na kind of wappynnes, war ſparit than
And firſt of all befoze the port in ran
Hard to the entre in, ſchynyng place of male
Pirrus with wappynnis feirſlie did aſſaile
Lik to ane eddir, with ſchrewit herbis fed
Cummyn furth to lycht, & in the grund lyis ſpred
Iuham wynter lang, bid vnder the cald erd
Now ſlippit hir ſouch, with ſchanand ſkyn new
Hir ſliddry body, in hankis round al run (barde
Hie vp hir nek, ſtrek and agane the ſon
With forkit toung in to hir mouth quitterand
To the aſſalt with pirrus com at the hand
Periphas, and anthome done his ſquyere
Was wount to gouerne, Achillis cart in were
And all the fenſable men of Syrrea
Bownis ouer the wallis, and houſe hedis alſua
And fire bleſis, aboue the ruke garris fle
Bot firſt of all ane, ſtallwart ax hynt he
The ſtirne Pirrus, to hew, and berk the zet
And furth of it, the ſcapillis has he bet
And bandis al of brats, yforgit wele
Be that in tua, the maiſter bar ilk dele
Is al to fruſchit, lyne the hard burdis he bakkis
And throw the zet, ane large windo makkis
By the quhilk ſlop, the place within apperis
The wyde hallis, wor patent all in feris
Of priamus, and ancient kingis of troy
Secrete throw gangis, ar ſchawin wont to be koy

Armyt men ſe thay ſtand at the firſt port
Bot than throu out the Inner palice at ſchyrt
With dulefull ſkrik and waling all is confundit
The holl houſys roulit and reſoundit
For womenting of ladyis and wemen
The clamour vpſtert to the ſternes then
The wofull moderis ran frayit on athir ſyde
Full lamentabil throw out the chalmeris wyde
Brayſland the peſtys in armes and durris cald
And ſeil fyis with mouthis kis thaym wald
Inſtanlye pirrhus aſſailzeis with all his mycht
Be naturall ſtrenth of hys fader the wicht
That nothir cloſouris nor barrit zettis ſtout
Nor zit the keparys may hald them langar out
Oft with the rain the porte is ſchaik and duſchit
Doun bet zet chekys and baudis all to fruſchyt
The wey is mayd by force and entre brokyn
Grekis inſprent the formeſt haue thay ſtokyn
And ſlane with ſwerdes the large hald here and thare
Was fillit full of Grekis ouer alquhare
Not ſo ferſly the fomy ryuer or flude
Brekis ouer the bankis on ſpait quhen it is wod
And with his brus and ſard of watir broun
The dykys and the ſchorys betis doun
Ouer ſpreddand crois and flattis wyth hys ſpate
Ouer all the feyldis that thay may row ane bate
Quhyll houſſis and the flokkys flittis away
The corne grangis and ſtandand ſtakkys of hay
I ſaw my ſelf thare Neoptolemus
Wake kelloun ſlauchter wod and furius
And athyr brethyr of atrides alſua
Eldmoder to ane hunder thare ſaw I Hecuba
And Priamus at the alter quhare he ſtude

A pytefull lamentacyon of wemen.

All ouer beſprent ſparkyt full of blud

Of

Of sacrifice, quham to, he bet the fire
Fyfty chalmeris, he lde that riall sire
Quharein was his gude dochtreis ladyis zinge
Sit fare belcik is loist, of his of spzinge
The pzoude geistis, and durris gilt with gold
Of barbary werk, and hungin many fold
With riches and spulze, of mony naciouns
Saker as from the fire, vnbet adoun is
The Grekis occupiis haly all is thairis
Quhat so thame list, to spill is nane that sparis

In to thys nixt chepture3e may attende
Of Pziame kynge of Troy the fatale ene.

The olde man Pzia musking of troy woldrather die thē com in his enemies handes.

PEreuenture of Pziamus, wald ye spere
Hew tid the chance his fate, gif ze list here
Quhen he the cicte saw takin, and doun bet
And of his palice bzokin euery zet
Amyd the secrete closettis, eik his fais
The auld gray, all for nocht to him fais
His hawbzek quhilk was, lang out of vsage
Set on his schulderis, trymbling than for age
Ane swerd but he p, about him beltis hie
And ran towart his fais, reddy to dee
Amyd the clois vndar, the heun all bare
Stude thare that time, ane nobil fare altare
Nere quham thare grew, an rycht, auldl laure tre
Bowand toward the altere, ane litill we
That with his schaddow, the goddis did ouer heild
Hecuba thidder with hir, childer for beild
Ran all in vane, and about the altare swarmes
Brasand the godlike ymage, in thare armes
As for the stozme dowis flokkis, to gidder ilkane,
Bot quhen sche saw, quhat Pziamus has tane
His armour so, as thoucht he had bene zing

Hecuba the quyne expzeueth her husband shewyng that it was vtpossibil to resist so many enemyes.

Quhat fuliche thocht, my wretchit spous and kinge
Wouis the now sic wappynnis, for to weild
Quhidder haistis thou, quod sche of ne sic beild
hauc we now myster, nor sic defendoris as the.
The tyme is not ganaund, thar to we se
In cais hector war, present heir my son
He mycht not succour Troy, for it is won
Quharfor I pray sit doune, and cum thidder
And lat this altare sauf vs all togiddir
Or than otttanis all here lat vs de
Thus said sche, and with sic sembland as micht be
Him towart hir, has brocht but ony threte
And set the auld doun in the haly sette.
But lo polites ane of Priamus sonnys
Quhilk from the slauchter of pirrus, al way runis
Throw wappynnys fleing, and his innemis all
By lang throw gangs, and mony vode hall
Woundit he was and came to seik reskew
Ardentlie Pirrus, can him fast persew
With grundin lance, at hand so nere furth strekit
Almaist the hede him, twichit and arrekit
Quhill at the last, quhen he is cummin I wene.
Befoze his fader, and his moderis ene
Smat him doun dede in thare sicht quhare he stude.
The gaist he zald, with habundance of blude
Priamus then thoucht he was, half dele dede
Wycht not contene hir Ire, nor wourdis of fede.
But cries furth for that cruell offence
And outragius, full hardy violence
Gif thare be piete, in the heum aboue
Quhilk takis hede to this that thou has done
The goddis met, condingly the forzeild
Eftir thy deserte rendzing, sic gan zeild
Can sit me behald, myne owne childe slane alace

the affectiō of a father towart his chyldren.

And wyth hys blude, filit the faders kete
Bot he quham by, thou kenys thy sel? be gette
Achill was not, to Priame sa hard sette
For he of richt, and kayth eschamed eyke
Quhen that I com, hym lauly to beseyke
The dede body, of Hector rendrit me
And me con boyt haime to my siete
Thus say and the auld wanrisly, but forze or dyn
Ane dart did cast, quhilk wyth ane pik dyd styn
On his harnes, and on the scheild dyd hyng
But ony harme or byer, damnessyng
Quod Pirrus alwayis, sen thou sayis sa
To Peleus son my fader thou moist ga
Bere hym thys message, remember well thou tell
Him, all my werkis and dedis sa cruel
Schaw Neoptolemus, is degenerit clene
Now sall thou de, and with that word in ten
The auld trymblyng towart the altare he drew
That in the hate blud of his son sched new
Founderit and pirrus hym, grippit by the hare
Wyth his left hand, and wyth the tothir al bare
Drew furth his schin, & swerd quhilke in his side
Festnyt, and vnto the hiltis did it hyde
Of Priamus this was, the finale fate
Fortoun here endit, his glorious estate
Seand Ilioun all, birn in fyris broun
And Troyis wallis, fall and tumblit doun
That riall prince vinquhile our Asia
Apoun sa feill pepil, and realmes alsua
Regnit in welch, now by the coistes lyis dede
Bot as ane stok, and of hakkit his hede
Ane corps, but lyfe renowne or vthir fame
Unknawin of ony wicht, quhat was his name

king Priamus slain

Scempyll of the inselicitye and inconstant fortune of the kingdomis of this world.

How venus gan to Eneas appere
And of his fader/and vther maters ſere.

FIrſt than the grilliе, dede about me ſtert
Aſtonyſt I wox, for ſone ꝓpent in my hart
The Image of my dere fader, quhen I
The king his eum eld beheld ſa cruelly
Be dedely wound zaldand, vp the ſpꝛete
On deſolate Crebſa, my ſpous ſa ſueit
I thocht als, and dangerus of my place
Of litil Aſcaneus, fare I dꝛede the caſe
About I blent to behalde here and thare
Quha of our feris, remanit with me thare
All war thay fled, full were left me allone
Sum to the erd loppin, from the hye touris of ſtone
Sum in the fyꝛe, thayꝛ irked bodyes let fall
Thare was na ma, but I left of them all
Quhen in the tempell of veſta, the goddes
Lurkand full law, in tyl an ſecrete place
Tyndarus dochter, quene Helene I eſpy
The firis ſchane ſo bꝛicht, as I went by
All thing was patent, quhare ſo euer I went
Sche dꝛeding, les the troyanis wald hir ſchent
And caſt ſum way, for hir diſtructioun
Becaus all troy, for hir was thus bet doun
Sare punyciоun of Grekis, dꝛede ſche als
Hir huſbandis wꝛaith, quhom ſche left and was fals
And eik the common katale, fury of troy
Hir ſelf ſche hid, therfoꝛe and held full koy
Beſyde the altare ſitting onethis ſene
Wyth ſpꝛete for Ire, bꝛynt in ꝓpir tene
And all in greik thocht cruell vengeance tak
Of my countre, for this myſcheuous wꝛaik
Wyth bittir panis, to wꝛeik our harmes ſmert
Thocht I ſal ſcho pas, to the reime of ſpert

Hale ſkarth and ſe mytene, hir natyue land
And with triumph follow hir firſt huſband
Or like ane Quene, ſall ſche wend hame ouer ſe
Hir frendis agane, or chyldren ſhall ſche ſe
Accompanyit with mony, troiane made
And Phrigiane Seruandis, in bondage with hir bade
Sen now by hir with ſwerd, lyis Priamus dede
And riall troy all brynt in flammes rede
Of Dardane eik, the ſtrandis, and the flude
Sa oft has bene waltcrit, or baythit in blude
Na na, not ſa, I wys that ſall ſche nocht
And ſet it be not louable, nor ſemely thocht
To punys ane womyn, but ſchamefully hir to ſla
Na victory, but lak following alſa
Zit nethelcs I aucht louit to be
Vengeaunce to take on hir, deſeruis to de
It wyll my mynd aſſuage, for to be wrokin
On hir quham by, troy birnt is and doun brokin
And for to eik the miſcheif of hir dede
Till our ſorowis, fillit with alles rede
Syc tythinges I thocht, half wod and furius
As out of wit, my mynd was cachyt thus
Quhen that my bleſſit moder of ſic bewte
Apperit fare, than euer I did hir ſe
Schynnyng full clere, for al the dyrke nycht
Confeſſyng hir to be, ane goddes bricht
In ſic forme of quantite and eſtate
As ſche is ſene with ſpretis deificate
We by the rycht hand hint ſche, and held faſt
And wyth hir roſy lyppes, thus ſayd at laſt
Son quha ſa grete, and furious cruelte
And hie vndantit Ire, has raſit in the
Quhy gais thou mad, quhiddir is went this vnkynd

Eneas re-
eacion ex-
horting his
ſon to mers
cy & pyte-
fulnes.

Our

Venus oration exhortinge hyr sonne to mercye and pytie.

Our remembrance, or we forzet of mynd
Suld thou not first, think quhare thou left but leis
Thy verray fader, the agit Anchises
Wenys thou or not, zit creusa leuand be
And astaneus thi zoung son, quham all thre
The Grekis armys walkis rwnd about
And bot my mycht resist thame sans dout
Thay had bene brynt, or this in flambis rede
And with thair fais swerdis, smyte to dede
Not the bewte of Helene, Latonia
Quham thou hatis, nor Paris quhilk alsua
Is blamyt of this riches, has thou rest
Bot the wraith, of the Goddis has done best
The cietie of Troy, from top on to grund
Behald for thy within, ane litill stound
The cloud of Dirknes, from thy sicht so clere
That on zour mortale ene, quhil ze bene here
Lik to ane wattey, couch standis dym about
Thy moder is hirst on, na wys nedis the dout
Na hir command refusing to obey
Quhare thir towris, thou seis doun fall and sway
And stane fra stane, doun bet and reik bryys
With stew pouder, and dust inrt on this wyse
Neptune the foundmentis of thir wallis hie
With his grete, mattok, hauand granes thre
Under myndis round. about the towne
Furth of the ground, holkand the bermkyn doun
Waist cruell Juno, has or this alsua
Be sit with the first, the port clepit stea
And from the schippes the cornis on the Callis
Standand wodwraith enmarmed on the wallis
The hie castellis, and strenthis to and fra
Tenald now pallas of tritonia
All occupyis schrynyng in werelik wede

Fell Gorgones had, in to hir schield tak hede
The grete fader Jupiter, strench and mycht
Distributis happely, to the Grekis in ficht
And eik the goddis Ire, prouokis he
Iganis troianis, power in melle
Fle now my son in haist, away thou wend
And of lauboure vpprositabill, mak ane end
I falbe with the soutrlie, and full kroy
Quhill to the faderis, zet I the conuoy
This sayand scho, hir hid in the cloys nycht
Than terrible figuris, apperis to my sicht
Of grete goddis semand, with Troy aggreuit
And tho beheld I, all the ciete mischeuit
Fare Ilioun all fall in gledis doun
And from the sole, grete Troy Neptunus toun
Quer tumblit to the ground, so as ze se
The laborarris, in to the mountanis hie
With steil axes, besely hak and hew
Ane meikle aik, that money zeris thar grew
The tre brangillis boisting to the fall
With top trymbling, and branschis schakand all
Quhil finalie it get the lattir straik
Than with ane rare doune, dulschis the meikle aik
And with his kard, brekis doun bew wis about
Furth of that stede I went, and throw the rout
Of Inemyis, and flammis I me sped
The fyre and wappinnis, gaif me place and sled
So happely the goddes, gydit me
Quhill that within, the portis and entre
Of my faderis lugeing, I am cum in
My fader than, quham I schupe to haue nummyn
And cary it to the nerrest hillis hicht
And him thareto solist, with all my mycht
Bot he refusis, or euer to leif in Joy

Efter

Efter the rewyne, and distructioun of Troy
To suffir exile he said, that bene couth
A good pryncē dyscreth not to liue seinge the destruc tyon of his natiue countre
O ze quod he in bludē, and flurist zouth
That has zour strenth zit, and force mycht
Pas on zour way, anon and tak the flicht
Gif goddis likit lenth, my life langar space
Thay wald haue saut, to me this litill space
It is pneuch pneuch, and mare I wene
Ane destruction of Troy, that we haue sene
Remanyng alike, efter the ciete tane
So so hald on, leif this dede body allane
Sa the last quething word, adew to me
I sall my deith, purches thus quod he
Quhen our Inempis, seis me enarmed stand
Sum sall haue reuth, and sla me with his brand
To get my spulze, quhat of the body na cure
The corps is sone, warpit in sepulture
Hatit of the goddis, to all nedis vnable
Thir mony zeris, I left vnprofitabe
Ay sen the fader of Goddis, and king of men
With thunder blast, me smate as that ze ken
And with his fyry leum me, vmberaucht
That we in to our langage clepe, fyre flaucht
Rehersis this fermlie, he did remane
Eneas exorteth hys father to departe
At his first purpois fixt, and we agane
Furth zetting teres, and our spous Creusa
Ascaneus zing, and all ouer menze alsa
Besocht my fader to saik, his very bants
And not be wilfull, to perris all atanis
In to eschew the chance, as it was wount
Quat he refusis, enherding to his entent
The first sentence haldand, euer in ane
To stert to harnes, I am compellit agane
And as maist vnexpert, and miserabill estate

Dede I deſtrit, and Irkit of my lyfe
For by na wiſdome, nor chance perſaike I myght
Ane couth eſchaip, nor zit by force in fycht
O dere fader quhat wenys thou for dede
And fute quod I me, to ſtere of thes ſtede
And leik the here, O God quha euer couth
Sic cryme to me be ſaid, of faderis mouth
Bot gif it lykis, to the goddis hie
Na thinge be left, of ſa fair ane ciete
Or gif thou has in mynd decretit eik
And weile likis thyne ſelfe, and thine to eik
Unto the relwyne of Troy, and to be ſchent
Dede at our dur is reddy, and patent
From mekill blede ſchedding, of Priamus
Hiddir belike ſal cum, cruell Pircus
Quhilk baueys the ſon, befoze the faderis face
And Gozris the fader, at the altere but grace
Is this the way, my haly moder that thou
Suld keip me, fais and firis paſſyng thzow
That I behald, within my chalmer ſecrete
Wy Inemyis, and ſe Alcaneus ſuett
Wy dere fader and Creuſa my wyfe
Athir in vtheris, hate blude leiſſis thar lyfe
Harnes ſerwandis, harnes bzinge hidder ſone
The latir end thus, vincuſt and vndone
Callis vs agane, to battell and aſſay
Haue done cum on thys is ye lattir day.
Render me to the Grekis, or ſuffir me
The bargane begyn at I may ſe
This daye vnwzokin, we ſal neuer all be ſlane
I bout me than my ſwerd I belt agane
And ſchote my left arme in my ſcheild all mete
Bowyng me furth, quhen lo about my feit
Wy ſpous lappit, fell doun into the zett
And litill Iulus, forgane his fader vp ſet

The valiãt
prince ene
as wyl ra
ther dye
with ho
nour then
to ſuffer
his fader
hys wife
and chylde
cum in gret
perrillys.

Gif thou liſt pas, quod ſhe thy ſelf to ſpill
Harll vs with the, in all perellis, quhar thou wyl
Bot gif thou traiſtis, as expert in thy dedis
Dny help by force of armes, than thou nedis
Firſt to defend and kepe, this hous quod ſcho
Quhar thyne fader, and thyne zoung ſon bene lo
And I vmquhile, quhilk ſalbe clepit thy ſpous
Quham to ſall webe left, in this waiſt hous

How Eneas hys fader bare away
and how he loiſt Creuſa by the way.

WIth ſkrellis and with ſkrekis, ſche thus beris:
Filling the hous, with murnyng, and ſalt teris
Quhen ſuddanly ane wounder thyng to tell
Ane ferefull takin, betid of grete merwell
For lo the top of litil Aſcaneus hede
Amang the dulful armes, wyll of rede
Of his parentis from the ſchede of his crown
Schane al of licht, vnto the erd adoun
The leme of fyre, and flamb but ony ſkaith
In his haris about his haſſattis bayth
Kendillis vp bricht, and we than all in were
Abaiſſit trymblyng, for the dredful feare
The bleſand haris, bet furth thay brynt ſo ſchir
And ſchupe with watir, to ſlokin the haly fyre
Bot anchiſes my fader, blith and glaid
Lift ene and handis, to the heuin, and thus gatis ſaid
O thou almichty, Jupiter quod he
With ony prayeris inclinit, gif thou may be
Tak hede to vs, and gif we deſeruit
For our piete and reuch, to be conſeruit
Haly fader ſend vs thy help als zore
And conferme all the takinnis, ſene before
Skarſly the auld thir wourdis, had warpit out

Quhen

Quhen ſone the are begouth, to rumbil and rout
On our left hand, towartis the North full richt
And from the heuin kell in the dirk nicht
Ane fare bricht ſterne, rynnand with bemes clere
Quhilk on the top of our logeing, but were
Firſt ſaw we licht, ſyne ſchinning went away
And hid it in the forreſt of Ida
Werkand the way, quhidder that we ſuld ſpure
Thare followis ane ſtreme of fyre, or ane lang ſure
Caſtand gret licht, about quhare that it ſchane
Quhill all inuiroun, rekit lyke bryntſtane
With that my fader Vincuſt, ſtert on fute
And to the goddis carpis, to be our but
The haly ſterne, adornit, he rycht thare
Now now quod he, I tary no langare
I follow and quhidder ze gide me ſall I wend
O natiue goddis, zour awin kinrent defend
Sauf zour neuo zouris is this orakil
In zour protectioun, is troy for this myrakil
I wyl obey, and grantis vnto zour will
Wy dere ſon quhidder, euer thou wend will
I ſall na mare refuſe, to be thy fere
Thus ſayd he, and be than thare and here
Throw out the wallis, the reird of fyris grew
Aymare and mare, and the here nerrer drew
Haue done quod I, and ſyne clim vp anone
And ſet the euin aboue my nek bone
Apoun my ſchulderis I ſall the bere but were
For this labour ſall dy, to me no dere
Quhat euer betide, ane welfare or ane ſkaith
Sal be commoun, and equale to vs baith
Litill tulus ſal here me cumpany
Wy ſpous on dreich, eftir our trace ſal hy
Ad ze my ſeruandis take hede, quhat I ſay

As ze pas furth, of this ciete this ilk way
Thare is ane mote, quhare ane auld tempill but leis
Now ſtandis deſert, of the goddis ſeris
Beſide quham, growis ane Cipir tre full old
With fozefaderis feil zeris in wourſchip hold
In that place lat vs meit, on athir ſyde
Fader ſen that we may, no langer bide
Take vp the haly relikis, in thy hand
And our penates, and goddis of this land
It war vnlefull, and wikkitnes to me
From ſa gretc ſlauchtir, blude ſchedding and melle
Newly departit to twiche thaym, foz the blude
Quhil I be weſchin, into ſum rynnand flude
And ſayand thus, I ſpzed my ſchulders bzaide
Syne ouer my nek, aboue the weidis laid
Ane zallow ſkyn was of the feirs Lioun
And thare apoun gart ſet my fader doun
Litill Iulus grippis me by the hand
With vnmeit pais his fadder faſt followand
Nere at my bak, Creuſa my ſpous enſewis
We pas by quiet wentis, and ſecretc rewis
And me quham laitlie, na wappin noz dartis caſt
No pzeis of Grekis, routis maid agaſt
Ilk ſowch of wynd, and euery quhiſper now
And alsin ſtrage affrayit, and cauſit grow
Baith foz my birdin, and my litill mait
Quhen we war cummyn, almaiſt to the zet
And all dangere, we thocht eſchapit nere
Ane felloun dyn, belyue of feit we here
My fader than lukand, furth thzow the ſky
Cryis on me faſt fle ſon fle ſon in hye
Thay cum at hand behynd me, I gat ane ſycht
Of lemand armour, and ſchynand ſheildis bzycht
That I knaw nocht, quhat fermyt god vnkynd

The mere y and pitefulnes of Eneas.

So

Do me abonitt and reft from me my myght
For throw the ſecrete ſtretes, faſt I ran
Before the layik, as weile bekend man
Allas to me, cattiue I wat neuer quhidder
Wyſ pous Creuſa remanit, or we com hiddir
Or by ſum fate of goddis, was reft away
Or gif ſche erryt, or trayt by the way
For neuir ſyne, with eyne ſaw I her eft
Nor neuer abak, fra ſche was loſt or reft
Blent I gane, nor perfite mynd has cummyn
Quhill to the mont, of ſeres war we cummyn
And fynalie, quhen we bene gadderit thidder
Faſt by the haly tempill, all to gyddir
Sche was away, and betrumpit ſoithli
Hir ſpous, hir ſon, and all the cumpany
Than wod for wo ſo, was I quite myſcaryit
That nother god, nor man, I left vnwaryit
For quhat mare hard miſchance, quhen troy doun fell
Apperit to me, as that, or ſa cruel
Aſtaneus tho, and my father Anchiſes
And eik our troiane goddis, penates
Vnto my feris, betaucht I for to keipe
And hid thaym derne, with in ane baley deipe
To the toun I ſped, with all my mycht
Claſpit fulll meit, in till fyne armour bricht
Wilfull, all auenturis newlingis to aſſay
And for to ſerche troy, euery ſtreit and way
And eik my hed agane, in perrel ſet
Bot firſt the wallis, the derne entre and zet
Quhare at we Iſchit, furth, I ſeik agane
Halding bakwart ilk frute ſtep we had gane
Lukand and ſerchand, about me as I mycht
The vglynnes, and ſilence of the nicht
In euery, place my ſpyete mad ſare agaſt

Eneas re-
turnis to ſ
ſeyty to ſeik
his wyfe.

Fra thyne, vntil our lugeing hame I paſt
To ſpy perchance, gif ſche had hiddir returnit
It was with Grekis ouerſet, and hail ouer turnit
Alhail the hous, wyth thaym ſa occuppit
Belike the fyre, all waistand I eſpyit
Bleis with the wynd, ouer the ruf here and thare
The flames vpſprang, and hait low in the are

¶ How Æneas ſocht hys ſpous/al the coſt
And how to hym apperis/hir gret: goſt.

TO Priamus palice, eftir ſocht I than
And ſyne, vnto the tempill firſt I ran
Quhare at the portis, or cloiſter of Juno
Than al bot waiſt, thoch it was girth ſtud tho
Phenix, and Dour blixes, wardanis tway
For to obſerue, and keip the ſpreith or pray
To giddir in ane hepe, was gadderit precius gere
Riches of Troy, and vthir Jowellis ſere
Reft from al partis, and of the tempillis brynt
Of maſſy gold, the veſchell war furth hynt
From the goddis, and gold in tabillis al
With precius veſtimentis, of ſpulze triumphal
The zong children, and frait matronis eik
Stude all on raw, with mony pietuous ſcrek
About the treſſour, quhyimperand wordis ſare
And I alſo my ſelf, ſo bald vor thare
That I durſt ſchaw my voce, in the dirk nicht
And clepe and cry, faſt throw the ſtretis on hycht
Ful dolorufly, Creuſa Creuſa
Agane feil ſyis, in vane I callit ſa
Throw houſis, and the ciete quhare I rode
But other reſt, or reſſoun as I war wode
Quhil at the figur, of Creuſa and goſt
Of fer mare ſtature, than are quhen ſche was loſt

Before

Befoꝛe me cãtiue, hir ſekand apperand thare
Abaſit I wox, and wddirſynnis ſtert my hare
Speike mycht I not, the voce in my hals ſa ſtak
Than ſche belike, on this wyſe to me ſpak
Mith ſic woꝛdis, my thochtis to aſſuage
O my ſueit ſpous, into ſa furious rage
Quhat helpis thus, thy ſelvyn to toꝛment
This chance is not, but goddis willes went
Noꝛ it is not leful thyng, quod ſche
Fra hyne, Creuſa thou turs away wyth the
Noꝛ the hie gouernoure, of the heuin abon is
Will ſuffir it ſo to be, bot the behuffis
From thens to wend, full fer into exile
And ouer the braid ſey, ſayl furth mony a myle
Oꝛ thou cum, to the land Heſperia
Quhare with ſwift courſis, tybis of Lidia
Rynnys throw the riche feildis, of pepill ſtout
Thare is gret ſubſtance, oꝛdanit the but dout
Thare ſall thou haue ane realme, thare ſal ȳ ring
And wed to ſpous, the dochter of an king
Thy wepyng, and thi taris do away
Quhilk thou makis, foꝛ thy luffit Creuſay
Foꝛ I the nece, of mychty Dardanus
And gude dochtir vnto the bleſſit venus
Of mirmidonis the realme, ſal neuer behald
Noꝛ zit the land of Molopes ſo bald
Noꝛ go to ſerk na matroun gregioun
Bot the gret moder, of the goddis ſkon
In theyꝛ cuntreis withhaldis me foꝛcuer
Adew fare weile, foꝛ ay we mon diſſeuer
Thou begude frend, luf weill and keip from ſkaith
Oure ane zoung ſon, as commoune to vs bath
Quhen this was ſpoken, away fra me ſche glaid
Left me wepyng and feil wourdis wald haue ſaid

Creuſais oꝛzation to hyꝛ huſbãd Eneas deſyꝛyng him to be cõtẽt with the wyl of god ſchowyng that all thyng ſhall turne foꝛ his beſt ſ his paſſyng.

The affectionof a mother.

For ſche ſo lithelye, vanist in the are
That with my armes, thrys I preſſit thare
About the hals, hir to haue belappit
And thryis all waist, to gioddir my handis I clappit
The figure fled, as licht wynd or the ſomme beme
Or maist likly, ane wauerand ſweuin or dreme
Thus finalie, the nicht al paſſit and gane
Unto my fallowſchip, I returne agane
Quhare that I fand, aſſemblit al newlye
Sa huge ane rout, of our folkis that I
Wounderit the nowmer, thay ſa mony were
Of men women, gadderit all in fere
And zoung pepill, to pas in exile habill
And of commoins, ane ſorte ſo miſerabill
Fra euery part, that flokking faſt about
Bayth with gude will, and thare moblis but dout
Reddy to wend, in quhat coiſt or countre
That euery me liſt, to cary thayme ouer ſe
With this, the day ſterne Lucifer the bricht
Aboue the ſtop of Ida, rais on richt
Gyding the day, hard at his bak following
The grekis than, we ſe in the mornyng
Stand for to kepe, the entres of the portes
And thus, quhen na hope of reſkew at ſchort tis
My purpois I left, obeyand deſtany
And carit my fader, to Ida hill in hy.

Finis.

¶ The Prologue, of the thryd Booke of Eneados

MOnerit lady pall Cynthea, not brycht
Quhilk from thy brothir, borrowis al thi licht
Reulare of passage, and wayis mony one
Waistres of streames, and glaidar of the nycht
Schipmen, and Pilgrimes, hallowis thy mycht
Leman to pan, douchter of hipieroun
That slepand, killid the hird Endemoun
Thy strange wentis, to wryte god gif me slicht
Twichand, the thrid buke of Eneadone.

The kerefull streimes, and cosis wounderfull
Now must I wryte, thocht my wyt be dull
Wilde auenturis, monstouris, and quent affrayis
Of vncouth dangeris, this nert buke is ful
Nyce labour, quhare mynotaure the bul
Was kepit, had neuer sa keile cahutis, and wayis
I drede men clepe them, fabillis now on dais
Tharfor wald god, I had thare eris to pull
Wil sanawis the crede, and threpis vthir forbayis.

In cais thay bark, I compt it neuer ane myte
Quha can not hald thare pece, ar fre to flite
Chide quhill thare hedis riffe, and hals worde hace
weue thay to murdir me, with thare dispite
Or is it Virgil, quha tham list bakbite
His armour wald thay perce, quhare is the place
Ye doutis na dynt, of pollar, swerd nor mace
Quhat wenys thou freynd, thy craw be worthin quhite
Suppois the holkis be, all ouer growin the face,

Deme as ze list, that can not demying weil
And gentill courteis redaris, of gud zeill

Jeanyus perle wyll can do as thynge a gaist good men but bark and chyd and with that schaw thar awine fayschnes. good man with wysdom temperethe yr tongis

I zou beſeik, to geuin aduertence
This tert is ful of ſtoꝛies, euer ilk deill
Realmes and landis, quhareof I haue no keill
Bot as I follow, virgill in ſentence
Few knawis, al thys coiſtis ka ker hens
To pik thaym vp, perchaunce zour ene wil reile
Thus aucht thair naue, blame me foꝛ ſinal offence
By ſtrange chanullis, fronteris and foꝛe landis
Uncouth coiſtis, and mony biſſum ſtrandis
Now goith our barge, foꝛ nother houk noꝛ craik
Way here ruke caile, foꝛ ſchaild bankis and ſandis
From herpies fel, and blynd Ciclopes handis
Be my lede ſtere, chriſt goddis ſone but maik
Thocht ſtoꝛme of temptacion, my ſchip eft ſchaik
Fra ſwelth of Silla and dirk Caribdis bandis
I mene from hell, ſal not go al to waik Finis.

The thyꝛd Booke of Eneados

After the diſtruction of Ilium
he ſalis in trace and biggis eneadum.

After that ſene, and thocht expedient
Was by the goddis, to diſtroy and ſchein
Of Aſia the Empire, and doun to bryng
But offence, Pꝛiamus pepil, and of ſpring
And pꝛoud Ilioun, was brokyne anc bet doun
And from the ſole, al Neptunus toun
Ibrint in ſmok of flambis, and in reik
Sindry landis, and cuntreis foꝛ to ſeik
And wend exile, in diuers natiouns
Of the goddis, by reuelatiouns
We war admoniſt keil ſyis, as is ſaid
Schippis we graith, and nauy reddy maide
Betuix Anchandꝛos, and the mont of Idꝛ
Uncertane quhiddir, the fatis wald we ſuld ga
Oꝛ quhare we ſuld, remane zit fmalie

Troy diſtroit by the goddis foꝛ their pryd.

Our

Our men togiddir, gadderit we in hie
And skaut, begynnyng was thefresthe were
Quhen that Anchyses, my awin fader dere
Bad vs make saile, and folow destany
Than weping sare, my native coist left I
The hauynnys and feildes, desolate
Quhare troyis ryall cietie, stude of layt
Furth saile we, bauist thou the deip se
With my zoung son Ascaneus, and our menze
And wyth our freyndly goddis Dinates hate
And eik our grete goddis, of mare estate
Thare lyis ane werlye cuntre, weil feir thens
With large fieldes, lauboyit ful of kens
Of trace the pepil, oy thare inhabyting
Quhare that vmquhile, strang Ligurgus was kyng
Ane ancient, and ane tender herbyy place
Till troyanis, quhil we stude in foytounys grace
Our pepil, togiddir conkederit and ally
By schip thidder ouersey, cartit was I
Quhare at the bay, and coistis syde of the sey
Begouth I first, set walles of ane cietie
All thocht my fundament, was infoytunate
The toun I nemyt, efter myne estate
And fra my name, it clepit Eneades
Unto my moder, of Diane douchter wes
Sacrifice I maid, and to the goddis all
Quham foy new wertris, men happy helparis cal
And to the kyng, of hevinly wythtis that tyde
Ane quhite bull slew I, be the coistis syde
On cace thare stude, ane litpl mate nere by
Quhare hep thorne buskis, on the top grow hie
And euyn sepplynis, of Mythus the tre stuneral
Thidder I went grene bewis doun to hale
Hard by the ground, my altare foy to dycht

Eneas af ferdian to wart hys natyf coun tre.

Wyth burgeouns, and with branschis al at rycht
Ane grislie takin, fercful to tel I se
As from the sole vprent, was the first tre
By the rutis, the blak droppis of blude
Distillit thare fra, that all the erth, quhair it stude
Was spottit of the fyleh, and stenyt allak
The cauld drede, maid all my membris quaik
And for effere my blude, to giddir fresit
Ane vthir small twist, of ane tre I chesit
For to brek doun, the caulis to assay
Of this mater, that it was vnknowin alway
And zit the blude, followit on the samyn maner
Furth of the bark, of that vther but were
Than in my mynd, of mony thingis I musit
And to the goddes, of wildernes as is vsit
Quhilk hamadriades, hait I wourschip maid
Vnto Gradmus father, that ringis of glaid
Quer all the land, of getis and of tars
Quhilk clepit is, the god of armis mars
Besetking this, auisioun worth happy
And the orakil, prosperite suld signify
Bot eftir that, the third sioun of treis
Apoun the sandis, sittand on my kneis
I schupe to haue, vp reuin with mare preis
Quhidder sall I specke now, or hald my peis
Furth of the graif, ane dulefu murnyng law
I herd, and to myne eris com this saw
Eneer, quhy rentis thou, ane wrechit creature
Haue reuch of him, new laid in sepulture
And for to fyle, the deuote handis spare
Of troy yborne, am to the na strangeare
This blude droppis, not from that stok in thy hand
Fle sone allace, furth of this cursit land
Fle from this auerus kingis coist, in hy

Polidorus complaynis to Eneas

For

For lothus Polidorus, here I lye
Throw gyrd with dartes, and steil hedis schote
Apon sic wise, ouer heildit on this mote
The scarpe lantis, growis grene and spredis ouir
Than wist I not, quhat I shuld do for doui
The fere affrayit, my mynd astonist als
Up stert my hare, the word stake in my hals
With ane grete sold of gold, fry priamus
Secretly tymquhile, send this Polidorus
Quhilk was his son, to Polyne stor king
Of trace, to keip and haue in nurising
Quhen of troiane, defence begouth to doui
And saw the toun besegeit, all aboui
Bot this ilk king of trace, seand how troy
Wolsit his michtis, be forioun, turnit from ioy
The party chesis, of agammenon
Adherand to the victouris, side anon
And faith, and frend schip, brak he tham in hy
And Polidorus, slan e has cruelly
And thus be fors, the tressouris dog withhold
O curset hunger, of this wrechit gold
Quhat wikkitnes, or mycheif may be do
That thou constrenis not, mortall myndis to
Efter this affray, was fra my bamys went
Of the goddis, their ferefull wordis quent
Unto the nobillis, and gretest of our men
And to my fader, first rehers I then
And quhat our purpois was, eik Inquire
Thay war all of ane wil, and ane desire
To pas furth of this waryit, realme, of trace
And for to leif, that pollute herbry place
And to the wynd set our nauy, but were
Tharfor to Polidorus, vp ane here
Wes rekit, and to the erd ane grete sture

Pouertye is a harde seyse.

Reill in ane hepe, aboue this sepulture
Syne in remembrance, of the saulis went
The doloꝛus altaris, fast by war vp stent
Crowned with garlandis, all of haw sey hewis
And with the blaiknit cipꝛes, dedelie bewis
The troiane women stude, with hare doun schaik
About the bere weping, with mony allake
And on we kest, of warme milk mony skul
And of the blude of sacrifice, coupis ful
The saule we bery, in sepulture on this wyse
The lattir haleing, syne loude schoutit thꝛys
Rowpand atanis adew quhen all is done
Ilkane, peroꝛdoure, ther mon we follow sone.

Chow Eneas, socht answere at Appolyne And how he to the land of crete, salit syne

SYne quhen we se, our tyme to saill maist habill
The blaistis meist, and the seis stabill
The soft piping wynd, calling to se
Thare schippis than, furth settis our menze
ze mycht haue sene, the coistis and the strandis
Fullit with poꝛtage, and pepil tharon standis
Furth of the heuin, we salit all anon
The sicht of land, and siete sone is gone
Amyd the sey, yclepit Egeos
Ane haly Iland, lyis that hait delos
Hallowit of Neptune, and the moder alsua
Of the Nerides, clepit Doꝛida
Quham the cheritabill archere, appollo
Quhen it flettit, rollyng fro coist to and fro
Sast and band, betuix vther Ilis tua
Quhilkis clepit ar, mytone and giara
Stablilling so, that it mycht lauboꝛit be
And comptis nouthir, the wynd noꝛ stoꝛme of sey

Thiddi

Thiddir ar we carrit, and in that pleſand land
Ane ſouir hauin, reſſauit vs at hand
All wery we bene, iſchit out of ſchip
The ciete of Appollo, to wourſchip
The king therof, yclepit anyus
Prince of the men, auid preiſt eik to Phebus
Wyth bendis baith, and haly laurere croun
Set on his hede, met vs without the toun
His agit freynd anchiſes, knew this kyng
Handis we ſchuke, wyth hartlie welcummyng
And to his palice, al with him we went
Quhar that I wourſchip, as was myne entent
The god appollo, within his hallowit hald
One tempill beildit, all of ſtanis auld
O thou quod I appollo tymbrius
Sum propir duellyng place, thou grant til vs
We the beſeik, that ſchaw alſo thou wald
To vs irkit, ſum ſtrenth and ſtalwart hald
And that thou grant vs, eik ſucceſſyoun
And for to duel, in ane remanand toun
Sauf vs lattir wardis of troy, that we ne ſpill
Leuyng of Grekis, and of the fers achill
Gif vs thy anſuer, quharon we ſal depend
Quhiddir wilt thou fader, we now wend
Quhar ſal we ſit, oure lugeing to remane
Condiſcend in our myndis, and ſchaw vs plane
Skarſs war theyr wordis ſaid, quhen that I ſe
All thyngis trymblyng, and ſchake about me
The durrys, and the laurere tre, but dout
And all the montane, mouyt round about
Ane murmour, or ane rumeling, herd we haue
Wythin the courting, and the ſecrete caue
The quiet cloſettys opnyt, wyth ane reird
And we plat lay, grukelyngis on the erd

Eneas orations to Apollo deſyring hys good toun ſall on hys Journay.

Ane

Ane voce come till our eris, say and thus
Apollo schawis Eneas his good forsune/ to cowe
O ze doure pepill, discend from Dardanus
The ilke ground, fra quham the first stok came
Of zour lynnage, with blycht bosum the same
Sall zou ressaue, thidder returnyng agane
To seik zour auld moder, mak zou bane
Thare sall Eneas lynnage, haue senzeory
Our all landes, and realmes vnder the sky
And thare sonnys, and sonnys sonnis syne
And all, that euer succedis of thare lyne
Thus sayd Phebus, and than our folkes amang
Wirt with blichtnes, ane felloun dyn vpspang
Quhat place was this, euery ane can frane
Quhidder callis Phebus, biddis be vs turne agane
Wy fader than revolving, in his mynd
The dissent of forr faderis, of our strynd
Nobillis quod he, herkis quhat I zou say
And lere, at me, zour beilfare I zou pray
The Ile of Crete, lyis amyd the sey
The native land, of Jupiter, maist hye
Thare is the first hill, yclepit Ida
Thare our forrebearis, first in thare credillis lay
The land maist plentuous of wyne, oil, and quheit
Inhabit, with ane hundreth cietes greit
Quharfor thay come, gif I remember ryght
Our gret forrefader, tewcrus the wicht
First to the soyll, of Rethia in Phrigy
And for his cicte, chesit the sete fast by
For zit than was not Ilioun, vpbeild
Nor the strang wallis of troy, bot on the feild
Thay dwelt in lugis, and mony litill caue
The adornare eik, of our realme we haue
From that land, the moder of goddis Cibiles
And blast, of brasin trumpettis as ze se

From

From theris come eike the wod of Idea
And the traist cerymones, of sacrifice allua
The falloun eik, and gif we lerned thare
Quhow the Lioun suld draw, the ladis chare
Haue done tharfore schortly, and lat vs wend
Thidder quhare the goddis, ordakill has vs kend
The wynd first lat vs mese, or that we ga
Sine seik the realme of Crete, and gnobia
This not theris lange cours nor viage fer
Our nauy sall with help of Jupiter
The thrid morow, be at the coist of Crete
This beand said, ganand offerandis ful mete
Before the altaris, he slew in sacrifice
Ane bull to neptune, first as is the gyse
Ane bull to bricht appollo for his behest
And to the god of tempestis ane blak beist
And to the chancy windis, ane mylk quhite
The fame than was of Crete, the coist stude quite
Desolate, but prince, for Idomeneus the king
Was by the pepill, expellit from his regnne
The lugeing vode, and reddy to thare fays
The Cicte left waist, till ony it by tais
The porte thare with Ortigia leyk we
And with swift cours, slaw throw the salt se
By the Iland swepand, we anone
With hillis full of wynes hait Naron
By Donysa, quhar growis the Marbil grene
And by Paron with his quhite marbyll schene
By Olearon, and mony Ilis but leys
Skatterit in the sey, yclippit Cyclades
We slyde in studdes, End lang fel coystes fare
The noyis bysprange, of mony marmere
Bysly at thare werke, to takilling euery toy
Thare feris exhortyng, with mony heys, and how

To

To spede thame fast towart the realme of Crete
With thare forefaderis, and progenitouris to meit
The followand wynd blew sterk, in our taill
Quhil fynalie, arriue we with bent saile
Apoun the ancyent coist, of Curetanys
Ane kynd of pepil, quhilk into Crete remanis
And sone I me enforce, with diligence
To big ane wallit cicte, of defence
Pergamea I nempt it, but bade
Our folkis than, that warren blith and glad
Of this couth surname, of our new cicte
Exhort I to graith hous, and leif in lee
And rais on hicht, the strenth and fortalice
Our schippis or thys, full weile we gart addres
And lay almaist, apoun the dry sand
The zoung men for to labour thare new land
And in honour of wedlok, as is the gyse
Makis thare offerand, and thare sacrifyce
And I thar statutis and sere lawis thaym taucht
Assign and ilkane, propir hous's and aucht
a discripcio of the pest. Quhen suddanlie, ane cruel pest and traik
So that cornes and frutis, gois to wraik
Throw the corrupit are, and cours of heuin
Ane dedelie zere, for wers, than I can neuin
Fell in our membris, with sic infectioun
Was na remede, cure nor correctioun
The sueit sauchis, leuis the bodyis dede
Or seik thay ly, gaspand in euery stede
And forthir eik Sirius, the frawart star
Quhilk clepit is the signe Canicular
So brynt the feildis, al was birnand maid
Herbis wor dry, wallowing and gan to fede
The seik ground denyis, his frute and fudis
My fader exhortis vs, turn agane our fudis

To delos, and appolles, anſuere ſpere
Beſeikīg him, of ſuccours vs to lere
Quhat end vnto, our vrkſum panis he ſendis
And be quhat way, we mycht aſſay our mendis
Or this turbatioun, or quhidder and quhare that he
Will that we ſeik, or ſet, our cours ouer ſe.

¶ How Troiane goddis/apperit to Ene
And how that he was/ſtormſted on the ſe.

CUmmyng is the nyght, that euery beiſt on ground
Deſiris reſt be kynd, and ſlepis ſound
Quhen that the kyguris, of our goddis bliſt
And the phrigiane penates, or I wiſt
Quhilk from the myd, of the kyris of troy I brocht
Thidder with me, quhare I lay and ſlepit nocht
Gan to appere, ſtanding before myne ene
With full gryte lycht, graithly I haue thaym ſene
Quhare as the full mone, with beames brycht
In throw the tirleſt wyndo, ſchane by nycht
Than ſayd thay thus, with wordis to aſſuage
My thochtis, and my haiy ſad curage
That thyng quod thay, quhilk Appollo wald ſa
And thou war brocht, vnto ortigra
Here he the ſchawis, and eik as thou may ſe
Unrequirit has ſend vs, thidder to the
Quhen troy was brynt, we followit the prowes
Under thy gard to ſchip, we vs addres
Ouer ſpynnand mony ſwell, and ſeyis ſalt
And to the ſternes, eik we ſal exalt
The children for to cum, of thy of ſpring
Thy ciete ſall we geif, Empire to ring
Ouer all the earth, tharfor to goddys grete
Begyn to graith, grete wallis and ryal ſete
Leik not thy langſum laubour, bot ſle away
This duelling place, thou mon change we the ſay

The troyã goddis a peres to Eneas in his ſlepe ſhowes hi what he ſhal do and ſhat after great perellis and aduerſitye ſhal cum to great honour and proſperite.

Delyus

Delyns appollo certis as thou thocht
To cum vnto this coist, perſuadit nocht
Nor chargit neuer in crete, thou ſulde depſane
In land thare is, in grekis langage plane
Heſperia clepit ane bald, countre in were
Ane fructuous ground, of corne and riches ſere
Be kyng Oenotrius, inhabit kyndlt wyth wyne
Bot in our dayes layth, the faime is tyne
Efter thare Duke, it is named Italy
Thare bene our proper ſaetis, and our herbry
Tharfore come Dardane and his brother Iaſius
And from that ilke prince, ſchir Dardanus
Is the deſcence, of our genology
Get vp anone, til thy auld fader blythlye
Thir tithingis quhilkis bene trew & certane thing
Seik to Corcie, and Italy the ring
For the keildis in Crete nere ditteus
Iupiter denyis to granting vnto vs
Of this viſioun, eſtoniſt quhare I lay
And of thay worddis quhilkis, the goddis can ſay
For this was nother dreme, nor fantaſy
Thare propir viſage befoir me ſtand knew I
Wyth garlandis, and thar circulettis of thare hare
Thare figure ſaw I preſent me thare
The cald ſweit, ouer all my body ran
Furth of my bed, on fute ſone ſprent I than
And ſtrekand vp my handis towert heuin
Myn oriſon I made, with deuote ſteuin
Ane clene ſacrifice, and offerandis made I ſyne
In to the kyris zettand ſence, and wyne
The cerymones, endid blyth and glaid
To my fader Peroydour, all I ſayd
As ze haue herd, quhat nedis tell agane
And of this matter maid him ful certane

Anone

Anone he knew our Eldaris, douris Ilke dele
And of our clan the doubill stok full wele
He grantis the vncouth, errour hym dissauit
Of antiant placis, quhilk he nocht persauit
Syne sayd he, son thou Irkit ar all gattis
By the contrarius, thawart troiane fatis
Now I remember, only quhere Cassandra
Full oft maid, mencioun of Hisperia
And oft als of the realme, hate Italie
This materis me declaringe, by and by
That land now knaw I, destynate to our kyn
Bot quha wald haue, beleuit euer within
The realme of Italye, Teucrus blude suld cum
Or quha wald than mare, than scho had bene dum
Bet by the prophetes, wordis, Cassandray
Lat vs obey phebus, and went away
As we bene monyst, follow our chance but pleys
Thus said he, and we glaid all him obeyis
And fewe folkis, thare left to keipe the toun
This steid also leue we, and to sail maid boun
In bowit bargis, throw the large streme we slide
Quhen sicht of land, was tynt on euery syde
So that na coist apperis, quhilk we myght se
But the schippys haldand, the deip se
The heuin aboue, and fludis all about
Ane watry cloud, blak dirk but dout
Gan tho appere, about my hede full rycht
And doun ane tempest, send alg dirk as nycht
The streme apperis vglum, of the dym say
The wyndis welteris, the se continually
Thacinge wallis, boldynnys apoun loft
Skatterit wide quhare, ouer the fame ful oft
war our schippis, and the Brychtnes of day
In volut all, with cluddis bid away

A dyscrypcion of the tempest.

The rane and rork,reft from vs lycht of heuin
The brokin skyis,rappis furth thunderis leuin
Forlwiftit,from our richt cours gane we ar
Amang the wyndy wallis,wanerand fer
For Palynurus,hym selfe maist expert
For all his cunnyng,of schipmans craft and art
Amyd the sey forzet,the rycht way
Denyand als,that the nyght from the day
Ye mychte discerne,be lycht of firmament
Upoun sic wise,vncertanlie we went
Thre dayis wilsum,throw the mysty streme
And als mony nychtes,but sterneys leme
That quhiddir was day,or nycht not wist we
Bot at the last,on the ferd day we se
On fer the land appere,and hillis ryse
The smoky vapoure,vp casting on thare gyse
Doun fallis salis,the aris sone we span
But mare abaid,the marinaris euery man
Egirly rollis,ouer the bomy flude
And the haw se,weltis vp as it war wod
Skalk from the wallis,at the coistis of strophe
With all our nauy first arriuit we

How to Eneas the harpies dyd grete wo
And of the dzery prophete Celeno.

Strophades in grew leid,ar nampt so
In the grete sey standing Ilis tuo
The quhilk sey clepit is Ionium
And in thir Ilandis,quhiddir we ar becum
Duelt and inhabit,the cruel Celeno
With all the vthir is harpyis,mony mo
Euer sen thay war,expellit from the land
Of Archaid,quhare kyng Phyneus was duelland
And for drede,at his tabill durst not remane
War wickkit monsturis,than thay can be nane

The tail of Harpyes be harpyis are signifyet be the poetis theuis and robbers for Harpazo oure greke signifyis to steall or to rob.

Nor nane mare cruell pestilence, is fund
Nor fury of goddis, that cummis from hellis ground
Furth of the flude of stir, that foxy place
Thir foullis has, ane virgins vult and face
With handis like, to bowland birdis clewis
Bot the vile bellyis, of thay curst schrewis
Haboundis of sen, maist abhominabill
And pail all tyme, thare mouthis miserabill
For wod hunger, and gredy appetyte
At this ilk coist, ar we arriut als tyte
And in the port, enterit lo we se
Flokkis and herdis, of ox in and of ee
Fat and tydy, rakand ouer all quhare
And trippis eik, of gait but ony kepare
In the rank gers, pasturing on raw
With wappynnys, thame we buttin but dyede or aw
To goddis kyne, and Jupiter we pray
And thame distribute, ane party of our pray
Syne eftir endlangis, the sey coistis bray
Up sonkis set, and desis did array
To meit we sact, with haboundance of chere
Quhen suddanly, with horribill dyn and bere
From the mountanis, the harpies on vs fell
With huge fard, of wyngis and mony ane zell
Oure messis, and oure meit, thay reft away
And with thare laithlie twith, all thing fyle thay
Thare voce also, was vgsum for to here
With sa corruppit fleure, nane mycht byde nere
From that place, vnto ane caue we went
Under ane hyngand hench, in an ederne went
With treis clois belappit, round about
And thik harsk granit pikis, stand out
Thare vp agane, our tabillis haue we dycht
And on the altaris, bet the fyris bricht

Bot of the heuin, againe from sindry airtis
Out of quiet hirnes, the rout vpstertis
Of thay birdis, with birnand mony ane hyd
And in thare crukit clewis, grippis the pyia
Euer as thay fle, about fra sete to sete
With thare vile mouthis, inserk thay all the mete
Quhen I saw this, oure feris commaundit I than
Tak thare wappinnis, and bargane euery man
Againe thay cruell people, or birdis fell
As I thame chargit, them schortlie for to tell
Sone heak thay done, and vnder the gerts al bare
Full pryualy, thare swerdis in thay stare
And dernelie eik, thar targis all oure houldis
So that quhen thay, sey coistis and the feildis
Resoundis, at doun come of the harpies
Wisenus the wate, on the hie garrit seis
Ane with his trumpet, thame ane takin maid
Our fallousthip, thir foulis can inuaid
And vncouth kinde of battal, did assay
With wappinnis, for to bet and dryue away
Thir laithlie se birdis, of sic effere
Bot thare was na dynt, mycht thare federis sher
Nor in thare bodyis, wound ressaue thay nane
Bot suddanly away, thay wisk Ilkane
Furth of our sicht, hie vp in the sky
The pray halfeitin, behynd thame lat thay ly
With fute steidid, vile and laithlie to se
Celenois Inuectyue oration. Ane on the rolk is pennakil, parkit hie
Celeno clepit, ane dyery prophetes
Furth of hir breist, thir wourdis warpis eppres
Theiffage lynnage, of kals leamedone
Addres ze thus, to mak bargane anone
Because ze haik our ortin, reist and slane
Bytrypt our sterkis, and young beistis mony ane

Schap

Schap ze therfor, harpies erpell and ding
But ony offence, furth of thare faderis ring
Reſſaue for that, and in zour breiſtis Impzent
My wordis, quilkis I gretest furie of tozment
Schaw's to zou that thing, quhilk Iupiter maiſt hie
Schew to Phebus, and bricht Phebus tald me
I knaw ze ſet, zour cours to Italie
ze ſal eftir gud wyndis, and proſper ſky
To Italie ſall ze wend, and thare tak band
Bot furſt of the ciete, or the wallis vpſtand
Quhilk by the goddis, Is zou predeſtinat
For ſtraunge hunger, ſall ze ſtand in ſic ſtait
In wraik of our Iniuris, and be iſtis ſlane
That with zour chaftis, to gnaw ze ſalbe fane
And rounge zour tabillis, al & burdis, quod ſche
And fone away, in the thik wod can ſle
The ſuddane dreid, ſo ſtonist our feris than
Thare blude congelit, and al togiddir ran
Dolf wox thare ſpretis, thar hie curage doun fell
No mare thame likis, aſſaying ſic batall
Bot with offerandis, and eik deuote prayer
Thay wald we ſuld perdoun, and pite require
In cais gif thay, war goddis or foulis
Vengeable wichtis, or zit laithlie oulis
Bot our fader, heuand vp his handis
The grete goddis did call and on the ſandis
Hallowis thare mycht, with detfull reuerence
O ze goddis, forbid ſic violence
Stanche this boiſt, and vndo this myſcheif
Saik pietuous folkis, ameis zour wraith & greif
Quod he, and thar with chargit ankeris hale
Do louis zour rabandis, and lat donn the ſaile
The ſouth wyndis, ſtentis furth ſtrate our ſcheif
Swiftlye we ſlide, ouer bullerand wallis grete

And followit furcht, the lamyn went we haue
Quharto the wind, and sterilman vs draue
Quhill that amyd, the fludis gan we se
The wody Ile, Jacint with mony ane tre
Dulichium syne, and sayme we espye
And eik Neritos, with his rochis hie
By craggis and hewis, of Itachia
That was Laartes realme, we slyde alsua
And fast we wary, and cursit oft but leis
That land, quhilk bred the cruell blixes
Belief the mysty toppis, of Mont Lucas
Apperis quharon, appollois tempill was
That ferefull is, to euery marinere
All wery of our vayage, thidder we stere
And com anone, afore the litill toun
And of oure forschip, ankirris lete we doun
Endlang the coistis side our nauy rade
And thus at last, brocht to land blycht and glade
Quhare as to haue arriuit, we not beleuit
We clenge vs first, left Jupiter war greuit
Syne vn the altaris, kyndillit sacrifice
And langis the channell, eftir the trotane wyse
The actiue games, and sportis can assay
Our fallowschip, experte Paluistrale play
As thay war wount, at hame with ole enuent
Nakynge werstling, and strugling at nyce poynt
Joyus thay war, to haue eschapit at hand
Sa mony treteis, of the grekis land
And to haue fled, to saifte on this wise
Throw the myd routis, of thare Inemyis

¶ Eneas arryuys at Epetia
And how he spak thare with andromatha

Be this the ſon, had circulat his lang ȝere
And kroſte wynter, ſcharpit the wattir clere
With cauld blaſtis, of the nouthin art
Quhen ſeſſoun come, that tyme was to depart
Apoun ane poſte, in the tempill I hang
Ane bowand ſcheild, of plait quhilk abas ſtrang
Bare vmquhile, and the maneere to reherſe
I notyfy, and titillis with this werſe
Eneas hec, de danais victoribus arma
That is to ſay, Eneas feſtinit thus
This armour, of the grekis victorius
Syne to depart, of that haum I command
Sat doun on hetchis, and ſpan airys in hand
Bedely our folkis, gan to pingil and ſtrife
Swepand the flude, with lang routhis belife
And vp the welt, the ſtoure of fumy ſee
Quhill ſone the citeis, of Coſtira tyne we
And vp we pike, the coaſt of Epirus
And landit thare, at port Chaonius
Syne to the hie toun of butrot, aſcendit
Quhar tythingis vncredibill, to thame that not
Come to our eris, ſchewyng that Helenus (kend it
The lauchfull ſon of the king Priamus
Rang king ouer, monye cieties in Greik land
Berand thareof the ſceptur, and the wand
Be reſoun of his ſpouſ, adionit but leis
Be Pirrus vmquhile, ſoun of Achilles
And that Andromatha, wes wed againe
Vnto ane vthir huſband, and man Troiane
Hereof awonderit, with breſt hart as fyre
Be fervent luf, kendillit in grete deſire
Oure cuntre men to ſeke, and with them talk
To knaw ther ſtrange caſis, on I ſtalk
From the port, my nauy left in the raid

That

That Ilk ſelloun, percaſe as I furth glade
Before the ciete, in ane ſchaw I wys
Before the fenzete ſtude of Symois
Indzomatha, made anntuerſare ſacrifice
And funeral ſeruice, on full dolourus wiſe
To Hectouris pouder, or his allis bzynt
Oft wald ſcho clip, and call and onethis ſtynt
Apoun the caulis, that vnbodyit war
By ſyde Hectouris bode tombe, ſtanding thare
Quhilk ſcho vpbeildit had, of herbis grene
With tua altaris, and oft with weping ene
Bewalis ſcho that hard diſſeuerance
And als ſone, as ſcho me eſpies perchance
And troiane armour, and enſenzeis wicht me ſaw
Affrayit of the ferlie, ſcho ſtude ſtit aw
And at the firſt blenk, become ſcho mate
Naturale hete, left hir membris in ſic ſtate
Quhill to the ground, all mangit fell ſcho doun
And lay ane lang time, in ane dedely ſw owun
Or ony ſpeche or word, ſcho mycht furth bzinge
Zit thus at laſt ſad, eftir hir dualmyng
Is that thyne awin face, and ſoithfaſt thing
Schaw thou to me, ane verray ſour warnyng
Leuis thou zit, ſon of the goddes quod ſche
Gif thou be dede, quhar is Hector tel me
And with that word, ſche birſt out mony ane tere
And walit ſo, that piete was to here
Quhill all about, dymmys of hir womenting
Ane few wordis ſtars, as I miche furth bzing
For to conforte, that maiſt lamentabil wicht
With langſum ſpeche ſaid, quhilperand as I mycht
I leik forſoith, and ledis lyfe, as ze ſe
In all hard chance, of fortunis extremite
Be not agaſt ze ſe bot ſoithfaſt thing

Allace quhat auenture, in this vncouth ring
Is the beitid, and has degradit, quod I
Eftir thy husbandis deith, maist wourthy
Or quhat fortun mycht, sufficient happin the
Spous to maist wourthy Hector Andromachs
Art thou or na, to Pirrus zit bywed
Hir, visage doun sche keist, for schame adzed
And with ane bais voce, scho said as sche nicht.
O thou allane, befoze all madinnys bzicht
Happy as Virgine, douchter of Oziame king
Quhilk vnder the wallis hie, of troyis rengnne
Apoun thy Inemyis greik, was maid to de
Thou sufferit no cut, noz cauill cast foz the
Noz in bondage, away thou was not led
Noz zit twychit, na victour lozdis bed
Bot we, quhen that ybzynt war our kynd landis
Caruit ouer fremmyt seis, and diuers strandis
The dozdynes, of achilles of spzing
In bondage, vnder the pzoude pirrus ring
By foze sustenyt thzaldome, mony ane day
Quhill he at last, ensewit ane vthir may
Emyon, the douchter of Helena
In fey wedlok, at lathydemona
Than send he me, his seruand hidder thus
To be spousit, with his seruand Helenus
Bot horestes taucht in furious rage
Foz cryme, of hys maderis slauchter and sauage
In luk hait birnyng, foz hys spous bereft
Or he was war, set on this pirrus eft
And in delfos, quhat nedis wozdys mare
Sinate of his hede, befoze hys faderis altare
Thus by deceis, of Neoptolomus
Of the realme ane parte, fel to Helenus
The quhylk boundis and feildis bzaid alsua

Andromache.

He has to name, clepit Chaonya
Eftir his brother, of troy Chaonyus
And troiane wallis, here has vpbeildit thus
And on thir motis, ane french hat Ilion
Bot quhat wyndis, thy cours has hiddir gone
And quhat auenture, has the hidder dryfe
Or of the goddis, quha maid the here arryfe
At our marchis, myfknawing our eftate
Howfaris the child, Aeneas now of late
Quham to the bare Creusa, thy fpous and Joy
That tyme enduring the fege, lay about troy
Leuis he zit, in hele and in walefare
Ha how grete harme, and fkaith for euermare
Abat child has caucht, throw leuing of his moder
O lord quhat anciant bertuus, ane and vther
And knychtlie prowes, in him fteris frendis before
Baith fader Eneas, and his oncle Hector
Sic wordis fcho fpak, weping with pietuous maine
And with lange fobbis, furth zettand teris in vane
Quhen that hir lord him felfe cumming from the
king Priamus fon, helenus of troiane (toune
Were he approchit, with full grete cumpany
And his awin natiue freyndis, knewe in hy
And blythlie, to his ciete has vs led
Betuix ilk wourd fcill grete teris furth he fchaid
Sone paffit on and letill troy I knaw
Like the grete ciete counterfete on raw
Xanthus and Ilion and wallis, lyke Pergama
And ane fmall burn half grene by a fua
Vnto his furname clepit Xanthus
At portfeya I enter, and eik with vs
All our troianis, togidder wekum war
Vnto thare freyndis, ciete familiare
In his wyde palice, the king refaut thame all

And in the myddis of the meikill hall
Thay birle the wine, in honour of Bachus,
Greit feist and Ioye, was maid for luf of vs
The meiſſis and the danteis, thik did ſtand
And goldin coupis, went fra hand to hand

¶ Now that helenus, declaris till Enee
Quhat dangeris he ſuld thole on land and ſe

THus draik we ouer, in ſolace day be day
Quhill that the wedir, prouokis vs to aſſay
Our Saiis agane, for the ſouth wyndis blaſt
Our Riggeis, and our Windellis, wantit faſt
Vnto the prophete helenus tho went I
And with ſic wordis, beſocht him reuerently
O gentill troiane diuyne Interpretoure
Quhilk the reſpons of Phebus has in cure
Quhilk knawis eik, the reuelatiouns
Of god appollois diuinatiouns
Vnder his treſtis and burdis at Delphos ſchen
And in to Clarius bader the laurere grene
That vnderſtandis, the cours of euery ſtes
And chirme of euery byrdis, voce on fer
And euery foule, with wyng fleing in the ſky
What thay be takin, and quhat thay ſignify
Say me I pray the, quhat dangeris principaly
In to my cours, and vayage eſchew ſall I
Or how I may, or be quhat a mene eſchaep
Sa grete aduerſities, quhilk be to me ſchape
For as to me, all deuote godly wichts
Schawis we ſuld, haue proſperitais at richts
And euery orakyl of goddis, admoniſt eike
That we the realme, of Italy ſuld ſeik
Eaſtlew thay landes, quhilk was for vs prounde
Clenerly newlyngs, on that vther ſyde
Scheme for to ſaue, the harpie Celeno

Eneas ora tion to helenus the prophet. Quhylke ſchawis Eneas be a lang narratiō quhat perrellis y aduerſitye he moſt ſuffer or he cum to hys purpos promiſit bi the goddis

Spais vnto vs, ane fereful takin of wo
Ane vengeance, from the goddis pronuncis sche
With schamefull hunger, sal happin our meitis
Helenus than eftir the rittis, and gife
The zoung bestis, slew in sacrifice
Vnto hellyng fauour, of goddis to stanche thare ferd
And louisit the garlandis, of his haly heid
Syne me phebus, he ledis by the hand
Vnto the tempil, on fere materis maland
Quhare thys grete preist, gan speking and declare
To me their wourdis, of the goddis answere
Son of the goddis, sen traist is manifest
That throw deip seis, thy wayage is addrest
And eik of fortoun, by the boundis hie
The purviance deitynie will it sa be
The kyng of goddis, so distributis the fatis
Rolling the chancis, and turnyng thaym thus gatis
Of mony wourdis, schortlie ane quhene sall I
Declare, that thou, mare sourlie tharby
May seik ouer throw, the strange straitis vnkend
And at ane port of Italie, arrive at ende
The remanent heirof, quhat euer be it
The weird sisteris defendis, that suld be wit
And eik the douchtar, of auld saturne Juno
Forbiddis Helenus to speike it, and cryis ho
First say I the, that twichand Italy
Quhilk thou traistis, be at hand and fast by
And the addrellis ignorantly, but feire
To entir sone in the port, as it war nere
Lang wi sum wayis, and sere landis alsua
And ful grete space distanit fra zour tharfra
Zour airis als into the Cecil se
Bidyit weil, and bendit oft mon be
And of Ansonia, the salt stremis eik

Round

Round about with zour schippys, mon ze seik
And auernus, clepit the laik of hell
And ahere, the Ile, quhare cirtes dwell
Or euer thou may, souerlie vpbeild
Thy ciete in land of Italy, or feild
I sall the schaw taikynins ther of full mete
Quhilkis thou sall hald, within thy mynd secrete
Quhen thyne allane musing, as thou sal ga
Be auenture, besyde ane water bra
And vnder ane aik, fyndis in to that stede
Ane grete ferrypit sow, of gryses theepy hede
Liggyng on the ground milk quhite, al quhite, brod
About hir pappis soukand, thare I the tell (male
Is the richt place, and stene for zour ciete
And of zour trauel, ferme hald to rest in is
Nor the nedis not, to grudche in tyme to cum
The gnawing of zour tabillis, euery crum
Destanye sal fynd, tharfor ane ganand way
And Phebus sal zou help, quhen ze list pray
Bot vmbechelw, this coist of Italie
Quhilk nixt vnto our bourdourig, ze se ly
Bedyit with flowing, of our seis flude
Sen all thay cieties, with wikkit Grekis not gude
Inhabit ar, for the Naricianis
Vthir wise namyt Locry, thare remanis
Quhilk come with Aira Dilus to the fecht
And nere the hill, that Salentinus hecht
The feildis ar occupyit, full mete
Be Idomeneus the king, expellit from Crete
Thare is also, the litill ciete but leis
Of the duke of Melibey, Philoteteis
Clepit Petilia, closit within ane wal
Eschew thir cieteis, and thir coistis al,
Forther quhen that bezond the sey sal stand

And by the lakis, dedicat to goddis doeh pas
Out throw the ſoundand foreſt, of auern
Under ane roche, law wythin ane cauern
Thare ſal thow fynd the godly prophetes
Full of the ſpreit diuine, that ſchawis erres
The reuelatiouns, and fatis for to cum
In palme tre leuis, thaym notand al and ſum
Writand vp euery wourd, as ſal betide
Direcking the leuis, per ordoure furth on ſyde
Quhat euer this virgine, diſcriue in hir endite
Without the caue cloſit, ſche layis the wite
The leuys remanis vnſterit of thare place
Na partis not furthe of reule, quhill percaſe
The pypyng wynd, blaw vp the dure on char
And driue the leuis, and blaw thaym out of har
In till the entre, of the caue agane
That al hir firſt labour, was in vane
Bot fra the blaſt and zet perturbulit thus
Thay thyne leuis, ſche is ſo dangerus
Neuir eftir denzeing, hir wythin the caue
To gaddir togiddir thaim with the wind bewayke
Na for to put thaym, into reule agane
Nor Ione hir writing, as thay did firſt remaine
Thus of the pepill, but anſuer gais thair wayis
And wariis the ſete of ſibil, all thar dayis
Fayl not for lois of tyme that may be tyde
Bot thou pas to that prophetes, thocht the tyde
And proſper wyndis chalance, the to thy ſale
za thocht thy fallowis, cry out hidder hale
On burd ane fair wynd blawis, betuix tua ſchetis
Beſeik hir or thou wend, thocht thyne hart betis
Oppynnand hir voce, ſche pleſit ſchew the eum
Thy deſtynyis, by hir awin mouthis ſteuin
Scho ſall repelie and Declare, the in hy

The maneris, of all the pepil of Italy
The battellis for to cum, scho wyll the schaw
And on quhat wyse, al danger thou sall withdraw
Or how thou may, al labourus pane sustene
Wourschip, this haly religious woman clene
Scho sall the grant, ane prosperus cours at hand
Thys is the effect, schortly tyl vnderstand
That I am Leuit, with my wordes the to charge
Adew pas on, and be the fatis large
The fame of mekle troy, bate vp to heuin
Efter that this prophete, with this frendly steuin
Thir diuine answeris, thus pronosticate
Sere wechty giftis, of massy gold in plate
Vnto our schippis chargit, he bere anone
And grete riches, of polist euoure bone
Our caruellis howis, ladnis and prymys he
Wyth huge charge of silur, in quantite
With caldronus, and vther sere weschel ma
In Epirland maid, at Dodonia
To me he gaif, ane thik habirschone
Ane thryn fald hawbrek, was all gold begon
Ane round riche helme, with creist and timbrel fare
The armure quhilam, Neoptolomus bare
Syne to my fader, effermig to his age
Riche rewardes he gaif, of hie parage
Tharto also he ekit, and gaif vs then
Gentil hors, and pilotis, and Lodismen
Hes supplent, with rowaris, and marinaris
And armour pleite atanis, for al our feris

The phophet giftis the troyis gyftis.

Of Helenus/and of Andromathe
And how fra thame departing gan Enee.

In the mene quhile, Anchises my fader in hy
Reddy for to saile, chargis mak our nauy
Les than per case, it mycht our cours delay

Helenis oracioun to Anchises.

Gif so the wynd blew fare, that vthir day
Quham till this wyse, Interpretour of Phebus
Helenus with grete honour, carpis thus
O thou Anchises, that wourthy was quod he
Wyth fare venus, conionit for to be
And twyis deliuerit, be puruiance dyuine
And twyis eschapit, of troy the fare rewyne
Lo zounder for the, Ansonia or Itale
Unto zone coist syde, zounder sall thou sale
And netheles, thoche it be necessare
Out ouer the sey, to zounder ground ze fare
That porte of Italy is, ane fare way hyne
Quhilk is preuidit zour kyn, be Appollyne
Wend on, sais he, thou happy and fortunate
Of thy deuote son, by the godly estait
Bot quhar to suld I, mak langar delay
As I haif said, fare wele pas on zour way
Quhat nedis with my speche, zou tarye more
Or stop this fare wind, blawing euin before
This nocht the les, Andzomatha wo begone
The latter tyme, we suld depart anone
Brocht to vs bruslit clathis, and riche wedis
Figurit and pynpyt, all with goldin thredis
And to Ascaneus, ane proude talbert gaif
Sic as was honorabill, him to were and haif
Him and his feris, of hir nedill werk
And wouyn drowzys, furnist with mony mark
And thus scho said, my child resaue alsua
Thir remembrance, wrocht with my handes tua
In takin, lang time to think apoun me
Thyne Oncle, Hectors wife Andzomache
Take thir with the, as latir preband bere
Of thy kind natiue freyndes, guds and gere
O leuis me, the lykest thing lyuing

And

And verray ymage of Aſcanius ſuſtyng
Sic ane had he, and ſic fare handis tua
For al the warld, ſic mouth and face perfa
And gif he war on life, quhil now in fere
He had bene euin eild with the and hevy pere
Quhat wyſe mare, quhen we behuſſit depert
Teris bruſting furth on force, and with ſare hart
To thaym I ſaid, dere freyndis weile ze be
Weile mot ze leif, in zour felicite
Quham till, the proſper fortoun is brocht til end
Bot we from werd, to werd and chance mon wend
Zour reſt is found, zou nedis ſewch throw na ſey:s
Nor ſeik feildis of Italie, that euer vs fleis
Similitude of oranthus, and troy ze ſe
Quhilkis zour awin werk, has beildit apoun hie
God grant in bettir tyme, thay be begunnyng
And neuer eft, with grekis force ouer runnyng
Gif euer in tiber, to entir me betidis
On the feildis nere, by tyber ſydis
Way behald wallis vpſet, for my merze
Or may the frendly cieteis, ſum tyme ſe
Lat vs of Epirus, and of Italie
Cummyn baith, of Dardanus genologie
And quham to eik, the chance of fortoun is ane
Wake bot ane troy, of athir realmes tuane
And this ſamyn lyng, with our poſterite
Sal euer remane, in fayth and vnite.

¶ How firſt Eneas, Italie dyd eſpye
and mony ſtrange wentys has ſaile by

FArth on with this, throw out the ſey we ſlide
By the fore land, Cerawnia faſt beſyde
quharfra out ouer the feildis, for to ſale
The ſchorteſt way, and cours lyis Italie
Doun gois the ſon, be than and hillys lyte

A discriptiō of time.

Wor dirknit with shaddowis, of the skye
We sort our airis, and chesis rowaris ilk deile
And at ane sound, or coist we likit wele
We strike at nicht, and on the dry sandis
Did bawine and berk, oure bodyis fete and handis
Sone on our irkit lymmis, lethis and bandis
The naturale rest of sleip, staid al attanis
And or the spere, his hours rollit rycht
Sa fer about, that it was skairs mydnycht
Not suere, bot in his dedis diligent
Palynurus, furth of his couche vplyent
Lisnyng about, and harknyng ouer al quhare
With eris prest, to keip the wynd or air
Of euery sterne, the twynkling notis he
That in the stil heum, moue cours we se
Arthurys huse, and hyades betaiknyng rane
Syne watling strete, the horne and the charle wane
The feirs orioun, with his goldine glaue
And quhen he has, thaym euery ane persaik
Into the cleire, and serene firmament
Furth of his schip, ane bekin gart he stent
We rais and went on burd, in ouer the wall
Syne slakis doun the schetis, and maid saill
Be this the dawing, gan at morne war rede
And chasit away, the sternes fra euery stede
The dym hyllys, on fer we did espy
And saw the law landis, of Italy
Italy Italy, first cryis achates
Syne all our feris, of clamour myght not ceis
But with ane voce atanis, cryis Itale
And halesung gan the land, with hey and hale
Than my fader, admiral of our flot
Ane mekill tankert, with wyne fillit to the throt
And thare on set ane garland, or ane croun

And

And to the goddis, maid this vrisoun
Stand in the hiest castell, of the schip
With full deuote reuerence, and bourschip
O ze (quod he) goddis, quhilkis haldist in pouste
Woddis and stormes, the land eik and the see
Grant our vayge, ane easy and reddy wynd
Inspire zour fauouris, that prosper cours we fynd
Skars this was said, quhen euin at our desire
The sellonabill are, pipis vp fare and schire
The hauin apperis, and thidder nerrer we drawe
And of mynerua, the strange temppl saw
Set with the castel apoun ane hillis hicht
Our fallowis fangis in, thar salis richt
And towart the coist, thare steupamys did addres
Ane port thare is, quham the eist fludis has
In manere of ane bow, maid boule or bay
With rochis set forgane the strame full, stay
The salt fame to brek, of the sey is stoure
On athir hand, als hie as ony toure
The big hawis strekis furth, likeane wall
Within the hauin, zoith loune but wynd or wall
And at the port, the temppl may not be sene
Here first I saw, apoun the plesand grene
Ane fatall takin, four hors quhite as schaw
Gayppand greidlis, the large feildis on raw
Ha lugeing land, battal thou vs pretendis
Quod my fader anchises, for as weil kend is
Horssis ar dressit, for the bargane kele seys
Ware and debait, thyr steidis signifys
Bot sen the samyn, four fourtit beistis eik
Bene eft vsit, full towartyr and mete
To drawe the cart, and thole bridill and reize
It is gude hope, peace follows sal sayis he
Than worschip we, the godhede and gret mycht

Unchtes orasione to the goddes for ther ta your.

¶ discripcione of the coist of Italye.

Of pallas, wyth clatter and harnes fers tu ficht
Quhilk has vs first, reſſauit glad and gay
Our hedis befoze the altare, we array
Wyth valis bzoun, eftir the troyane gyſe
And vnto Juno of arge, our ſacrifyce
Wald reuerently, as Helenus vs bad
Obſeruing wele, as he commandit had
The ſerimonis leile, ſyne but langar delay
Fra that perfurmis, was our offerand day
Anone the nokkis of our rais, we wyith
Doun fallis the ſchetis, of the ſalis ſwyith
The gregiouns herbry, and frouteris ſuſpect
We left behynd, and eftir in effect
Of taurentum, the firth we ſe but leis
Biggit as thay ſay, be wourthy hercules
And ouer forgane, to the tother ſyde alſo
Rais vp latunia, the tempel of Juno
Of Cawlon ciete, eik the wallis hie
And ſtillatium, quhar ſchip bzokin mony be
Syne fer of in the flude, gan we eſpy
The birnand Ethna, into Cicilly
And ane kel rage, rowting of the ſey
Ane lang way thens, and on the rokkis hie
We hard the Jawpis, betand at the coſt
Ane hidduous bzaying, of bzokin ſeyis boiſt
Apoun ſchald bankis, bolnys hie the flud
The ſloure vp bylleris ſand, as it war wod
Wy ſadder cryis, how feris help away
Streik airis, and attanis with al the force ze may
No wounder this is, the ſelcouth caribdis
The hozribill rokis, and craggis here I wys
Helenus the prophete, ful wele did vs declare
The ſamyn wyſe, as thay commandit ware
Thay did anone, and Palynurus firſt

A diſcryp-tion of Ci-cile.

Hard

Hard halys the ſcheite on ſyde, and faſt gān thrall
The foꝛe ſchip, to the wallis and to the tyde
Saland on bawburd, towaꝛd the weſt ſyde
Towaꝛt the weſt, wyth mony heis and hale
Hocht al our flote, faſt bayth with rouch and ſale
The ſwelly ſwir, vpheſit vs to heuin
Syne with the wall, ſwak vs agane doun euin
As it apperit vnder the ſey to hell
Thryis the holkis craggis, herd we ȝell
Quhare as the ſwelth, had the rokkis thirllit
And thryis the ſame, ouer ſpout that ſo he quhirllit
It ſempt wattir the ſternes, as we thocht
Be this the ſon went to, and we foꝛwoche
Left deſolate, the wyndit calmis eik
we not bekend, quhat ryght coiſt mycht we ſeik
War warpit to ſeywart, by the outwart tyde
Of cyclopes, vnto the coiſtis ſyde
The poꝛt, quham to we cappit was to large
And fra all wyndis blaſt, foꝛ ſchip oꝛ barge
Soutr al tyme, bot netheles faſt by
The grilly Ethna, did rumbill ſchuddir and cry
Sum tyme thrawing out, hie in the ſkyis
The blak laithlye ſmoik, that oft did ryis
As thunderis blaſt, and rekand as the pik
with gledis ſperkand, as the hale alis thik
Up ſprang the bleſis, and fyre lumpis we ſe
Quhilk ſempt, foꝛ lyke the ſternes hie
Sumtyme it raſit, grete rochis and eft will
Furth bok the bowellis, oꝛ entrallis of the hill
And lowſit ſtanis, vpwarpis in the are
Round in ane ſop, with mony crak and rare
The flew of birnand hete, law from the ground
Upſtrekis thar, that dois to heuin rebound
The rumour is doun thrung, vnder this mont

Enchelades body, with thunder lyis hark brynt
And hiddrous Ethna, aboue his bely set
Quhen he list gant, or blaw the fyre is bet
And from that furnus, the flambe doith brist or glide
How oft he turnis of the irkit fyde
All Cecill trymblys, quaking with ane verd
And ouglie stew ouer quhelmys heuin and erd
That nycht lurkand, in woddis we remane
The fereful monstouris, sufferand mekil pane
Bot quhat caukit sic noyis, na thing we saw
For nowthir lycht of planetis, mycht we knaw
Nor the bricht pole, nor in the are ane sterne
Nor in the dirk clouddis, the heuynnys warpit derne
The mone was vnder wak, and gaik na licht
Haldin ful dym, throw myrknes of the nycht.

¶ Of the Greik nampt Achemynedes
Meherling Enee/ the natur of Cyclopes.

THe secund day, be tyms sprang fra the est
Quhen aurora, the wak nycht arrest
And chays fra heuin, with hir dym skyes douk.
Than suddanlye, furth of the woddis rouk
We se ane strang man, of forme vnknaw
Ane leuar wycht, na mare pynut I ne saw
Nor zit sa wrechitlye, besene ane wy
Towart the coist, quhar that we stude in hy
His hand furth he streikis, askand supple
We hym behald, and al his cours gan se
Waist laithlye full of edoure, and his berd
Reskand doun the leuth nere of ane zerde
Hys talbart and array sewit with bzeris
Bot he was greik, be all his vther ferys
And vmquhile was, as eftir wele we kend
To troy, in till his faderis armour send
This ilk man, fra he beheld on fer

Troiane

Troyane habitys, and of our armour was wer
At the first licht, he styntit and stude aw
And fra hys pais, begouth abak to draw
Bot sone eftir cummis, rynnyng in ane rais
Doun to the schore wepand and askand grace
O ze troianis, be al the planetis quod he
Be all the sternes, and the godd's he
And be the halesum sprete, of heuynnys lycht
I be seyk tak me wyth zou, captiue wycht
And lede me in quhat landis, that euer ze pleis
That may sufficyce, that war my hartis eis
I knaw me ane, of the grekis natiy
In ware to troy cuntre, I grant sicht I
For the quhilk dede, gif that for our trespas
So grete the offence, and the Iniuris was
Rent me in pecis and in the fludis swak
Or droun law vnder the large seyis wrak
Gif that I perys, it is zit sum comfort
That of mennis handys deing at schort
Quod he and thar wyth grufflyng on his kneis
He lappit me fast by baith the theys
We him exhort to schaw quhat was hys name
And of quhat kyntent and blude, cum myn at hame
And syne to tell quhat fortoun, had hym betid
My fader Anchises, na mar wordis wald bid
Bot furth wyth that zoung man hys rycht hand
And Achemenides his sprete wyth that prisand
He at the last thys dede, has done away
And en thys wyse begouth to carp and say
Of the realme Ithachia, I am but leys
Ane of the cumpany of Iely vlicis
And achymenydes, vnto name I hate
Cumyn vnto troy, wyth my fader of late
But ane pure yageour, cleipit Adamastus

Achemenides pitetul oratyon to the troiàs.

Wald god zit the sampyn forthoun, remanit tyll bis
The cruell natur of Cyclopis. My fallowshyp vnwitting, forzet me here
Quhen thay thir cruell marchis, left for fers
And in the ciclopes huge caue, tynt me
Ane gously hald, within laithlie to se
Full of venome, and mony bludy meis
Bustuous hic Polipheмus, set at deis
Thare remanis, that may the sternes scath
Ze goddis deliuer this erd, from sic vrath
For he is vgsum, and grisly for to se
Hutit to speik, and aucht not nemyt be
Thir wretchit mennis flesche, that is his fude
And drynkis wourssum, and thar lopperit blude
I saw my self, quhen grufelings amid his cafe
Twa bodies of our fort, he tuke and raise
And in til his hidduous hand theyr, thrimlit & wrang
And on the stanis out, thar harnis dang
Quhill brane and ene, and blude all poplit out
I saw that cruell feynd, eik thare but dout
Thare lymmes rife and eit, as he war wod
The zoustir tharfra chirtand, and blak blud
And the hatt flesche, vnder his teith flekkerand
Bot not vnwrokin forsoith this feist, he fand
Nor vlixes, list nocht lang suffir this
Na this king Achathy, hum self nor hys
Wythten forzet, in to sa grete ane plicht
For sampyn, as that horribill feyndly wicht
Had ete his fil, and to drynk wine hym gaif
Sowpit in slepe, his nek furth of the caif
He straych for drynking, liggm in his dreme
Bokkis furth and zeilkis, of zouster mony streme
Raw lumpis of flesche, and blude blandit with wine
Ane the grete goddis besoucht and Caullis syne
Calkis quhat suld, be euery mannes part

Syne all atants, about and on him stert
And wyth ane scharpit, and hzint styng of trē
Out did we hoze, and pike his mekile E
That lurkit allane, vnder his thzawin front large
Als bzade as is, ane gregioun scheild oz targe
Oz like vnto the lanterne, of the mone
And thus at last, we haue reuengit sone
Blythly the goistis, of oure feris dede
Bot ze vnhappy men, fle fra this stede
Fle, fle this coist, and smyte the cabil in twane
Foz how grisly, and how grete I zou sane
Lurkis poliphemus, zym mand his beistis rouch
And all thare pappis melkis, thzouch and thzouch
Ane hundzeth vtheris, als huge of quantite
Endlangis this ilk coist syde, of the se
Grete ciclopes inhabitis, here and thare
And walkis in their hie montanis, ouer al quhare
The mone has now, fillit his hoznes thzys
With new licht, sen I haik on this wyse
My lyfe in woddis leue, but licht of men
In desert hirnes, and sere wylde beistis den
And fer fra out my cauern, did espye
The grym ciclopes and oft thar grisly cry
And eik stampyng of thare feit, made me trymbyll
My wretchit kude, was berryis of the bzymbill
And stanis heppis, quhilk I in buskis fand
With rutis of herbis, I holkit out of land
And besyand all, about I se at last
This nauy of zouris, dzawand hidder fast
Quham to I me betaucht, and gan allow
Quhat flote that euer it was, foz wat ze how
It is yneuch, that I eschapit haik
Zou cruell pepill, I set not on the laik
Foz rather ze oz I, sall in sic wraik

Quhat

Quhat deth ze pleis, the lyfe fra me gar tak

Of Poliphemus/and mony strange coist
And how Eneas hys fader/Ancill loist.

A discrip-tion of the monstours and horry-byl poliphe-mus.

SKars this was said, quhen sone we gat ane sicht
Apoun ane hill, stalkend this hidduous wicht
Amang hys beistis, the hird Polyphemus
Doun to the coistis bekend, draw towart vs
Ane monstour horribill, vnestimabill and mischape
Wanting his sicht, and gan to stab and grape
With his burdoun, that was an grete fyr tre
Fermand his steppis, becaus he micht not se
The wollit scheip, him folowing at the bak
Quharin his plesour, and delite gan he tak
About hus hals, ane quhissil hung had he
Was all his solace, for tinsale of his fee
And with his slaffe, fra he the deip stude
Twichith and cummin, at the sey side stude
Of his dolpe, the flowand blude and Eatir
He wosche away, all with the salt watir
Grissilland his teith, and rummisand full hie
He wadis furth, thro the middis of the se
And zyt the water, wet not his lang syde
Wer ker from thens affrayit, durst nocht abide
Bot fled anon, and within burd has brocht
That faithfull greik, quhilk vs of succour socht
And preuely we smyte, the cabill in twane
Syne kempand with axis, in all our mane
Vpuelteris watir, of the salt sey flude
He persanit the sound, quhare that he stude
And towart the dyn, mouis his pais anone
Bot quhen he felt that we so fer wer gone
So that his handis vs arreik he ne micht
Nor the deip se of Jonium, for all his hicht
Ne micht he wade equaly vs to arrest

Ane

Ane fellon bray, and huge schant vp he kest
Quharthrow the sey, and al the studis schuke
The land allsale of Italy, trymblit and quok
And how Cauernis or Furions ethna round
Rummyssit and lowit, fordynnyt with the sound
Bot than furth of the woddis, and hillis hie
walknyt with the cry, ane huge pepil we se
Of ciclopis, cum hurland to the port
And fillit all the coist sydis at schort
Thay ebrithe brethir, with thar lukis thrawin
Thocht not a walit, thar standing haue we knawin
Ane horribil schort, wyth mony Camscholbek
And hedis semand, to the heuin arreik
Sic lik as quhare, that with thare hie toppis
The big akis strekand, in the are thare croppis
Or than thir Cyprcis, berand hie thare leuis
Growand in the woddis, or he vpon the hewis
In schawis auld, as mony may from fer
Hallowit to diane, or zit to Jupiter
The sharp drede, made vs so to cache haist
With drawand fast, as thocht we had bene chaist
And for to set our sail, quhiddir we best mycht
To follow the wynd, and hald na cours rycht
Agains the counsel of Helenus, our feris
Perswadis to hald, furth euin the way that steris
Wldwart betux Caribdis, and scilla
Ane litill space fra dede, by athir of tua
For bot we hald, that cours forouttin fale
Bakwartis, thay said, on ciclopes mon we sale
Bot lo anone, ane fair wind or we wist
Rais of the north, blawing euin as we list
From the strait bay, of pelorus the mont
And sone we slippit by, at the first bront
The mouth of flude Nanthagias, full of stanis

The

The ſound megarus, and tapſum Ile atanis
The names of thyr coſtis, Achemenydes
The companzone, of vnhappy vlixez
Rekynnys to vs, as we paſt ane by ane
For we returne, the ſammyne went agane
Quhare that nauy had wanerit, by thare rais
Within the ſycht of Cecil, agane the face
Of the ſtude plemmioun, full of wallis
Thare lyis ane Ile, quhilk our eldaris callis
Ogthigia, quhare that the frame is ſo
That alpheus, ane of the riuerris tuo
Of the ciete of Elis, in archade
Under the ſey, gan thiddir flow and wade
Throw ſecrete conditttis, and now as eik thay ſay
Arthuſa, at the mouth of Iſchay
It enterit rynnyng, in the Cecil ſe
The grete goddis of that place, wonrſchip we
At command of my fad r, and fra thyne
The fertil ground, of Hillary paſſyt ſyne
Quhilk ſtude watteris, all the ſtude about
Thare on the craggis, the nauy ſtude in dout
For on blynd ſtanis and rokkis hirſſillit we
Tumlit of mont pathynnus, in the ſe
And fer from thens, the loch Camermay
Quham the fatis forbiddis, to do away
Ipperis to vs, and of geloy the fei dis
Quhar that the grete ciete, geloy vpbeildis
Hailand the ſurneme, fra the ſtude faſt by
Syne hecht agregas, fer of we gan eſpy
Ane hill and ciete, wyth large wallis of forte
Quhare vmquhile bred wer, the mayſt war lyk herys
And the ſelynis alſo, I left behynd
For all thy palme treis, with the followand wynd
The dangerus ſchaldis, vp pykit we

wyth

With all his blynd rokkis of libye
Thare the pozte of Dapzar:one and the raid
Quhom to remember, my hart may neuer be glad
Reflaut me quhare that allace, allace
I leis my fader, al confozt and solace
And al supple, of our trauel and pane
Thare thare allake, sa fere dangeris begane
And tempest of the sey, O fader maist dere
Anchises desolate, quhy left thou me here
Wery and irkit, in ane fremmyt land
O weil alway, foz nocht was al I fand
That thou eschapit, sa mony perrellis huge
Helenus the deuyne, as we with hym can luge
Quhen horrybil thingis, fere he dyd aduert
Schew not befoze to me, thyz harmys smert
Noz zit the felloun, atkwert Celeno
This was extreme labour, of pane and wo
This was the end, of all hys lange vayage
And hidder syne warpit, wyth seyis rage
Apoun zour ceilis, as I fra theus was dziue
Sum happy chance, and god maid me arriue.

Eneas lost his fader.

The Prince Eneas, on this wyse allane
The fatis of goddis, and ralis mony ane
Reherfing schew, and sundry strange ventis
The quene, and all the tyrrianis, takand tentis
And at the last he ceissit, and sayd no moze
Ending his tale, as ze haue hard befoze.

Conclusioun of Eneas lang oyrations to the Muse.

Finis

The prologe of the fourth Buk:

Thes prologis treatis the strength of loue the incōmodytys and remead of the same.

WIth bemys schene, throw bricht Cytherea
Quhilk only schaddowist, amongis sterris lite
And thy blynd wyngit son, Cupido ze tua
Fosteraris, of birnyng carnale hete delite
Zour Joly wo, neidlingis moist I endite
Beginnyng with, ane kenzeit kaynt plesance
Continewit wyth lust, and endit wyth pennance.

In fragil flesche, zour febill sede is saw
Rutid in delyte, welth and kude delicat
Nurist with sleuch, and mony vnsemly saw
Quhare schame is loist, that spredis zour burgeous hate
Oft to reuolue ane vnlekful consate
Ripis zour perellis, fruris and vncorne
Of wikkit grane, how sal gude schaif be schorne.

The hunt of vnlesfull loue.

Quhat is zour korce, bot febling of the strenth
Zour curius thochtis, quhat bot musardry
Zour fremmit glaymes, restis not ane houris lenth
Zour sport for schame, ze dar not specifye
Zour frute is bot, vnfructuous fantasye
Zour sory Joyis, bene bot Janglyng and Japis
And zour trew suardis, silly goddis apis.

The cōmodytys of loue.

Zour sueit myrthys ar myrt wyth byttirnes
Quhat is your dzery game and mery pane
Zour werk vnthrift, zour quiet is restles
Zour lust lyking in langour to remane
Frendschyp torment, zour trayst is bot ane trane
O luf quhydder art thou Joy, or kulyschnes
That makys folk, so glayd of thayr dystres.

Salomonis

Salemons wit, Sampsoun thou reuist his force
And Dauid thou berest, his prophecy
Wen sayis thou bydillit Aristotell, as ane hors
And creist vp the floure af Poetry
Quhat sall I of thy mychtis, notify
Sare vele, quhare that thy lusty dart assalis
Wit, strenth, riches, na thinge bot grace auails

Grumplis of Scripture and gentiles toyis

Remayd

Thou chene of luf, a benedicite
How hard strenzeis, thy bandis, euery wicht
The god aboue, for his hie maiestie
With the vbound, law in ane maid did licht
Thou vincust, the strang gyand of grete mycht
Thou art mair forcy, than the dede sa fell
Thou plennyst parradyse, and thou herrit hell

The feare of god is the best remedy against vnlesum lone.

Thou makis febil wicht, and thou lawest hie
Thou knyttis freyndschip, quhare thare be na parage
Thou Jonatha confederit, with Dauye
Thou dantit Alexander, for all his vassalage
Thou festynnyt Jacob, fourtene zeris in bondage
Thou teichit herculis, go lerne to spyn
And eik dionire his mais, an lioun skyn

The d and age of inordinate loue

For luf Narcissus, perist at the well
For luf thou steruist, moist douchty achill
Theseus for luf, his fallow socht to hell
The snaw quhite dow, oft to the gray mail will
Allace for luf, how mony thame self did spill
Thy fury luf, moderis, tacht for dispite
Fyle handis in blude, of ther zing childzin lite

O lord quhat writis myne autor, of thy force
In his geor gicis, how thy vndantit mycht

Conſtrenis ſum tyme, ſo the ſtonyt hors
That by the ſent, of anc mere fer of ſycht
He bradis brayis anon, and takis the flicht
Na bridill may him dant, nor buſtuous dynt
Nor bra hie roche, nor brade fludis ſtynt

The buſtuous bullis, oft for the zoung kye
With horne to horne, wirkis other mony wound
So rummeſin, with mony law and cry
The feildis all douth, of thare routing reſound
The meik hartis, in belling oft ar found
Mak feirs bargane, and rammys togidder ryn
Baris thiute tuſkis, and fretis atheris ſkyn.

The reuchfull ſmert, and lamentabil cais
Quhilk thare he wrytis, of leander zing
Quhom for thy luf hero, allace allace
In feruent flambe of hait deſire, burnyng
By nychtis tyde, the heuynnys loude thundring
And all with ſtorme, troublit the ſeyis flude
Betand on the rolkis, and routand as it war wod

Set he him not to ſwym, ouer weil away
The firth betuix ſeſtos, and abidane
In Europ and in Aſia, cieteis tua
His fader and moder, mycht him not call agane
O god quhar thare, was he tynt and ſlane
And quhen his luf, ſaw this miſcheif attains
Out ouer the wall ſcho lap, and brak hir banys.

A petefull hiſtory of Leander and Hero

They are wiſe that can take example of other to flee vyce, and followe vertue,

Lo how venus, can hir ſeandis acquite
Lo how hir paſſiouns, vnbrillis all thare wit
Lo how thay tyme thame ſelfe, for ſchort delite
Lo from all grace, to myſcheif thay flit

Fra wēill to ſturt, fra pāne to dēde and ȝit
Thare bene bot fewe exampill takis, of other
Bot wilfully fallis in the fire, leik bzother.

Be neuer ouerſet, myne auctor teichis ſo
With luſt of wyne, noz werkis veneriane
Strife and debait engeneris, and feil has ſlane
Thay febil the ſtrenth, reuelis ſecrete bouth tuo
Honeſt pzoues, dzede, ſchame and luke ar gane
Quhare thay habound, attempir thame foz thy
Childir to engendir ble venus, and not in vane
Hant na ſozket, dzink not bot quhē thou art dzy.

The mo-
derat vſ of
wynes ve-
nus.

Quhat is this luf, nyce luffaris as ȝe mene
Oz fals diſcait, fare ladyis to begyle
Thame to defoule, and ſchent ȝour ſelf betuene
Is all ȝour liking with many ſubtell wile
Is that trew luf, gude faith and fame to fyle
Gif luf be vertew, than is it lefull thing
Gif it be vice, it is ȝour vndoing.

Quhat
loue is

Luſt is na luf, thocht ledis like it wele
This furious ſtamb of ſenſualite
Ar nane amouris, bot fantaſyȝe feil
Carnale pleſance, but ſicht of honeſte
Hatis him ſelf foꝛſoith, and luffis not the
Thare bene tua, luffis, perfyte and imperfyte
That ane is lefull, that vther foule delyte.

The diuiſ-
ione of
loue.

Luſis ane kindely paſſioun, engendzit of hete
Kendillit in the hart ouerfyzed and, all the coꝛs
And as thou ſeis ſum perſoun, walk in ſpzete
Sum hate birnyng, as ane vnbzidillit hoꝛs
Like as the patient has hete, of our grete foꝛs

Natureall
loue.

And zoung babbyis, warmnes insufficient
And to aget failzeis, and is out quent

Inordi-nat loue.

Rycht so in luk, thou may be excessiue
Inordinately lukkand, ony creature
Thy luk also, it may be infectiue
To luk thyne awne, and gif of vtheris no cure
Bot quhare that it is rewlit, by mesure
It may be liknit, till ane hale mannis estate
Intemperate warmes, nouthir to cald nor hate

Quhen loue is gainst god is wicked & ess.

Than is thy luk inordinate say I
Quhen any creature mare than god, thou lukkis
Or zit lukkis ony to that fyne, quhareby
Thy self or thame, thou frawartis god remouis
For till attempir, thy amoueis the behukkis
Luk euery wicht for god, and to gud end
Theme be na wise to harme bot to amend

Loue should be reulyd by reason.

That is to knaw luk god, for his gudenes
With hert hale mynd, trew seruice day and nycht
Nixt luke thy self, eschewand wikkitnes
Luk syne thy nychtbouris, & wirk thame na vnricht
Willing at thou and thay, may haue the sicht
Of heuynnys blys, and tyist thame nocht ther fra
For and thou do, sic luk dow nocht ane stra

Faynt luk but grace, for all thy fenzeit lays
Thy wauntoun willis, ar verray vanyte
Grace les thou askis grace, and thus thou prayis
Haue mercy lady, haue reuch and sum piete
And scho reuthles, agane rewis on the
Here is na peramouris fund, bot all haterent
Quhare nouthir to weill, nor resoun tais thai tent

Tallis

callys thou that reuch, quhilk of thar ſelfe ne rekkis
Or is it grace, to fall fra grace, na na
Thou ſeikis mercy, and thar of myſcheif makis
Renowne and honour, quhy wald thou dryue away
Ane brutell appetite, makis young fulis fozuay
Quhilk be reſoun, liſt nocht thare heit refrane
Haldand opinioun, dere of of ane bozit bane.

Sayis not zour ſentẽce, thus ſkant wozth ane ſas
Quhat honeſte or renowne, is to be drain
Or for to droup, like ane fozdullit as
Lat vs in ryot, leif in ſpozte and gam
In venus court, ſen bozn thare to Iam
Quhy tyme wel ſall I ſpend, wenys thou not ſo
Bot all zour ſolace, ſall returne in gram
Sic thewles luſtis, in buttir pane and wo

Thou auld halard, leichoure ky for ſchame
That ſotteris furth euermare, in ſluggardry
Out on the auld trat, agit wykke or dame
Eſchames ne time, in rouſt of ſyn to ly
Thir venus werkis, in zoutheid ar foly
Bot in to eild, thay turne in fury rage
And quha ſchameles, doublis thare ſyn ha ky
Is dois ther vantouris, owthir in zouch or age

Quhat nedis awant zou of zour wikkitnes
Ze that delytis allane in velanis dede
Quhy gloze ze in zour awin vnthriftines
Eſchame ze not rebers and blaw on brede
Zour awin defame, hawand of god na drede
Na zit of hell prouokand vtheris to ſyn
Ze that liſt of zour palzardry neuer blyn

wald

Vnkendly lone to ane men in bathe ſaid.

Againſt old lecherous peple

It is no wiſdom to gloyr in wykidnes.

Wald god ze purchest, but zoure awin mischance
And ware na banereris, for to perys mo
And grant sum time, ze turne zou to pennance
Refrenyng lustis inordinat, and cry ho
And thair affir zour luf, and myndis so
Quhare euer is, beiray ioy without offence
That all sic beistly, fury ze lat go hence.

Of brokaris and sic baudry hou suld I write
Of quham the kyith stynketh, in goddis neis
With venus hen wyffis, quhat wyse may I flyte
That straykis thir wenschis hedes them to pleis
Douchter for thy luf, this man has grete diseis
Quod the bismere, with the sekit speche
Rew on him, it is merit his pane to meis;
Sic pode makrellis, for lucifer bene leche.

Elchame zoung birgins, and fair dampcellis
Furth of wedlok, for to disteyne zour kellis
Traist not all talis, that bantoun wowaris tellis
zou to deflour, purposyng and not ellis
Abhorr sic price or prayer, wourschip sellis
Quhare schame is loist, quyte schent is womanhede
Quhat of beute, quhare honeste lyis dede.

Rew on zour self ladyis, and madynnys zing
Grant na sic reuch, for euer may caus zou rew
ze freschе gallandis, in hate desire byrnyng
Refrene zour curage, sic peramouris to persew
Ground zour amouris, on cherite all new
Found zou on resloun, quhat nedis mare to preche
God grant zou grace in luf, as I zou teiche.

Fy on dissait, and fals dissimulance

Against Wakrellis

Myrt the fear of god reason is the best remedy against this vice.

A gud counsall to all wemen

Contrar to kynd, with kenzeit chere ſmyling
Under the cloik, of luſtis obſeruance
The vennom of the ſerpent, reddy to ſtyng
Bot all ſic crymis, in luſtis caus I reſing
To the confeſſioun, of mozall Johne gouer
For I mon follow, the text of our mater

Thy double wound of dido, to ſpecifye
I meyne thyne amouris, and thy funerale fate
Quha may endite, but teris with ene dry
Auguſtyne confeſſis him ſelf, wepit god wate
Reding thy lamentabill end, miſfortunat
By the will I repit, this wers agane
Tempozall Joy endis, with wo and pane

Here turnis to Dydo lamenting hyr miſera byl end be yng afoze nobyll pzu dent tempo eat and valzeant a quene diſtroyt by furious loue

Allace thy dolozus cais, and hard miſchance
From blys to wo, fra ſozow toury frage
Fra nobilnes, welth, pzudence and temperance
In bzuteil appetit, fell and wilde dotage
Dantar of affrik, quene founder of cartage
Umquhile in ryches and ſchynyng gloze ringing
Thzow kuliche luſt, wzocht thyne awin vndoing

Lo with quhat thocht, quhat bitternes and pane
Luf vnſilly bzedis, in euery wicht
Quhou ſthozt qut, iule, dois his ſchozt pleſance remane
His reſtles blis, how ſone tak ig the flicht
His kyndnes alteris in wzaith, within ane nycht
Quhat is bot tozment, all hys lang ſumfare
Begun with fere, and endit in diſpare.
Quhat ſully, cure and ſtrange ymagyning
Quhat wayis vnlefull his, purpois to atteyne
Has this kals luſt, at his firſt begynnyng
How ſubtell wilis, and mony quiet mene

Quhat slicht dissait quentlie to slat and kene
Syne in ane thraw, can not him selfyn hyde
Nor at his first estate, no quhile abide

The grete care that louers takis for the yr schort plesour.

Thou swelth deuourare, of tyme vnrecouerabill
O lust infernale, furnes inextinguibill
Thy self consumyng, wor this insaciabill
Quent fendis net, to god and man odibil
Of thy triggettis, quhat toung may tell the tribyll
Quith the to wrestil, thou waris euermare wicht
Esthewe thyne hant, and mynnis sall thy mycht

Blynd luke is agaynst honour: reason quhilk he preues be the exãple of Dyda quene of carthage

Se how blynd luffis, inordinate desire
Degradis honour, and ressoun dois exile
Dido of Cartage, floure and lampe of tyre
Quhais he renoune, na strenth nor gift mycht kyle
In hir kaynt lust, so matt within schort quhile
That honestye bayth, and gude fame war adew
Syne for disdene, allace hir selfin slew

O quhat aualit thy byute, and gloryus name
Thy nobyll tressour and werkis infinyt
Thy cyteis beilding and thy riall name
Thy realmes conquest, welefare and delyte
To stynt all thinge sayf thyne awne appetite
So was in luf thy frawart destany
Allace the quhile thou knewe the strange Enie
And sen I suld thy tragedy endite

Admonytition to gentil women.

Here nedis none vthir, invocacyon
Be the command, I lusty ladyis quhit
Be war with strangearys of vncouth natyoun
Mark na sic wounderys to thare dampnatyoun
Bot tak attryne wylde amouris, at the thay lere
Thy lusty pane, begouth on thys manere

The

The fourth buk of Eneādo.

The thochtfull quene with mony amorus clans
To hir sister complenis in lufli cause.

RE this the quene, with heuy thochtis vnsound
In euery vane nurisis, the grene wound
Smytyn so deipe, with the blud fyre of luf
Hir trublit mynd, gan fra all rest remuf
Compassing, the greate prones of Enee
The large worschip, keil syis remembris sche
Of his lynnage and folkis for ay present
Deip in hir breist, was his figure prent
And all hys woundis, skart that for besy thocht
None eis hir membris, nor quiet suffir mocht
The nixt day following, with his lampe bricht
As Phebus did the ground, or erth alicht
Eftir the dawning, the donk nychtes cloud
Chasit from the sky, and the are new schroud
Full euill at eis, quhen dido on this kynd
Spak to hir sister, was of the sampn mynd
My sister an, quhat sweuynnis be their quod sche
Quhilk me affrayis in sic perplexite
Quhat be this grete new gest, or straunger
In to our realme latlie, is dreuin here
How wyse in speche, and in his commoning
Be schewis him selfe, O God quhat wounder thing
How stout in curage, In were how vailzeand
I trow sister, and I vnderstand
My opinion is nane, vncertayne thing
Thay bene sum lynnage, of verray godis of kyning
For drede all wayis, and schamefull couardice
Degenerit wichtis, and boubartis notyfyis
Allace quhat wounder, fatall auenturis
Has him bewaist, quhat trauell pane and curis

The fourth boke in the persone of Dido quene of Cartage paintes at length the gret stregth and sundri affectiones of laue. The quenes oracio to hyr syster Anna cōmēdyng and prayseing Eneas for hy nobil vaist te ous and valyantnes.

How

How huge batàllis, be him eschewit tald he
Now certis, war it not determyt with me
And firit in my mynd, vnmouably
That to no wycht, in wedlok me lyst I
Cuppyl noꝛ knit, sen my firit loue is gone
By deith dissseuerit, and left me alone
War not also, to me is displesant
Genyus chalmer, oꝛ mateymonye to hant
Perchance I migh be vincuit, in this rage
Throw this ane cryme, of secund mariage
Junas I grant to the sen the diceis
Of my seꝛy husband Sycheus, but leis
Quhare that our hous, with broderis deid was spꝛẽt
Onlie this man, has moued mine entent
And he my mind, Inducit to koꝛuay
I knaw and felis, the wenys and the way
Of the auld fyꝛe, and flamb of luffis hete
Bot rather I desyꝛe baith coꝛs and spꝛete
Of me, that erth swelly law adoun
Oꝛ than almyghty Joup, with thunderis sown
Me smite full deip, vnto the schadois derne
Amang pail goistis, of hellis hole cauerne
In the pꝛofund pyt of deich, and derk nicht
Oꝛ I becum, sa wꝛetchit schamefull wicht
That I my honeste, file oꝛ womanhede
Oꝛ tꝛek zour lawis, na quhill I be dede
He that me firit, to him in wedlok knit
My firit floure of amouris tuke, and zit
Foꝛ euermare with him, he sall thame haue
And he moist kepe thame with him in his graue
Thus saiand the bꝛicht teris, anon furth bꝛist
And fillit all hir bosum, oꝛ scho wist
Junes answerd of thou say mot I thꝛike
To thy sister derrar, than hir awne lyke

Abatell be ewyꝛ honesty schã fulnes and loue/in the which the quene t ecclinys a lytel to reason sup pꝛessing kensetly hyꝛ awyn appetyte

And

Quhidder gif thou wolt, allane in wedohede
Euer murnand thus, waist away thy zouthed
Nor zit the confort, of sueit childzen thou knawis
Nor the plesour kelis, of venus lauis
What wenys thou, allis cald and gaithis in graue
Of all sic waling, ony keist sall haue
In case that in thy dule, afore thir days
Thy lord new dede the list inclyne na wayis
Nouthir pzince nor duke, to take as for husband
Suppois thou lithtlit thame, of libie land
Hyarbas kyng, and vthir heris all
Quhilks in the riche fulze, triumphal
Of Affrik boundis, dwelling wid whare
Quhat wilt thou als, debating euermare
Iganis this likand luf cummis of plealance
Conlideris thou not and has in remembzance
Imyddis quhais ground, here thou remanis
On this hand cieteis of getulianis
Inekynd of pepill, Inumeibil in batell
Here the vndantit folk of Nvmyda duell
And on that vthir part, vmbeset Iwys
We ar with buistuous, vnfrendlie Syrtis
And zonder the delert regioun, alsua
Ay full of thzist, on barant libia
And wide quhare theins, the wylde pepil of berchay
The weris mouyng from tyze, quhat sal I say
And the gret bzag, and mannance of our bzothir
Be dilpolitioun of goddis, I wene non vthir
And by the puruiance, of Iuno to our lupple
Thir troiane lchippis, by pzolper wind ouer le
Has thiddir let, thare courlis fozt unate
O lister myne, conlider in quhat estate
This ciete, quhilk thou buildis sal vp rise
Perlaue how that this realme may on sic wise
Bene vpheit, thzow la nobil ane mariage

Annes answere to the quene exhozting the quene with dyuers argumentes to mariage with the nobyll and valeante pzynce Eneas.

Behal

Behald how mekill, the glozy of cartage
Sall be extolit, and encres in euery thinge
Throw help in armis, of the troianis of spring
Quharfoze the nedis, beseik goddis of thare grace
With sacrifice, to be fauorabill in this cace
Do set all hale, thy cure and diligence
Caulsinge him to make, with the residence
And fenze cans, to tary him and with hald
So lang as thus, during, the wynter cald
The sey rageis, throw watery ozione
And quhill the stozmes be ouer blawin and gone
And quhill his schippis, with the tempest schaik
Be bet, bid spare nouthir, elm noz aik

Dido inflambit in the lusty hete:
With amouris thochtis trublis all hir spritis.

With thyr wourdis, the spzete of Dido quene
The quhilk to foze, in luf was kendelit grene
Now all in fyze, the flambe of luf furth blesis
Hir dout sum mynd, with gud hope so scho esis
That all the schame, and dzede was blak away
And to the tempill, furth zede thay baith tuay
Efter the Serymonis, of thare pagane gise
Benewolence, and gude luk sundzy wise
Thay seking, and thay serche at ilk altare
And twinteris walit, foz sacrifice here and thare
Thay bzuknit, and sum in honour did addzes
Of the law leader, Ceres the goddes
To Phebus, and to Bachus part alsa
But principally, vnto the quene Juno
Quhilk haith in cure, the band of mariage
Him selfe moist gudlie, quene dido of cartage
Held in hir richt hand ane coup full of wyne
Betuix the hornes rua, furth zet it syne
Of ane vntampt zoung quy, quhite as snaw

And vthir quhilis, walde scho rais on raw
Or pas to fore, the altaris with fat offerandis
By chargit ful, and oft with hir awyn handis
Renew and bet, the sacrifice all day
And riche giftis, gif troyans and wald ay
The beistis coistis, as they bowellit were
And thare entrellis, beheld slekker and stere
According the auld vsage, to that effect
Sum augury persaik, or gud espect
O welaway, of spaymen and diuinis
The blynd myndis, quhilk na way diffinis
The force na strench of luf with his hard bands
Quhat availit thir sacrificis, or offerands
Quhat helpis, to vesy tempillis in lufis rage
Behald vnhappy Dido, quene of Cartage
In this mene sesoun, Eirnand hate as glede
The secrete wound, depe in hir mynd gan spriede
And of hete amouris, the subtell quent fyir
Waystis and consumis, merch banis and lire
Quer all the cete, anrageit scho here and thare
Wandris, as ane stirkin hynd, quham the stalkar
Or scho persaik, for fer betis with his flame
Impd the woddis of Crete, and lattis remane
The drade hede vnknaw, the beist was hit
Scho skippin furth, as to eschew the byt
Gan throw the forest, fast and grauis glide
But euer the dedly schaft, stikkis in hir syde
Sum tyme the quene, Enee with hir did lede
Throw out the wallis, vnto euery stede
Tressour all, and riches of Sydony
Schawing to him, and offerit all reddy
The cete of Cartage, at his commaundement
Begin scho wald, to tell furth hir entent
And in the myddwyrde stop, and halde hir styll

Exclamation of the strenth of luf, agaist spaymen, diuinis & thir sacrifices.

And

And quhen the euin com,it was hir wyll
The strenth of loue in the quenebeing. Solitare and aloue
To seik wayis him to feist,as scho did are
And halk myndles againe,scho langis sare
For tyll enquire,and here the sege of tr oye
And inane stare,him behaldis for Joye
Eftir all was vodit,and the lycht of day
And mare and mare,the mone quenchit away
And the declynyng,of the sterris bricht
To slepe and rest,perswadis euery wycht
Within hir chalmer,alone scho langs sare
And thocht all waist,for laik of hir luffare
Amyd ane wold bed,scho hir laid adoun
And of him absent,thinkis scho heirs the sõun
His voce scho heris,and him behaldis sche
Thocht he god wate,fer from hir present be
And sum tyme wald scho,ascaneus the page
Caucht in the fygure,of his faders ymage
And in hir bosum brace,gyf scho tharby
The luf vntellibyl,mycht slwik or satify
The werke and wallis begun,& not vpbrocht
The zoungkeris dedis of armes,exhorts nocht
Nothere fortres,nor turets sure of were
Loue makis his people negligent
Now graith they mare,for all the werk but were
Ceis and is stoppit,bayth of panakillis hye
And big towris,sempt to rise in the skye

¶ To venus carpis Juno/the goddes
And of thare speiche and sermond/mare and les

ALs swith as Juno,with sic malice ouer tane
Persauit hir dere fryend that remeid was nane
Nauthir fame,nor honour,the rage resist micht
Saturnus dauchter,wyth sic wordes on hicht
Junos first oracion to venus.
Begouth to carp vnto,venus I wys
Ane huge honour,and laudze sall of this
Repoyt,and richt large spuize bere away

Thou

Thou and thy chyld forloith, quod sche bayth tway
O lord how grete power, and notabil mycht
Gif that of tua hie goddis, throw the slycht
Ane silly woman, sall ouer cummyn be
Not so I wys hast thou, disaunt me
Bot that I knaw thou had, in fere and drede
Our cite and held the lugeing, suspect in dede
Of our renowned hie burg, of cartage
Bot on quhat wyse sall, ceiling all this rage
Or now quhatnedis, sa grete stryf, and contake
For rather perpetual pece lat, vs make
And knyt vp band of marage, thare tyl
Sen thou has gotten, all thy hartis wyl
For Dido birnis in hate luf, al attanis
The brim fury glydis, throw out hir banis
Lat vs thir pepill to vs commoun for thy
We frendlie fauouris, gouerne equaly
So that it lesum be dido remane
In spousage bound and serf, ane lord troiane
And suffir tyrianis, and all iiby land
Be gifin drowry, to thy son in hand
Than venus knawing, hir spech of kensett mynd
To that effect, scho mycht the troiane kind
And weris to cum, furth of Italy allua
With hald and kepe from boundis of libia
Answerd and said, quhat wikkit wicht wald euer
Refusit sic proffer, or zit with the had leuer
Contend in batal, or stand at debate
Gif that as thou, reherlis the dede algate
Als soueralie mycht, follow fortunabill
Bot I offer me, les the fatis vnstabill
Nor Jupiter consent not, ne aggre
Bot that ane crete, to tyrianis suld be
And ilk to folkis, from troy in vayage cummyn

Mytus answers.

Or lift appreſe, thay pepill all and ſum myn
To giddir mydbill, or Jone in lyig or band
Thou art his ſpous, to the to tak on hand
Js lefull with requeiſt, his mynd to aſſay
Was on before, I follow the perfay
Thane Juno quene, ſic anſwer mad agane
This laubour I tak on hand, all myne allane
Bot on quhat wiſe, ſene time is conenabill
The faſhioun how this ſtant to do, maiſt able
Her at ſthort wordis, that point I ſall zou ſay
Eneas and vnſilly dido, baith tuay
To forreſt gathis in hunting, furth to wend
To morrow als faſt, as tytan dois aſcend
And ouer the warld, gan his bemes ſpred
Quhen that the range, and the fade on brede
Dymnys throw the grais, ſercheing the woddis wyde
And ſuttis the glen, on euery ſyde
I ſall apoun thame, ane myrk ſchoure doun ſkaile
Of weit and wynd mydlit, with fellouu haile
And all the hetin, with thunderis blaſt ſa ſtere
That all thare fallouſchip, ſal with drawe for fere
Encloſit with ane myſt, als dark as nycht
Dido and eik the troiane duk, ſall rycht
Allanerly, bot be thame ſelfyn twane
To gidder ſall entir, in ane caue of ſtane
Thare ſall I be reddy, and but delay
Eik thare mynd be kerine, thareto the ilk day
In ſouir wedlok, I ſall conione hir thare
And be his proper ſpous, for euermare
Apoun this wiſe, thar wedding ſalbe wrocht
I fermis all her will contrary nocht
O Cytherone venus, the goddes brithe
Lauchand ſcho fund, had ſo contrivit ane ſpycht

How

How that the Quene, to hunttyng rade at mornyll
And of the fyrst day of hyr ioy, and sorow.

FUrth of the sey, with the dawing springis
As Phebus rais, fast to the zettis thringis
The chois gallandis, and huntmen thaym bekyde
With rais, and with nettis strange and wyde
And hunting speris: stif with hedis brade
From masliling horsmen, thik hidder rade
With rynnyng hundis, ane fule huge sort
Nobillis of cartage, hauing at the port
The quene awatis, that lang in chalmer duellis
Hir feirs stede, stude stamping reddy ellis
Gnyppand the foomy goldin bit, gingling
Of goldin pall, wrocht hir riche harnelling
And sche at the last, of palice ischit out
With huge menze, walkyng hir about
Lappit in ane brusit mantill, of sydeny
With gold and Perle, the bordour al bewy
Hingin by hir syde, the cais with arrowis ground
Hir bricht trellis, Inuoliut war and wound
In til ane queif, of fyne golde wyren threde
The goldin buttouns, claspit hir purpour wede
And furth sche passit, wyth al hir company
The troiane pepill, forgaderit by and by
Joly and glaid, the fresche aseaneus zing
Bot fyrst of all mayst gudly hym selfe thar kyng
Enee gan entir, in kalleuiscip but dout
And vnto thaym, has Jonit his large rout
Like quhen appollo, list depart or ga
Furth of wyntring, the realme of Lisia
And leif the flude eranthus, for ane quhile
To vesy delos, his moderis land and Ile
Renewand ringis, and danses mony ane rout
Mist togiddir, his altaris standing about

The quenis tryns with hir companye passyng to huntings.

The pepil of Crete, and thaym of Driopes
And eik the paintit folk, agathirtes
Schowtand on thair gyse, wyth clamour and vocis hie
Apoun the top, mont Cynthus walkis he
His waikkand haris, cum tyme doing doun thryng
Wyth ane soft garland, of laurer sweit smelling
And vmquhyle thaym, gan balmyng and anoynt
And into gold, addres at ful gud poynt
His grundin dartis, clatterynge by hys syde
Als fresche als lusty, did Eneas ryde
Wyth als grete bewte, in his lordly face
And eftir thay ar cummin, to the chace
Amang the montanis, in the wyld forest
The rynnyng houndis, of cuppis sone thay kest
And ouer the clewis, and the holtis belike
The wylde beistis, doun to the dale thay dryue
Lo thare the rais, rynnyng swift as fyre
Dryuin from the hichtis, brekis out the swyre
Ane vthir part, syne zounder mycht thou se
The heirdys of hartis, wyth thare hedis hie
Quey sprynnerand, wyth swyft cours the plane hail
The hepe of dust, vpstourand at thare tale
Fleand the houndis, lewand the hie montanis
Æneas coutnes
And ascaneus the chyild, amyd the planis
Joyus and blyth, hys sterting stede to assay
Now makis his renk, zounder and now thys way
Now prekis furth by thir, and now by thame
Langing amang, faynt frayit beistis vntame
The kemy bare doun from the hillis hicht
Or the dun Lewin, descend recounter be mycht
Æ tempest raised by Juno.
In the mene quhile, the heuynnys all about
Wyth fellotun noyis, gan to rummyll and rout
Ane hub of tweddir, followit in the tale
Skalis thyr newis, est west, north, and south

Hir

hir cours anon, but langer tarying
Addres sche vnto Hyarbas kyng
with hyr sa wis, his mynd inflambing ās kyne
Pronoscand hym to wraith, and kelloun Ire
To Amon he was, son beget Alsua
Apoun the made, reuyst garamantida
within his rage realmes, huge and brade
Ane hundreth tempillis, to Jupiter he maid
Ane hundreth altaris, quhareon the walkrike kyne
He dedicat all times, Birnand schire
Set wachis in honour, of god perpetually
Of beystis blude, the fat ground neuer dry
Strowit with garlands, and flouris of dyuers kind
This ilke kyng, wod, wraith, halfe out of mynd
And for the schrewit rumouris, sore amouit
In presens of the goddis, quhilks he louit
Before the altare, to Jupiter as thay say
He vand vp handis, deuoitly thus can pray
Almighty Jouc, quod he quham to feil lyis
On brulit beddis, he feist and sacrifyis
Of Maurusia, the pepill hantis thus
Offering to the, the honour of bachus
Conslideris thou this, or quhidder father gif we
For nought the dredis, quhen thou lattis thunder fle
Or gif thi fyre flaught, the blind clouddis within
To fley our myndes in vane, makis noyis and dyn
Sone woman lait exile, and vacabound
Come to our boundis, that by pryce bocht the ground
Ane lytill byllage to byg, and quham to we
For to manur, gaif the strand of the se
Quham to our lawis, and statutis we gart mak
Our marage, gan lychtly and for sark
And in hir regne, has tane Enee for lord
And thou that secund Paris of ane, accord

Hyarbes oration to Jupyter.

with

With his vnwourthy fozt, skant half men bene
Aboue his hede, and halfkettis wele be sene
Set like ane myter, the foly troyane hart
His hare anoyntit, wele pzunzet vnder that
By reik mantemes hir, that suld ouers be
Because vnto, thy tempillis dayly we
Bzyngis offerandis, and in vane hallowis thy name
Quhil sic wourdis, king Hyarbas at hame
Makand his pzayeris, and grippand the alter
Him hard anone, almychty Jupiter
And his ene turnis, towart the riall wallis
Of cartage, and their luffaris, quhilk so fallis
At thay thare fame, and gude renoume fozzet
Syne thus sayd, to mercurius but let
And with sic maner, charge gan him direct

Iupiter sendys mercury to Eneas to exhozte hym to departfra carthage to Italye

Pas sone in hast, graith thy wyngis in effect
Slide with thy fedderom, to zone troyane pzince
Quhilk now in cartage, makis residence
Geuand na cure, of cieteis of Italie
To him I grantit, by fatall destany
Do bere my message, swiftlye throw the skyes
Say to hym thus, my wozdis on sic wyse
His derest moder, pzomyst vs not that he
Of his gyding, sa kaynt ane mane suld be
Noz foz sic causis, him delyuerit twyis
Furth of the grekis handis, his Enemys
Bot that he suld haue bene wyis, sage and graik,
Hie senzeozyis, and grete empire to haik
And Itale dant, quhilk bzandisis in battal
And by his dedis, declare and cleirly tell
Him cumin of tuetrus, hie genology
And to subdew, the warldis monarchy
Of sa grete thingis, thoch na wourschip him steris
Noz foz his honour lyst, not labour as efferis

yt than the fader, aucht na wise to inuy
That Alcaneus, bruke romys seniȝeory
Spere quhat he beildis, or how that he dar duel
Amang ane pepill, salbe his Inemyis fell
His linnage to cum, in Italy forȝetys he
And geuys na compt, of luyne the cuntre
Bid hym make sail, this is all in effect
Thidder in our message, thus we dizect
Said Jupiter, and mercury, but areist
Dressit to obey, his grete faders behest
And first vntill, his fete fast buklit he
His goldin wyngis, quhare with he dois fle
Quhen so him list, abone the fluds on hicht
And on the erd, with grete fard and swyft flycht
Syne tuke his wand, quhare with as that I tel
The paill saulis, he cauchis out of hell
And vthir sumt, tharewith gan sthete ful hot
Deip in the sorowfull, grisly hellis pot
Quharewith he makis folk sleipe, magre thare heid
And reifis fra vthir, all sleip and to the deid
Closis their ene, and brekis the stringis tua
Throw help tharof, he chasis the wyndis awa
And trubly cloudis, diuidis in ane thraw
Tho furth he fleis, tyl at the last he saw
The hie top and sydes, brade and euin
Of hard atlas, bering on his crown the heuin
The misty cloudis, his bede about
Quhareon of firren treis, stand mony rout
Wyth wynd and storme, full oft to sthaik and blaw
His schulderis beildit, with new fallin snaw
Furth of the chyn, of this ilk hasard auld
Grete fludis Isthis, and styf Ise schokillis cald
Doune from his sterne, and grisly berd hyngis
Here first mercure, with heuenly schynand and wingis

Gan arcist, and with hale karde krothens
Vnto the sey fludis, made his discens
Lyke till ane foule, that endlang the coist sydē
Abouit the strandis, of fyschē plenteous and wydē
Fleis by the wattir, strymmand the fludis law
Betuix the heuin and erd, the samyn wyse flaw.
Mercurie clepit, the child Cillineus
Discending from his moder, grantschir thus,
The sandy coistis, and desertis of liby
And eik the wynges, peirsyng by and by
And with the wyngit solis, of his feit
As he of cartage kyrst, tred on the strete
Eneas found and towris, he gan espy
And garrand bild, new lugeingis besely
Belt he was with, ane swerd of mettell brycht
Of Quham the skabert, of broun Jaspe was picht
His riche arrey, did ouer his schulders hyng
Bet on ane purpour claith, of tyre glitteryng
Fetuly stekit, with pryntyt goldin, thredis
Of mychty Didois gift, wrocht all bis wedis
Mercury recounteris him, and said anone
Of Cartage now, the proud wallis of stone
Thow foundis quod he and biggis, at all deuyse
Ane siete exercit, in ane wyffis seruice
Thy awin materis, and realme, forzetting allace
Hidder vnto the, from his bricht heuinly place
The gouernour of godis, has me sent
Quhilk rulis at wyl, erd, heuin, and element
He bad me throw the skyis bare, this charge
Quhat beilds thou here, in lybie or cartage
Or to quhat fine, or belene, takis on hand
To waist thy time, into this frenyit land
Gyf that na law, na honour moue the list
Of sa hie thinges, as are to the promyst

Mercurius oration to Eneas declyring him to obeye godd is cōmaūd and depart to Italy to the gret honur and profyt of hys posterite.

Nor

Noz thy ſelfin, thou wil not occupy
To purches thin awin, renowne ne glory
Sit than behald, Aſcaneus vp warin
And the grete hope of his ſede and of ſpryng
Quham till the realme, and kinrik of Itale
With romes boundis, bene deſtynate ſans fale
On ſic wyſe thus carpys mercurius
And in the myddys of his ſermond thus
He vanyſt fer away, I wat neuir quhare
Furth of this moztal ſycht in the ſchire are.

¶ Quhow Eneas hym grathis to depart
To quham Dido carpis here wyth ſare hart.

BOt than half mad and doun ſtude als
Up ſtert hys hare the voce ſtak in hys hals
Sare he langis to ſe, and to depart
And that ſueit cuntre on the tothir part
To leſt ful laith, was hym oz go at large
Aſtonyſt he was to ſit, ſo hie ane charge
Oz diſobey the gret goddis behelt
Allace quhat ſuld he do, vneis he wyſt
Oz with quhat wourdis, ſuld he now aſſay
The amouris quene, foz to require oz pray
Oz on quhat wyſe his tale he mycht begin
Baith to and fra, compaſing his breſt wythin
Ful purpois, foz euery part about
And at the laſt, thus as he ſtude in dout
This reſun hym ſemyt, fynely the beſt
He callis to him mnyſcheus, and ſergeſt
And ſtrang Cloanthus, and bad thay ſuld in hye
Do grathy his ſchippis, and nauin ſecretely
And gadder his folkis towart the coſt togidder
Armour and al thing neceſſare bryng thidder
And to diſſemmil, gif any aſkis quhy
Thay thus addreſſit, thare gere ſo ſuddanly

Wyſe men are oft tymes parturbet with affectionis of euil neuers theles thay gan place to reſon at the laſt

Him self he sayd, the mene quhile suld assay
To purches leif, to go and pas away
And wat his tyme to speik therof, maist habil
Quhen that the Quene Dido maist honorabil
Schuld not beleif, sa sone be couth depart
Nor sa gret luf, dissever be na art
At his command, thay al gladlye furth went
And besylie begoouth, spede his entent
Bot sone the quene, persaunt al thys slyche
Quhay may begile, ane luffare day or nycht
Thare departyng, at hand first sche aspyis
Dreding al soner thingis, as is the gise
Of euery luffare, al time to stand in fere
This ilk cursit fame, we spak of ere
Bare to the amouris quene, noyis and gan roune
The schips ar grathād, to pas thay mak thā boune
Quharfor impacient, and myndeles in hir rage
Sche wilkis wyld, throw the toun of Cartage
Sic wise, as quhen thir ilummys of bachus
Ruschis and relis, ouer bankis brayis and bus
Quhen euery thrid zere, on thare pagane wys
Thare goddis feist, thay hallow with loud cryis
That al the nicht, the mont of Cytherone
Resoundis of thare clamour, quhare thay gone
And at the last zit thys, of hir frewill
Efter lang musing, sche spak Eneas tyl

The furiousnes of loue noted

With dissimilance, wenyt thou vnfaithful wicht
Thou mycht haue hid fra me, sa fals ane slicht
And myne vnwitting, steile furth of my land
That nouthir our grete luf, promys, nor rycht hand
Geuin me tymquhile, may the here withhald
Nor cruell deith, of Didois cors so cald
Gif thou depart, and forthir quhat wald thou do
In wynter seson, preis graith thy naue to

The questes oration to Eneas desiring hym wyth syndry pyteful argumentis to remayn with hyr.

And

And the addres, to pas throu the boyd se
Wyd tyme, quhen stormes and wyndis blow ma ist hie
Art thou sa cruel, I put the cais alsso
That to nane vncouth landis, thou list go
Nouthir to frenmyt place, nor stedis wyl
Bot at auld troy, war zit vp standand stil
Aucht thou zit, than leik this weilfare and toy
And in sic perell, seik throw the sey to Troy
Quhat wyl thou fle, fra me allace allace
Be al theyr teris, trigland ouer my face
And be that richt hand, vmquhile thou me gaif
Sen to my self, not ellis left I haif
Now wretchit catiue, be our treuth plichting eik
And be our spousage, begynnyng I the beseik
Gif euir ony thanke, I deseruit toward the
Or ocht of myne, to the was leif, quod sche
Haue mercy of our lynnage, reddy to spil
Gif tyme remanis, zit thou here prayeris wil
Thys frenmit mynd, I pray zou do away
For the I haif bene hatit, this mony ane day
Wyth al the pepil of affrik, and with the king
That rulis the land of Mumyda, and ring
For the myne awin tirrianis, ar with me wraith
For the is womanhed, went and wourschyp baith
And my fyrst fame, laude and eik renownye
Quhar by I was raisyt, to the sternes hye
Reddy to de, and my selfyn to spil
Wy swete gest, quham to thou leyk me wyll
Wy gest ha god, quhen al thyng now in vane is
Quhen of my spous, nane vthir name remanys
Bot quharto suld I, my dede langer delay
Sal I abyde, quhill thou be went away
And quhil mi awin brothir, Pigmalioun
Bet doun the wallis, of mi ciete anone

Or sterne hyarbas, kyng of getulie
Leid me away, into captiuite
Bot at the leist, tofore thy way fleing
Had I ane child, consauit of thy ofspring
Gif I had ony, young Eneas small
Before me for to play, within my hall
Quhylk represent it, be similitude thy face
Than semyt I not, thus wyse allace allace
Sluterlie dissaut, or dissolate
Thus sayd the quene Dido, in febil estate
Bot apoun Jouis message, fermlye he
Stude musing so, he mouit not ane E
Refremit his wil, hidand in hart hys thocht
And at the last, thir few wordis has furth brocht

Eneas gentyll and humane answer to the quene schawing that he departs not be hys gud wyll but be the cõmand of god quhilk euery creatour schuld be all reason obey desyring hyr to bew cõtent thã kyng hyr for his kyndnes and gẽtylnes in his aduersytye.

O gentill quene, that sall I neuir deny
Thy gud dede, and desert is mare wourthy
That thou with wourdis, or young may exprime
Nor it sal neuir me irk, nor zit mistene
The wourthy Dido, to hald thy fresche memory
Sa lang as that my self, remember may I
Or quhill the spreit of lyfe, thys body steres
As the matir requiris, ane litill heris
I purposit me not, for to hide thistuisly
My vayage, nor as ze wene secretely
Away to steil, quhat nedis zou sa to fene
For I pretendit neuir, be na mene
Wyth zou to make, the bande of mariage
Nor in that zoik, na frendschip in Cartage
Zit come I neuir, bot gif the fatis but pleid
At my plesure, sufferit me like to leid
At my fre wil, my workis to modify
The iete of Troy, than first a gane suld I
Restore, and of our dere frendis remanis
Gaddir togiddir, and to the vincust troianis

Repare

Repare al with my handis, agane the wallis
And beild vp priamus palice, that now fallis.
Bot sen Apollo, clepit Cyneus
Grete Italie to seik, commandis vs
To Italie eik, Dracis of Licia
Amonist vs, but mare delay to ga
Thare is my lust, now and delyte at hand
Thair is my cuntre, and my native land
Gif the, of Cartage the burgh and towris sa
Quhilk art ane woman of phenicia
And the aspect of cicteis, affeicane
Delitis, and with haldis here to remane
Quhat wrang is it, caus of inuy, or schame
Thocht troianis seik, to Italie for thare hame
Or is it not, als lesum and ganand
That fynalie, we seik to vncouth land
Als oft as day is gane, and the dirk nycht
With hir donk schaddow, hydis of the erth the sicht
Als oft as shynyng sternes, dois vprysle
My faderis goist anchises, als oft syle
Into my slepe, manissis me therto kast
And als his ferful ymage, dois agast
And in like wyse, the child ascaneus
Quhais derc heid suffir iniuris, is hard to vs
Quhom of the realme of Italy, I defraude
And fra the ground, to him promist withhaude
Be athir of our hedis, this I swere
Now lastly, eik of goddis the messingere
From hie Iupiter, in hasty message sent
Doun throw the air, brocht the ilk commandment
On fare day lycht, myne awin selk did I se
Mercurie the god, entir in this ciete
And his wourdis, with thir same eris hard I
With thi complantis, ony langar for thy

Lat be to ver me, or thy ſelf to ſpill
Sen I ſeik not to Italie, with fre will.

¶ Of the ſcharp wourdis quene Dydo did a ſay
And how Eneas bownis fast away.

Quene didois inuectyf oration againſt Eneas/

DIdo aggreuit ay, quhil he his tale tald
Wyth atquart luke, gan toward him behald
Rollyng vmquhile hir ene, now here now thare
Wyth ſycht vnſtabill wauerand, ouer al quhare
And all enragit thir wordis, gan furth brade
Nouthir was ane goddes thy moder as is ſaid
Nor zit king Darnanus, cheif ſtok of thy kyn
Thow treules wicht, bot of ane cauld hard quhyn
The clekkit that horribil mont Cawcaſus hat
Thou ſchowkit neuir womannis breiſt, wele I wat
Bot of ſum cruell tygere, of Araby
The pawpis the foſterit, in the wod hircany
To quhat effect ſuld I him langar perſuade
Or quhat better may I beleue, than he has ſaid
Quhidder gif he murnit, quhen we wepit & walit
Quhidder gif he ſterit his ene, as ocht him alit
Quhidder gif he for reuch furth zet anis ane tere
Or of his luf had picte. Na not to zere
How ſal I begin quhat firſt, quhat laſt to ſay
Now nouthir greteſt Juno, wallaway
Nor Saturnus ſon, hie Jupiter with iuſt ene
Has our quarell conſiderit, na ouer ſene
For no quhar now faith, nor lawte is fund
I reſſaut him ſchip brokin, fra the ſey ground
Wikſum and miſterful, of al warldis thyng
Syne myndeles maid him, my fallow in this ring
His nauy loiſt reparellit I but fale
And his feris fred from the deith alhale
Allace enrageit or enchantit am I
Quhen now Appollo with his ſollorye

And

And quhilis he ſais the cauillis of Licia
And quhilis fra Jupiter, ſent doun alſua
The meſſingere of goddis bryngis throw the ſkyis
So ſereſul charge and command on thys wiſe
Lyke as the goddis aboue not cillis wrocht
Bot on thy paſſage, war al thare cure and thocht
Nouthyr wil I hald the, nor thy wordis contrare
Pas on thy way, towart Italie now fare
Seik throw the ſtudis, wyth wyndis to that ringe
Forſoith gif reuthful, goddis may ony thyng
Amyd thy way, I traiſt on rowkis blak
Thou ſal dere by, thy treuth thou to me brak
And clepe oft my rycht name, Dido Dido
wyth fyre infernale, in myne abſence alſo
I ſal the follow, and fra the cald dede
Reyf from my membrys, thys ſaul in euery ſtede
My goiſt ſal be preſent, the to aggriſe
Thou ſal vnwourthy wicht apoun thys wyſe
Be punyſt wele, and tharfor wald I here
The fame therof ſal cum vnto my ere
Under the erth amang the ſhaddois law
And thys ſpokin hir ſermond with the ilk ſaw
Brak ſche in twane, ful dolorus in hir thocht
The lycht ſche fled, and als faſt as ſche mocht
Turnis frawart hym, and wirkis of hys ſycht
On ſere materis leikand hym, penſike wycht
And purpoſyng to haue ſayd mony thyngis
The damyſellys faſt to thare lady thryngis
That was in dedly ſwoun plat for diſpare
Up thay hir hint, and to hir chalmer bare
Quhilk was of marbil wrocht and in hir bed
Laid ſoftlie doun apoun riche tapettis ſpred
Bot zit al thoch the reuthfull Eneas
The dolorus Quene, to meis ful beſy was

To do hir comfort, and hir diſeis to ſwage
Eneas lyk a wyſe and conſtant pryncebner cummis his affectyons with reſon And with his wourdis, returne hir ſayd curage
Bewaling meikill hir ſorow, and diſtres
Perplexit in mynd, be grete luk netheles
The command of the goddis, by and by
He executc, and beſyis his nauy
Than beſelie the troianis kel to wark
And mony grete ſchippis, ballingare and bark
Langis the coiſt brocht in, and bet ful wele
Now fletis the meikle hulk, with tallonit keile
The burgeonit treis, on burde thay bring for ariſ
Weltis doun in woddis grete, maiſtis and nathyng ſparis
Saulfing half vnwrocht, ſo ythand thay war fare boun
Rymyng here and thare, and wending faſt of toun
Ze mycht haue ſene, thaym haiſt like Emotis grete
Quhen thay depulze, the meikil bing of quhete
And in thare byik, it caryis al and ſum
Prouiding for the cauld wynter to cum
The blak ſwarme, ouer the feildis walkis zerne
Turſand throw the gers thair pray, to hiddillis derne
Sum on thare nek, the grete cornes vpwrelis
And ouer the furris, befely therwith ſpelis
Sum conſtreynyng the vtheris, faſt to wirk
And ſom the ſlouthful chaiſtis, that thocht Irk
Of thare labour, quhill euery rode and went
Wor of thare ythand werk hait, quhare thay went.

¶ How Dido ſend hir ſiſter Enee to pray
And the gryſly tyngnis dyd her affray.

QUhat thocht, thou now Dido, ſeand thir thyngis
How mony ſobbis, gaif thou and womentyngis
Quhen thou out of thy caſtell, from the hicht
The large coaſtis beheld, thus at one ſycht
Ouer ſpred with troianis, in ferueut beſines
Gan ſpedely, for thair viage addres

And

And of thair clamoure, befoze thyne ene did ſe
Dyn and reſoundyng, al the large ſee
O witles luf, quhat may be thocht oz do
That thou conſtrenis not, moztal myndis therto
Sche is compellit, to fal agane to teris
And Eneas aſſay, with new pzayeris
And condiſtend, hir hert foz to ſubmitt
Unto the ſtrench of luf, thus anys zit
Les ſche vnwer, but caus hir deith puruayit
Hir liſt na thyng, behynd leif vnaſſayit
Till hir ſche gan, hir ſiſter call in hy
Innas quod ſche, thou ſeis how be ſely
Ouer al the coiſt, foz this vyage hayiſt they
And how the wynd blawis wele, to ſale away
The maryneris glad, layis ſchippis vnder croys
O ſiſter in tyme, couth I haif trowit thys lois
And ſa grete dolour, I had pzouidit but were
That this diſpleſure, ſuld haue bene eith to bere
And neuertheles, foz me vnhappy wicht
Do this ane thing, Annas wyth al thy mycht
Sen zone ilk faithles man, dere ſiſter the
Was wount to cheris, and hald in grete deynte
And als his ſecretis vnto the reuele
His ſweit entres, ſum tyme thou knew ful wele
Nane but thou only the tyme of his cumming
Was on ſiſter in my name and thys ane thing
Sa lawlie to my pzoude fa, and declare
That in the pozte of aulida I neuer ſware
wyth the grekis the troianis to diſtroy
Noz I na uany ſend to the ſege of troy
Noz zit his fader Anchiſes graue ſchent
I nouthir the muldis noz banis therof rent
Quhy dois he refuſe my wourdis and pzayers
To lat entyz in hys dul vncredyb'e eris

Exclamacion of the ſtreagth of loue.

Dido is oratione to hyr ſyſter Annes to deſyre Eneas tormanis

Quhidder

Quhidder haistis he so fast, from his behuke
Beseik him grant, vntill his wretchit luke
This lattir reward, sen all gatis he wyl fle
Tary quhyll wind blaw, soft and stabyl se
His auld promyse, na mare wil I him craik
Nor band of wedlok, quhilks he hes dissaik
Nor zit him pray, go not tyll Italie
To leik fare realmes, vnto hym destanye
Ane lytil delay I aske, but vthir eis
Ane space my furour, to assuage and meis
Quhill that my frawart fortun, and estate
Of my beleif schaw me, I am frustate
And teich me for to murne, mare pacientlye
This lattir gift, at hym onlie aske I
Haue mercy sister, of thy sister dere
Quhilk seruice quhen thou done, has for owtin were
I sall the recompens, wele twenty fald
And quhill my dede the saimyn, in memor hald
Wyth sic like wordes, hir requeist scho maid
Hir supplicatioun with teris, ful vnglaid
Reportis hir syster, and answere brocht agane
How al hir prayeris, and desyre was in vane
For al thare weping, nycht not anis stere
Nane of thir wordes, likis him to here
Thoch he of nature was tretabyl, and courtes
The fatis war contrare, thare desyre neuer theles
And his bening eris, the goddis dittit
That of thare asking, thare was not admittit
And like as quhen, the ayeient aik tre
Wyth his big schank, be north wynd oft we se
Is ouerset to bete him doun, and ouerthraw
Now here now thare, with the fell blastes blaw
The southand bir, quhilland amang the granis
So that the hiest branches, all attanis

Thare

Thare croppis bowis, towert the erth als tyte
Quhen with the dynt the maister, stok schank is smyte
And nethelis the ilk tre, first fast
Stikkis to the rochis not doun, bet with the blast
For quhy als fer, as his crop hie on bryde
Strekis in the arc, as fer is rote dois spryde
Deip vnder erth, towert the hell adoun
The saimyn wyse, was this gentil baroun
Now here now thare, with wordis vmbiset
And his stout breist, full of thochtes hate
Of reuth and amouris, full of perturbance
Bot euer his mynd, stude ferme for any chance
Unmouit quhare, hys first purpos was set
That all for nocht, the teris war furth yet
Than soiftlie, the fare dido all affrait
Seand fatis contrare efter, her deith prayit
Sho tuk it of hir lyfe, or to tak tent
For to behald, the heuynnys firmament
Tharfor in takin hir purpos, to fulfyll
And leif the licht of lyfe, as was hir wyll
As on the altaris, birnand full of sence
The sacrifice scho offerit, in hir presens
Ane grisly thing to tell scho gan behald
In blak adill the hallowit watter cald
Changit in the altare, furth yet wynis gude
Onon returnit, in to laithlie blude
Thys visioun to nane, scho reuele wald
Nor zit to due, hir sister it tald
In wourschip eik within, hir palice zet
Of hir first husband, was ane tempill bet
Of marbill, and hald in ful grete reuerence
With snaw quhite bendis, carpettis and ensence
And festuall burgeouns, arrayit in thare gyse
Tharin was hard, vocis speche and cryes

Dido falling in dispare sek is occasione to slāy hir self

Of hir said spous, clepand hir full loude
Euer quhen the dirk nycht, did the erde schroude
And oft with wyld scryke, the nycht oule
Hie on the rufe allane, was hard zoule
Wyth langsum bole, and ane full pietuous bere
And eik began, the fere full sawis sere
Of the diuinis, with terribyl mony singis
Affrayit hyr by mony, grisly styngis
And in hir sleip wod, waich in euery place
Hyr tempt cruell Eneas, can hir chace
And euir hyr thocht, scho was left all allane
And but cumpany mony, fer waye had gane
To seik hyr folkis, in ane wylsume land
Lyke kyng Pentheus, in his wod rage dotard
Thocht he beheld grete routis, stand in flare
Of the Eumynides, furies infernale
And in the lift tua sonnys, schinand clere
The ciete of thebes, can double to him appere
Or like Orestes son, of agamemnone
On theatris, in fartis mony one
Rowpit and singin, how he his modir sled
Wyth fyre brandis, and blak serpentis ouercled
And saw the furyis, and grisly goddis fede
Stirand in the tempil porte, to wrayk hyr dede

How Dydo quene hyr purpoys to conuert
Of enchauntment Dyd conterfete the art:

THus quhen Dydo, had caucht thys frenesy
Quer set with sorow, and syr fantasy
And determyt fermly, that scho wald de
The tyme quhen, and maner how it suld be
Compassyng in hyr breist, but mair abade
Unto hyr dolorus, syster thus scho sayd
Hyr purpois by hyr bylage, dissumland
Schawing by hyr chere, gude hope and glaid semblant

Syster

Sister germane, quod sche away your smart
Be of your sisteris, weilfare glaid in hert
I haue the way kindin, quharby zone sprit
Sall be to me rendrit at my desire
Or me deliuer, from his luk all fre
Nere by the end, of the grete occiane se
Thare as the son declinis, and gois doun
At the fyrde kide, of Ethiope regioun
Ane place thare is, quhare that the huge atlas
On schuldris tollis, the round spere in compas
Full of thir lemand sternes, as we se
Thare duellis sister, as it is schewin to me
Ane haly nun, ane full grete prophetes
Born of the pepill, of massilyne Iges
And wardane of the riall tempil, thay sa
Set in the garding, hecht hesperis
And to the walkryf, dragoun mete gaik sche
That keping, the goldyn appillis in the tre
Slepand to him the wak hony swete
And sleperye chesbowe, sede to walkin his sprite
This woman hechtis, with hir enchantmentis
From luffis bandis to lous all thare ententis
Quham so hir list, and bynd vther sum also
In langsum amouris, vehement pane and wo
The rynnyng fludis thare wattir stop gan scho mak
And eik the sternes, turne thar cours abak
And on the nycht, the dede gaistis assembil
Under thy feit the erd rair, and trymbil
Thou mocht se throw hir, Incantatioun
And from the hillis treis discending doun
To witnes the grete goddis, draw I heire
And thy suet hede myne awin sister dere
Agane my will full sare, constrant am I
Art magik to exercie or sorcery

The quenis first obiection to hyr syster in going to death.

Rycht ſecretely, in to our inner cloiſ
Vnder the oppin ſky, to this purpoiſ
Pas on, and of treis, thou mak ane bing
To be ane fyre, and thayr apoun the hing
Zone mannis ſwerd, quhilk that wickkit wicht
Left ſtikand in our chalmer, this hender nycht
His cott armour, and vthir clething all
And eik that maiſt wretchit, bed conjugall
Quhar in I perſchit, and was ſchent allace
For ſo the religionis, commandit hace
For to vndo, and diſtroy all maner thing
Quhilk may zone warnit man, to memor bring
This ſad ſche, held hir toung and thare withall
Hyr vyſage vor als pale, as ony wall
Thocht Anna wenit not, hir ſiſter wald
Graith ſacrifice, for hir dede body cald
Nor that ſic fury, war in hir breiſt conſaut
For by na reſſoun, dred ſcho nor parſaut
No more diſpleſoure, nor harmes apperand
Than for Sicheus dede, hir firſt huſband
Tharfore ſcho has, hir command done ilk dele
Bot quhen the grete bing, was vpbeildit wele
Of aik, treis, and fyren ſchydis dry
Wythin the ſecrete cloys vnder the ſky
The place wyth flourys, and garlandis ſtentys the quene
And crounys about, wyth funeral bewys grene
Aboue the mowe, the forſaid bed was maid
Quharin the fygure, of Enee ſcho layd
Hys clething, and his ſwerd that he had left
Remembring weil, the thing that followit eft
Feyl terys ſtude, about the fyre funeral
And the religious nun, with har deun ſkatl
Thre hundreth goddis with hir mouth roppt ſche
Herbus the griſlye of the depp hellis ſe

Chaos

Chaos, confoundare, of elementes all sua
and the thrynfald goddes, proserpina
The thre fyguris, of the birgine Dione
And euer the wattir strinkillis scho anone
Counterfete to be of, Auernus the well
Quhilk loth is situate, at the mouth of hell
Spryngand herbis, eftir the cours of the mone
War socht and with brasin, hukis cuttit sone
To gett hare quylky sop, and vennom blak
They seik also, and out can rent and tak
The lomp betuix, the new born follis Ene
And fra the moder, bereft the luk sa grene
The quene hir self, fast by the altare standis
Haldand the melder, in hyr deuote handis
Hyr ta kute bare and the bandis, of threde
Not fellmyng, bot hung by hyr lous wede
And remembring scho was, in point to de
The goddis, all vnto witnes drew sche
The sternes and planetis, gidaris of fatis
And gif thare ony deit, be that watis
Or persauis luffaris, mequale of behest
To haue in memor hir, iust caus and request

Quhat sorow Dreis quene Dydo all the nycht
And how Mercurie bad eneas tak the flycht.

THe nicht follows, and euery wery wicht
Throw out the erd has, taucht anone richt
The sound plesand slepe, thame likit best
Woddis and regeand seis, war at rest
And the sternes that myd courss, rollis doun
Al the feilds still of hir, but noyis or soun
All beistes and bryddis, of diuersis cullours sere
And quhat sumeuer, in the brade lochis were
Or amang busk is harsk, leyndis vnder the spray
Throw michtis seilene, slepit quhare thay lay

A discripci on of time.

Musing thare bely thocht, and curis smert
All irksum labour forzet, and out of hert
But the vnrestles fey spozte, did nocht so
Of this vnhappy Ænitillane, Dido
For neuer mare, may scho sleip ane wink
Nor nichtis rest, in ene, nor bzeist lat sink
The heuy thochtis, multiplyis euer on ane
Skang luf begynnis, to rise and rage agane
The felloun stormes, of ire gan hyr to schaik
Thus finalie, scho out bzadis allaik
Rolling allane, sere thingis in hir thocht
Ha quhat do I, quod scho all is for nocht

A deliberacyō quhedder the quene shal follow the troyans or ma hir self.

Sall I thus mokkit, and to hething dzriue
My first luuaris agane, assay belriue
Or sall I lawly, sum lord numydiane
Pzay and beseik, of mariage now agane
Quham I sa oft lichtlyit, to spous or this
Nay wil I not, quhat sall I than I wis
Follow the trotane nauy, in strange landis
And reddily obey, all thare commandis
I hope it sall pzoffit, na lytil thyng
My grete help done thame, suppowelling
For amang kynd folkis, this is na dzede
Weil is remembzit, the auld thankful dede
But thocht in cais, to do this war my wil
Quha wald me suffir, my purpois to fulfil
Or inthare proude schippis, me resaue
Thus dreuing to hething, and all thy grace bihaue
Tynt woman allace, beris thou not zit in mynd
The manswering, of fals Leamedonis kynd
And mareattour, quhat ettill for to do
Ane quene allane, to steil away thus so
Accompanyed, bot with mery marineris
Or than, with all my tirriants as efferis

And

And all my power, allemblit me about
Our schypburd entyr, with all that huge rout
Quhylk of Sydome, skarsly drauw I mycht
Sal I thame cache, agane ouer seyis lycht
Byd tham mak sail anone, and ane new rays
Na rather de, as thou deseruit has
And wyth ane swerd, mak of this dule ane end
O syster germane, thou me fyrst taucht and kend
Allace the quhyle, and offerit me to my foo
Thou wyth thyr harmes, ouer chargit me also
Quhen I fell fyrst into this rage, quod sche
Bot so to do, my teris constrenyt the
Was it not lefull allace, but cumpany
To me but cryme, allane in chalmer to ly
Our leid my lyfe, like to thir beistis wylde
And not bene thus, wyth thochtis our harmes fylde
Allace vnkepit is, the trew couenand
Hecht to Sythens, ost syis my first husband
Sic grete complantis, from hir breist birst can
Bot Eneas, couer to depart our than
And all his nedeful thingis, graithit by and by
Heich in his est schyp, slepand sound can ly
Quham to in visioun, the samyn, god did appere
In sic lyke figure, as that he did ere
Unto Mercurius, like in all fassoun
Bayth cullor of visage, and of vocis soun
In forme of ane zoungkere, with membris fare
Pleisand of chere, zallow glitterand hare
Him thocht agane, he monist on this wise
Son of the goddis, how is this here thou lyis
Quhat may thou, vnder sa grete danger slepe
And al forquayit, takis nothyr cure nor keip
For to behald, quhat perellis about the standis
Nor harknis, the fare wyndis blawis of landis

Schō

Scho(quham thou knawis within hir breist full hate)
Sorroufull vengeance, compassis and dissate
And certanly,determyt for to de
In diuerse stouris of ire,brandissis sche
Quhy will thou not,fle spedely by nycht
Quhen for to haue,thou has lasere and mycht
Thou sall anone behald the seyis large
And vmbeset,with toppit schip and barge
The ferefull brandis,and blessis of hate fyre
Reddy to birn,thy schippis lemand schire
And all the coist,be line of flambis stald
Gif auqill to morow,tary in this land thou wald
Haue done,sped hand,and mak na mare delay
Variabil and changeabill thinges,bene women ay
And sayand thus,in to the dirk nycht
He gan him hide,and vanist out of sight
Eneas of this hailly,visioun afrayit
Gan stert on fute,and fast his feris assayit
Awalk anone,get vp my men in hy
Tyte to your wardis,span airis besely
Schaik doun the salis,sone and let vs wend
From the hie he uin,the god agane is send
Lo spurrand vs,to haist and fle away
And biddis smyte,the twyne cabill in tway
O blisfit wicht,quhat god that euer thou be
We sall obey,thy charge and follow the
And thy commaindment,fullfill agane blythlie
Besekand the,assist till vs freindlie
Help and support,with prosper influence
The heuin and streames,dres our vrage hens
And with that word,his scherand swerd als tyte
Vent out of scheith,the cabill in tua gan smyte
Thy samin maner,of haist,taucht all the latek
Thay hurle away ankeris,vphynt and raik

Mercurius apperys to Enee in hys slepe

Left

Left the coistis desert, of athir sydis
The stabill sey, vnder the schippis sidis
The stoure of kame, vpwelt thay egirly
And swepis ouer, the haw flude in hy

¶ How quene Dido/ beheldc Enee depart
And quhat scho sade/ with harmes at hyr hart.

BE thys auroza, leuand the purpour bed
Of hir lozd Tyton, heich the erd ouer spzed
With new dates licht, and quhen the quene
The first greking, of the day has sene
And fra hir hie windois, gan espy
With bent sail, carpand furth the nauy
The coistis and the schoze, all desolat
Behaldis eik, but outher schip oz bate
Hir face quhite bzeist, thare as scho did stand
Fele times smat scho, with hir awin hand
And ryffand hir bzicht haris, pietuously
Jupiter (quod scho) sall he depart ha fy
And lefull till, ane wauyngour straungere
We and my realme, betrumpe on thes mancre
Sall not my menze, to harnes ryn in hy
Ouer all the town, and follow besely
Spede tak zour schippis, on burd fast to the rade
Haist sone and cast, on thame fire and blasis bzade
Schute dartis thik, & quhel tham, with zour glauis
Quhat said I, oz how am I now thou rauis
Quhat wodnes fey dido, mouis thy mynd
Sa till haif done, than had bene mare ganand
Quhen thou him gaif, the scepture of thy land
Ha now behald, his gretc pzoues quod sche
His reuthfull picte, and hart is not zone he
Quham as thay say, the goddis of his land
In his nauy carus, ouer sey and sand

Dido seyng Eneas departis fallys in a fury & makis a inuectyf oratioun to Jupyter & gainst the troyans.

Is

Is not zone he, quham on h's schulderis thay say
For reuth his agit fader, bare away
Wycht I not caucht, and rent in pecis his corce
Syne swak the gobbettis, in the sey by korce
Of him, and al his fallowis wil I mocht
And eik zone sone Ascaneus, I mycht nocht
Haue trynschit, with ane swerd and maid ane mais
To his fader therok, to eit at deis
Forsouth in cais, the auenture of battall
Had bene doutsum, wald god it war assale
Quham sall I drede, now reddy for to de
Wald god I mycht, in zone nauy I se
The hait fyre brandis, set on euery bore
Fil all with flambis rede, and forthermore
Bayth fader and son, with hale generatioun
That I had brynt, dystroyit and brytnyt doun
And thaym aboue, syne dede my self had lade
And thou bricht son, that with thy bemes glaid
All erdly laubour, clengis circuland about
And thou Juno, mediatrice but dout
Of al thir heuy thochtis, and wele thair knawis
And thou proserpyne, quhilk by our gentil lawis
Art rowpit hie, and zellit loude by nycht
In korkit wayis, with mony mudy wicht
And ze infernale furies, that wrekis al wrang
And ze goddis eik, quham now amang
Dido standis reddy, to cum in point to de
Bellaue thir wordis, quhilkis I sall say quod sche
Withdraw fra hyne, zour grete mychtis quharby
Sichtwis aucht be punyst, for thair crimes I not I
And thair our prayeris, accept, we zou beseik
Gif it be necessare, and determyt eik
Zone wikkit hede, in portis of Itale
To enter and cum, or to thy boundis sall

And

And gif the fatis and Ioue, will it be so
And has decretit finallie hidder go
zit at the last, thare mot he be assale
with hardy pepill, ay trublyt in battale
Wy force of armes expellit his boundis eik
Fer from Alcaneus, constrenit, I beseik
Helpe and supple, and als that he be hald
Fele tarfful cozis, of his folkis dede and cald
And quhen allo, him self submittit has he
Under pece and lawis of iniquite
That he bruke nowthir realme, noz gud life lede
Bot fall fey oz his day, and sone be dede
And ly vnerdit, in the middis of the sandis
This I beseik zou, hafand vp my handis
Thys is my latttir wourd, that I conclude
Furth zettand it, togiddir with my blude
And fozther moze, O ze my tirrianis
Quhilk now in affrik, and cartage remanis
zone Clan, with thare succession, and kynrede
Persew with hautrent, perpetual and inuaide
Unto my asking, grant zit, this ane gift quod sche
Neuer luf, noz peace, betuix ther pepil be
Of our leuingis, sum reuengeare mot spring
With fyre, and swerd, to persew and doun thring
The labouraris, discend from dardanus
Now fra thynefurth, all that succedis to vs
Quhen thay may fynd tyme, with strenth and mycht
Battall to battall, mot thay debait in fycht
Thir coistis mot be to tharis, contrar ay
And to thare stremes, oz seyis frawart I pray
Thare of spring eik, amang thaym selfe mot debait
Thus said sche, and with thir wozdis godwat
Hir fent spzete, in al partis withis sche
Sekand the way, als sone as it mycht be

Foz

Foꝛ to bereif hir ſelf, the irkſum lyfe
Tho callis ſcho to hir, Barten belif
Nuris vmquhile to Sychey, hir huſband
Foꝛ hir awin nuris, in hir natyue land
Was beryit in to aſſis, bꝛoun oꝛ than
Dere nuris (quod ſcho) my ſyſter An
Bid hir in haiſt, with water of ane ſtude
Hir body ſtrynkill, the beiſtis and the blude
And clengeing greth, ſcho knawis with hir bꝛinge
Se on this wiſe, ſche can foꝛzet nething
And thou thy ſelf, thy halfkettis eik array
With haly garland, will is to aſſay
And now perfoꝛme, the ſacrifice on hy
That vnto Pluto, deuly begun haue I
To mak ane ende, of my dolloꝛus thochtis all
And birnzone troianis ſtatew, in ſtambe funerall
Thus ſaid Dido, and the tothir with that
Hicht in furth with ſlaw, paſe lik ane trat

Here followis of the famus quene Dido
The fatale dint of deithis moꝛtall wo

BOt now the haiſty, egir, and wild dido
In to hir cruell purpois, enragit ſo
The bludy ene, rolling in hir hede
Wan and full pale, foꝛ fere of the nere ded
With chekit, freklit, and all with teris by ſpꝛent
Quaking thꝛow dꝛede, ruſch it furth oꝛ ſcho wald ſtent
Into the inner wardis, of hir place
As wod woman, clam on the bing a lace
And foꝛth ſcho dꝛew, the troiane ſwerd fute hate
Ane wappen, was nen it wꝛoth foꝛ ſic ane nate
Als ſone as ſcho behold Eneas clething
And eik the bed bekend, ane quhile weping
Scho muſing in hir mynd, and ſyne but bade
Fel in the bed, and thir laſtwꝛdis ſaid

O fueit habit and likand, bed quod ſche
Sa lang as god l: ſt ſuffir, and deſtanye
Reſſaue my blude, and this ſaule that on flochtis
And me delyuer, from thyr heup thochtis
This lang I leuit haue, and now is ſpent
The terme of lyf, that fortoun has me lent
For now my grete goiſt, vnder the erd mon go
Ane riche fare ceite, haue I beild alſo
Myne awin werk, and wallis behald haue I
My ſpous wrokin, of my brother ennemy
Fra him be bereft his treaſour, and quit him wele
Happy allace, ouer happy and ful of ſele
Had I bene enlye, gif that neuir nane
Atour coiſt had arriuit, ſchip troiane
And layand this, hir mouth, faſt thriſtis ſche
Doun in the bed vnwrokin, ſall we de
De vs behuffis ſcho ſaid, and how behald
And gan the ſcharpe ſwerd, to hir breiſt vp'hald
Sa thus thus likis vs ſterue, and to depart
And with that wourd, draue hir ſelf to the hart
Now lat zone cruell troiane ſwelly and ſe
This our funerall fyre, fra the deip ſe
And our deith turs, with hym fra cartage
This takin of myſcheif, in his vayage
Quod ſcho, & tharewith gan hir ſerwandis behald
Hir falling, and ſtikkit on the Irne cald
The blude out bullerand, on the nakit ſwerd
Hir handis furth ſpr̃t, the clamour than and rerd
Went to the toppis, of the large hallis
The noyis ran wyde out, ouer the ciete wallis
Smate all the toun, with lamentabill murnyng
Of greting gouling, and wifflie womenting
The ruffis did reſound bray, and rare
Quhil huge bewalling, all fordynnyt the are

The queenes laſt oracyon afore hir deth rehersing the articles ſche had done in hyr lyfe tyme.

Name vthir wise, than thocht takin and doun bet
Wear all cartage, and with Inmemyis ouer set
Or than ther nattue ciete, the toune of tyre
In furious flambe kendlit, and birnand schire
Spreddand fra thak, to thak, baith but and ben
Als wele ouer tempillis, as houſis of vthir men
Hir ſiſter An, ſpretles almaiſt for drede
Herand ſa kereful confluens hidder ſpede
With nalis rywand reuthfully hir face
And ſmytand, with neiffis hir breiſt allace
Faſt ruſchit throw the myddis of the rout
And on ther thrawand with mony ſpreith and ſchout
Callis be name ſiſter, germane quod ſcho
Och was this it, thou kenzeit the to do
Has thou attemptit me with ſic diſſait
This bing of treis, thir altaris and fyris haite
Is this the thing, thay haif vnto me dicht
Quhat ſall I firſt compleyne, now deſolate wicht

Anna la-mentis hyr ſiſters death. O dere ſiſter, quhen thou was redy to de
Ach quhy has thou ſa fer diſpiſit me
As to refuſe thy ſiſter, with the to wend
Thou ſuld haif callit me to the, ſampyn end
That the ilk ſorow, the ſampyn ſwerd baith tum
And the ſelf houre, mycht haif tane bim awa
This funerall fyre with thir handis bigat I
And wyth my voce did on our goddis here cry
To that effect, as cruell to be abſent
Thou beand thus ſa dulefully here ſchent
Siſter allace, with my counſell haif I
The and my ſelf and pepill of Sydony
The heris all, and eik thy fare ciete
Diſtroyit and vndone for ay quod ſche
Fethe hidder ſone the well watir lew warme
To weſche hir woundis and hald, hir in my arme

Syne

Syne with my mouth, at I may souk and se
Gif spyce of lyfe, left in hir body be
This sayand scho the bing, ascendis anone
And gan embrace half, dede hir sister germane
Culzeand in hir bosum, and murnand ay
And with hir wympil, wypit the blude away
And scho agane Dido, the dedly quene
Preistit for to vplift hir, heuy Ene
Bot therof fallis, for the grisly wound
Deip in hir breist gapis wide, and vnsound
Thrys scho hir self rarit vp to ryse
Thrys on hir elbok lenys, and als feile syis
Scho fallis bakwart, in the bed agane
With ene rolland, and twinkland vp full fane
Allayis scho to espie, the heuinnys licht
Syne murmuris, quhen scho therof gat ane sicht
Almychty Juno, hauand reuth by this
Of hir lang sorow, and tarysum dede I wys
Hir maide Iris, from the heuin has send
The thrawand saull, to lous, and make ane ende
Of all the Iuncturis, and lethis of hir cors
Because that nouthir, of fatis throw the fors
Nor sit be naturale, dede perischit sche
Bot fey in hatrit, furour inflammyt hie
Before hir day, had onuysye hir self spilt
Or that proserpyne, the zallow haris gilt
From hir fortop bireft, or doublit hir hede
Vnto the stigean, hellis flude of dede
Tharfore dewy Iris, throw the heuyn
With hir saffrone wingis, flaw full euin
Drawand quhar scho, went forgane the sonne cleire
Ane thousand cullouris, of diuers hewis seire
And abouc Dedois, hede ar it can
I am commandit said scho, and I man

Vndo

Unto this hare, to Pluto consecrate
And lous the saul out of this mortall state
This sayand with richt hand, has scho hynt
The hare and cuttis in tua or that scho stynt
And thare with all, the naturale hete out quent
And with ane pust of end, the lyke furth went

Finis.

The Prologue of the fyft buk.

GLade is the grouid, the tendir flurist grene
Birdes the bewis, and thir schewis schene
The wery huntar, to fynd his happy pray
The falconere riche ryuir, vnto fleyne
The clerk reiolys, his bukis ouer to seyne
The luffar to behald, his lady gay
Young folke thame schortis, with gam solace & play
Quhat mayst delitis, or lykis euery wycht
Thareto steris thare curage, day and nicht

Knichtis delitis, to assay sterand stedis
Wantoun galland, to trale in sumptuos wedis
Ladyis delyris, to behald and be sene
Quha wald be thrifty, curtiouris sais he wredis
Sum pleasanet takis, in romains, that he redis
And sum has lust, to that was neuer sene
How many hedis, als feil conseitis bene
Twa appetitis vneith, concordis with vthir
This likis the perchance, and not thy brothir.

Pleasance and ioye, rycht halesum and perfyte is
As the wyse man tharof, in prouerbe writis
Ane blith sprete, makis grene and flurist age

Wyne

Wyne auctor eik, in bukcollikis endyties
The 30ung infant, first with lauchter delitis
To know his moder, quhen he is litil page
Quha lauchis not, quod he in thare barnage
Genyus the god delitis not, thare tabil
Nor Iuno thaym to kepe, in bed is abil.

The hie wisdome, and maist profound engyne
Of myne auctor virgil, Poiet deuyne
To comprehend, makis me almaist forway
So crafty wrocht his werkis, lyne be lyne
Tharon aucht na man, ik complene nor quhyrne
For quhy he altaris, his stile sa mony way
Now dryde, now stryke, now luk, now wo, now play
Langeir in murnyng, now in melody
To satisfy, ilk wichtis fantesy.

Like as he had, of euery thyng ane keile
And the willis, of euery wicht did keile
And tharto eik, so wyislie writis he
Twiching the profeit, of the commoun wele
His sawis bene ful, of sentence euery deile
Or moral doctrine, that men suld vicis fle
Bot gif he be not ioyus, now lat se
For quho so list lere, gladsum gamis lere
Ful mony mery abaitmentis, follewis here.

Now herkynnys sportis, and mery plais
Ful gudely pastance, and mony sundry wayis
Endit be virgil, and here be me translate
Quhilk William Cartoun, knew neuir al his dayis
For as I said to fore, that man for vayis
His febill pois, bene mank and mutulate
Bot my propyne, come fra the pres kutehate

Unkorlatit not Jawyn, fra toun to toun
In freſche ſapoure, new from the bery roun

Bachus of gladnes, and funeral proſerpyne
And godd:s of triumphe, clepit victorie
Sall J zou call, as zour name war deuyne
Na nait ſufficith of zou, ful ſmal memorie
J bid nowthir zour turmentis, na zour glorie
Bot be quhilk may, vs glaid perpetually
To bring vs til his blis, on hun J cry

Sen erdly pleſoure, endis oft with ſorow we ſe
As in this buke, nane examplis we want
Lord our Protectour, to al traiſtis in the
But quham na thyng, is worthy nor puſſant
To vs thy grace, and als grete mercy grant
So kor to wend, by temporal blythnes
That our eternale Joy, be not the les.

Finis.

The fyfte Boke of Eneados.

¶ Enee fra cartage ſalis/and how belife
He wyth the tempeſt was in Cecile dryfe.

IN the mene tyme, quhill tho gan Eneas hald
Sourly his cours throw the gray fludis cald
His nauy with northwyndis ſcherand the ſeyis
Towart Cartage, he gan behald and ſeis
Be than the wallis lemand bricht and ſchire
Of the vnhappy Didois, funerall fyre
Qu ha had this grete fyre maid, and to quhat end
Thay meruellit kor the cauſis, war vnkend
Bot by the ſorowful taiknynyng not the les
The troianis in thare breiſtis, tuke ane ges
Quharfore it was, kor well wiſt Eneas

In violate luke, quhat strenth of dolour was
And knew allo, quhat thingis mycht be contrukit
By women in kury rage, that stratly luffit
Bot fra the schippis, held the depe se
That now na mare sycht, of the land thay se
Sauf heum aboue, and studis all about
Ane wattry cloud, blak and dirk but dout
Gan ouer thare hedis, appere ful richt
And doun ane tempest, set als dirk as nycht
The streme wox vgsum, of the dyn sky
Palynurus the maister gaik ane cry
From the est castell heich, as thare he stude
Quharfoze allace, sa mony cloudis ouerrude
Quod he belappit, has the heuynnys lo
Fader Neptune, quhat etlis thou to do
This being said, commandis he euery kere
Do red thare takillis, and stand hard by thare gere
And wichtlie als, thare airis vp thay haile
Him self infangis, the le schete of the saile.
And eftir said, maist curageous Enee
Al thocht our helpare grete, Joue wald hecht it me
I traist not with this wedder, to wyn Itale
The wynd is contrare brayand in ouer bak sale
Hard in our berde vpblawand wounder sare
And al with bubbis, vmbeset is the are
Noz we may not striue, noz inforce sa fast
Agane the stozme, bot stouter is the blast
And sen that foztoun, maisteris vs therfoze
Lat vs follow theron, and ryn befoze
Quhiddir that the wynd callis vs set sale
Not fer hens as that, I beleif sans fale
The freyndlie brotherly, coistes of Eritis
And sour poztis of Cicil bene I wys
Gif I remember, the meithis of sterues wel

The grete dolour of venis whē loue is vio lated.

A schippe manes ost stos

It is no wisdom to fecht agay ast foztune

Tho quod reuthfyl Eneas, fa haue I fele
I faw lang fyne, the wyndis ettil that way
And the in bane, agane thaym ſtriue, perfay
Tyte turne zour ſalis, and ſet thidder zour went
Thare is na land mare, likand to myne entent
Noꝛ quhare me liſt, ſo weil and profitabil
Our wery folkis, to reſting and eſtabill
Than in that cuntre, quharin dois remane
Ful dere to me acceſtes, of blude troiane
And in his boundis, derreſt attoure the laid
My faderis banis, enbzacis laid in graid
This beand ſaid, towart the poꝛt thay ſteuyn
The followand wind blew, ſtrek thare ſaile furth euin
Faſt ouer the wallis, fludis the nauy
And in ſchoꝛte quhile, arriuit ar blythly
At the coiſtis, and ſtrandis weil bekend
Bot on the hie top, of ane hil aſcend
Acceſtes gan behald, and had grete wounder
And to the coiſt als feirs, as ony thunder
Tomeit his frendis ſchippis, did he ſpede
Ane bere ſkin of affrik, aboue his wede
Ful gryme of luke, with dartis kene and rude
His moder troiane, of Crymeſus the flude
Conſaunt hym, and bare as it is ſayd
Not foꝛzettin his auld kin', blyith and glaid
Of thare returne was hye, and merely
Tham welcummand, reſſaunt by and by
Gaif thaym of rurale, meit with glaide ſemlance
And cheriſit thaym, with frendly puruiance

EEreas in Cecyle but langare tary
Made foꝛ hys fader the ſeruice anniuerſary

THe nixt moꝛow als ſone, as the bzycht day
The ſon bpriſand chaſit, the ſternes away
Eneas gan, fra euery coiſt about

Hys

His kolkis all assembyll in ane rout
Syne spak thir wourdis, on ane knollis hicht
O ze my troyane pepill, stout and wycht
Discend from wourthy Dardanus, the kyng
And of the hie goddis, riall of spryng
The son has run his hale cours circulare
His monethis tuelf, and the tyme anniuersare
Sen that the reliquis, and bones in fere
Of my diuyne fader, we erdit here
And eik the dolozus, altaris consecrate
Les than I be dissauit, wele I wat
This is the day, that euermare sall I
Weyne and regret, and all tyme reuerently
In wourschip kepe, and with grete honour hald
For so it plesit zou goddis, and so ze wald
za thocht I war wilsum, and banyst this day,
Amang the sey sand, of getubay
Or zit with stozme, ouerset in the greik se
Or in the ciete of myce, happinnit to be
Netheles suld I seruice, anniuersare
And exequies with solempnit pompe and fare
Deulie perfozme, and with myne awin handis
Wozne the altare, with thare iust offerandis
Now as I wene, oz we parsauit the chance
Not but the mychtis, of goddis and puruiance
Unto the assis, and the bones dere
Of my said fader beue, we carryit here
Enteriti n the frendly poztis, and arryue
Tharfoze haue done, and lat vs all beliue
Perfozme thys honour, blythly as efferis
Aske prosper wyndis, and beseik euery zeris
That my fader wald, eftir this resaue
This sacrifice quhil e, I beginnyng haue
Wythin our ciete, that we mon beild god wate

Eneas oys cion to his followes.

In thay tempillis vnto him dedicate
Aceftes cummine of troy, for his wourfchip
Twa oxin fal 3ou gif for euery fchip
Our penates and troiane goddis for thy
Bring furth hidder, vnto the mantzy
Do feche me eik, thay goddis to his coift
Quhilk is wourfchippit, ar by aceftes our hoift
And furthirmoze, gif that the nynte day
Rife fare and clere, with his bricht mozow gay
And gan his bemes, ouer the erth fpzede
First fall Jozdand f[illegible] my troianis in dede
Quha has the fwifteft, fchippis of our nauy
With al thare fozce, to ftryfe for the maiftry
And eik quha beft, on fute can ryn lat fe
To preif his pith, or werkill, and bere the gre
Or dartis caft, or beft can fchute arrowis licht
Or like ane duchty compioun, in to fyacht
With buftuous baftoun, darren ftryfe or maig
Lat euery man addzes him, to this place
And make him reddy agan, the famyn day
For till optene, and bere the pzice away
Inherd herto ilk man, richt fauorably
And do 3our hedis, with frefche bewis array
And fayand this, he gan his temptis tuay
Couir with myrthus, that is his moderis tre
The famyn wife, did grete Helenus perde
Richt fo him felf, king aceftus the auld
Rycht fo the child, afcaneus fo bald
Quhom followis al the laif, in like manere
The Prince Enee, from the counfel in fere
With mony thoufandis, walking hym about
Went to the tumbe, amyd the theikeft rout
Quhare firft eftir thare pagen ryte and gyfe
Twa flaikkouns, ful of wyne in facrifice

A diuifion of the gaymes pzoponed.

Apoun the erd he zet, and vther tuane
Ful of new mylkit mylk, and syne agane
Tua full of hate blude, was of the offerandis
And purpour floures, strowis with his handis
Syne said hale haly fader, hale agane
Ze allis cauld, reflauit all in vane
Umquhile contenit, my faderis saul and goist
Alace was it not lefull thou vnleist
The boundis of Italie, with the and fatale landis
For to haue socht, and eik vnto the strandis
Of tiber in ausonia, quhare euer it be
Arriuit sound, in fallowschip with the
Skaris sayd hethus, quhen of the holl graue law
Ane great eddir slidand, can furth thraw
In seuen loupis linkit, and times seuin
Circulit the tumbe, about sueitly and euin
And glidand syne amang, the altaris anone
Of flekkit sprutillis, all hir bak schone
As goldin mailzeis, hir skalis glitterand brycht
Like to the rane bow, amangis cloudis licht
Draw and alwayis, forgane the son clere
Ane thousand collouris, of diuers hewis fere
Eneas of the sycht abasit, sum deile
Bot sche, at the last, with lang hard fare and wele
Crepis amang the veschell, and coupis all
The drink and eik, the offerandis grete and small
Suokis and likis, syne ful the altaris last
And but mare harme, in the graif enterit est
Quharfor Enee, begouth agane renew
His faderis hie saul, queinth for he not knew
Quhidder this was genius, the god of that stede
Or the seruand, of the faderis dede
Fyue twinteris, britnyt he as was the gyis
And als mony swine, and tydy qwyis

¶ Wonderus appearyng of a serpent.

xxvth

wyth hydis blak, and in to cowpis fyne
In grete plente, set furth the hallowit wyne
Rowpand the saul of grete anchyles gone
And his goist fled, fro in the fluide Acherone
Hys feris eik euery man in thare degre
Of sic thyng as thay myght get plente
Blythlie thare offerandis, addrez to inbryng
Chargis the altaris, and bryttys stirkis fyng
Sum vthir perordour, caldrounis gan vplet
And skatterit endlangis, the grene the coilis het
Under the spetis, swakkis the roste in threte
The raw spaldis ordanit, for the mulde mete.

Of the gammys prorlampyng/and the play Auhais first dereyne kour schippis vpd assay.

CUmmyng be this, was the desyrit day
The nynte morow, vpsprungis fresche and gay
And Pheton can his faderis thare furth dryfe
The fame of this triumphe, can spreide belyfe
That for worschip of anteistes thare kyng
All folkis enuiroun, did to the roiftis thryng
Gladly occupiand al the strandis abeut
Sum to behald, Eneas court and rout
And sum also to strife, for the maistry
At the begynnyng, the wageouris, by and by
And the rewardis, in myddil of the feild
Before thare ene, war set that all beheild
The gilt tristis, and the grene tre
The Laurere crounis, for the pryce and gre
With palmes sliene, in takin of victorye
Fare armouris of triumphe and mych glorye
The robbis fyne of Purpoure richely dicht
Sere talentis eik, of gold and siluer bricht
Thare wyth the trumpet blew, as bene the gyse
Ipoun ane hicht, declaris and notifyis

Rewardis proponit to the victouris

The

The gammys, to be exercit that day
With airis quhare the bargan gan assay
Foure galayis, first cholin of al the flote
The swift pistris, with spedy rouch fute hote
Furth steris the sterne, Munestheus anane
Quhilk efter become ane Lord Italiane
Of quhais of spring, and genologye
The pepill ar discend clepit menny
The bustuous barge, yclepit Thymera
Gias wyth kellounkard, furth bycht altua
Sa huge of birth, ane ciete sempt sche
Quham ane grete nowmer of zing troiane menze
In thynkald ordoure, causis furth to glyde
The airis rollis, thre rawis on athir syde
The thrid schip yclepit centaurus
Furth haldis, with patroun sergestus
Quham fra the kamil, come hate sergia
The soure se schip, tho namyt Stilla
Cloanthus gydis, eftir quham zit syne
In Rome the people, bene callit Claentyne
Wele ner from thens, standis ane roche in the se
Forgane the fomy schore, and coistis hie
Quhilk sum tyme, with the boldimād wallis quhite
Is by the Jawpe, of fludis couerit quyte
Quhen the south est wynd, in the winter tyde
Gan wyth his stormy cloudis, the sternys hide
As in the calme, or loune weddir is sene
Abone the fludis hie, ane fare Flame grene
Ane stādyng place, quhar skartis with thare beikis
Forgane the son gladly, thaym pruneis & bekis
In this place stikkit hiech, the prince Enee
Ane mark or wattir of ane grene aik tre
In ferme and takin, vnto the marinaris
Quharfor to turne agane, as thaym efferis

And

And set about thare lang cours thay mycht knāw
By cuttis and peroydour, al on raw
Thare place, thay chesit at the coistis bay
The patrouns, in the est castell fresche and gay
Stude al in gold, and purpour schynand bricht
The remanent of the rowaris, euery wicht
In popill tre branchis, dycht at poynt
With spaldis nakit, schene of oile anoint
Apoun thare setes, and coistis al atanys
Thare placis hint, arrayit for the nanys
Wyth armes reddy atoure, thare airis laid
Abidis liftand, the takin to behald
Thare hartis on flocht, tuptin with schame sum dele
Bot glaid and toly, in hope for to do wele
Ralis in thare breistis, desyre of the renowme
Syne but delay, at the first trumpis soune
From thare marchis, attanis furth thay spreint
Upsprang the clamour, and the rerd furth went
Hie in the skyis, of mony marinare
The komy stoure of seyis, rays thare and here
Throw fers bak drauchtis, of kene gardis square
Thay seuth the fludis, that seuthand quhar thay fare
In sunder slidis, ouer welkit eik with airis
Fra thare forestammes, the bullir brayis a rarinis
Neuir sa forcely, in feild nor in barrere
The double zokkit cartis, in fere of were
Or for triumphe, furth of thare stabillis can rusche
Nor neuer so thyck, with mony lasche and dusche
The cartaris swate thare horis kast in tene
Wyth renzeis slakit, and sweate droppand bedene
For throw the gild and rerd, of men sa zeild
And egirnes of thare fryndis thaym beheld
Schoutand row fast, al the woddis resoundis
Endlang the coistis the bois and the soundis

Rollis

Rollis inclusit, quhil the meikle hillis
Bemes agane, hit with the bzute so schil is
Impd the pzeis, thus as the rerd vpwent
Before the lauk Gias schip furth spzent
Ouer sidand wallis, croppis beselie
Quhom Cloantus, kolowis nixt on hye
Ware sle in routh, thoch sum dele slaw was sche
Foz that hir hal was, of sa heuy tre
And eftir thaym eluke, furth in euin space
Pistres and centaure, straik foz the first place
And now has pistres the fozdel, and syne in hye
The big centaure, hir werris, and slippis by
Now glaid thay bayth, togidder furth in front
Southand salt fame, with thare lang kelis blont.

Cxit how the schip pis strivis on the se
Of thair nyse vais, and quha than wan the gre.

WIth this thai gã toward the meith approche
And war almoist cumin vnto the roche
Quhẽ that the patroun, gias amid the flude
Weiryng him self, victoz, thare as he stude
Callis on his skeriſman, hecht menate by name
quhiddir gois thou so on skereburde, fy foz schame
Frawart me thou haldis set thy cours unermoze
Seik hard on burd endland, fast by the schoze
And suffir that the palmes of our airis
Hirsil on the crag almaist ilk routh and waris
Lat the vtheris hald furth, the deip sey large
quod Gias bot Menethes, foz his barge
Of the hid rokkis, blynd sum dele efferit
Towart the depe studis, hir steuin thay sterit
quhare dyismale, wil thou now can gyas cry
Hald to the crag agane, menet fast by
And therwith lo Cloanthus, he did behald
Hard at his tale, that gan the nere way hald

Foz

For rycht betuix the Rolk, and the gyas schyp
On bawburd fast, the inner way he lete slip
And wan before the formest schip in hy
Now is he past the wattir, and rollis by
The roche, and haldis sourly throw the se
Bot than god wate, quhat pane in hert can dre
The zounge Gyas him thocht, al brint his bayis
The wattir brist from bayth his ene attanis
Forzet was wourschip, and his honeste thare
Forzet was of hys falousschip, the wele fare
The antient treuth, of meneyt forzettis he
And swakkit ouer schipburd, in the se
Him self as skippare, hynt the stere on hand
Him self as maister, gan marynaris command
And threw the rudder, to the contis syde
Be than the auld meneyt, ouer schipburd slyde
Heup and all hys weide, sowpit with seyis
Ockars from the wattir ground, vpboltit he is
Syne swymmand held, vnto the craggis hicht
Sat on the dry rolk, and him self gan dycht
The troianis lauchis fast seand h m fall
And him behaldand, fra ym, thay keklit all
Bot maist thay making gam, and grete riot
To se him spout salt wattir, of his throt
He first gude hope arrais to the tua last
That is to knaw, mynestheus, and sergest
Gyas schip thare by, to ouer cum wemyng
That tarys sum dele for lak of gude stering
Tho sergest, gan the first place occupy
With schip approcheand, towart the roche in hy
And netheles hale, before wan sche nocht
Bot thrang hir forschip, formest as sche mocht
So that pristis, hir werrour al the way
Hir forrestam, by hir myd schip haldis ay

Than

Than rowmyng to and fra, his schip ouer al
Mynyscheus gan his feris, exhort and cal
Now now ze valze and feris, of wourthy hector
haile stoutlie vp zour airis think on zour gloz
Think how the lattir, rewyne of troy zou J
haue walit and brocht, with me in cumpany
Now schaw that strenth, now schaw that hie curaze
Quhilk on the schaldis, of affrik in stormes rage
ze dyd exerce, and the ilk forze J wys
ze schew betuix scilla, and caribdis
Quhare that Jonium, clepit is the se
And als forgaue, the stif stremes of male
As to the first place, now bid J not to craik
Al thoche J be mynescheus, wont to haue it
Nor J bid not to striffe, and wyne the gre
How beit wald god, it war ane gloze to se
Do lat thaym bruke, the mastry and the pryce
Quham to Neptune, list grant at his deuyse
Bot grete lak, war for to returne al thare last
Dere frendis defend zou, fra that cankert cast
And do ouerset, sa schamefull hard myschance
with al thare forze, than at the bterance
Thay pingil airis, vp to bend and hale
with sa strang rouchis apoun athir wale
The mychty carnel, schuddernit at euery streike
Doun swakand fludis, vndir, hir brade bilge of aike
So clappis the breith, in breistis with mony pant
Quhil in thare dry throttis, the end wourth skant
And swete doun trigis, in stremes ouer al quhare
Betid ane chance, that ilk tyme fell tham fare
And grantit thaym, that honour thay desirit
For as sergest with fers mynd, al inflyt
Turnit his steuin towart the rolk ouer nere
Vntyl ane wikkit place, his schip did stere

Menelcus exhortacion.

Quhyl

Vthir on the blynd craggis, mylcheuuslye
Fast stikkis scho, choppand hard quhynnis in hye
And on the scharp skellyis, to hir wanhap
Smate with sic kard, the airis in slendris lap
Hyr forschyp hang, and sum dele schorit throw out
The marinaris stert to giddir, with ane schout
Cryand bide how, and with lang bolmes of tre
Wykit with irn, and scharp roddis he, and he
Inforsis oft, to schowin the schip to saik
And brokin airis gaddirit, on the streme thay haue
Now quha was blith, bot mnistheus full sore
Quhilk for his chance, mare egirly than before
Wyth swift kard of airis, and wynd at wyll
The reddy way, held ouer the fludis schill
And frakkis fast, throw out the opin see
Als swyft as the dow, affrayit dois fle
Furth of hir holl, and richt derne wynyng wane
Quhare hir sueit nest, is holkit in the stane
So feirsly in the feildis, furth scho springis
Quhill of hyr kard, the hous rigging ringis
And sone eftir, scherand the lownyt are
Doun from the hicht discendis, soft and kare
Not bissy wyngit, bot playand celye
So saild mynistheus, throw the sey in hy
Sa followis pistris, was langeyr al thare last
Wyth felloun kard, furth swepand also fast
And first Sergest, behynd sone left was he
Wreland on skellyis, and vndersppis of the se
Wyth brokin airis, lerand to haist agane
And cryand help, bot that was al in vane
Syne gyas schyp, the felloun chimera
Persewis he fast, quhilk gart hym place alsua
For sche was spulzett, of hyr sterisman
Thare restis nane bot, Cloanthus than

Quham

A comparitō

Quham fynalie to perſew he addreſt
And pingillis hir, vnto the vttermeſt
The noyis and bruit, tho doublis loud on hycht
For on the coiſtis ſyde, faſt euery wycht
Spurris the perſewaris, to role beſcly
Set on him now, haue at him thare thay cry
That huge clamour, fordynnyt all the are
The formeſt thocht, thare awin wourſchip ſa fare
And had diſcoane, bot thay thare honour ſaik
To bruke it, quhilk ſo hard wynning thay haik
Or thay thar lawde ſuld lois, or baſſillage
Thay had fer lewar, haik, leſt thare like in wage
The ſauorabyll forfoun, and thare happy chance
So gan the breiſtis, of the vtheris awance
Thame thocht, thay mocht haik wyn with labour licht
Becauis it ſempt to thame, that ſo thay micht
And paraventure, with equale ſteupnnys atanis
The price thay ſuld, haue baith taucht for the nanys
War not Cloanthus, in the fludis cald
Wyth deuote prayers, bayth his handis gan hald
And on the goddis quhais fludis Iryne throw
Beyng in danger, and perril to help now
Under zour empyre, reuling the large ſe
I ſall gladlie, on this coiſt ſyde quod he
Ane quhite bull offir, in zour ſacrifice
So I my wou, may bruke and wyn the prize
The entrellis eik, fer in the fludis brake
In zour reuerence, I ſall ſlyng and ſwake
And zet tharin, the ſueit liquoure of wyne
And be his wordis, warren brought to ſyne
Law fra the boddum, of the ſeyis depe
His prayeris war accept, tharto tuke kepe
The nymphes all, cleped nereides
And thay that followis, phorcus al the preis
The maid alſo, quhilk panopea hate

Cloā thus
dration to
the ſee god
dys.

The

The fader of heuinnis potitunus, al the gate
With his byg hand, schot the schip furth hir went
That swyfter than the south wynd, on scho sprent
Or as an fleand arrow, to land glade
And in the depe porte, enterit but a bade.

How Eneas vnto the maryneris
Gayf euery man thare rewarde as efferis

ANchises son Eneas, than full wyse
Callis tham afor him al, as was the gise
And wyth ane herald loude, voce gan declare
Cloanthus victor was, and on his hare
Gart set ane crowin, was of the laurere grene
And bad vnto thare schippis, bere bedene.
Thre young Orin, vnto euery barge
Presentis of wyne, and of syluer ane charge
Bot principaly to the capitanis, he gayf
Honorabyl rewardis, as tham efferit to hayf
To the victor ane mantil, brusit with gold
Wyth purpour saluage, writhing mony fold
And all byrunning, and loupit lustelie
As rynnis the flude, meander in the sfale
Quharon was weyff, in subtell goldin thredis
Kyng tropus son, the fare ganymedis
Under the thyk wod, bewis of Ida
The swyft hartis, chasand to and fra
And with his dartis, baldly tham can bete
He semyt porturit, pantand for the hete
Quhaw with ane furis, swiftly Iouis squyare
Claucht in hyr clewis, and bare vp in the are
The eldare huntaris, and his keparis than
Clappand thare luffis, and thar handis, ilk man
Sare awounderit, gan the sternes Ibehald
For houndis squest, it semyt the lift ryffewald
Unto hym syne Eneas, gewin has

That

That his vertw wan, the ſecund place
Ane habirgeoun, of birniſt mailzeis bricht
wyth gold ouergilt, clowit thrinfald ful richt
Quhilk he ſum time, with his ſtrang handis tua
Tirut and rent, of bald demolea
Quhan vnder troyis, wallis vincuſt he
Quhare ſymois rinnis, ſwiftlie in the ſee
This wirſchipfull gift to myneſtheus he gaif
That was his beild in armes, him to ſaif
Sa paſand was this cote, that ſcharſly mycht
Phegeus and Sagaris, tua ſeruandis wicht
Bere on thare nek, chargit many fold
Bot thatwith cled demoleo ryn faſt wold
Chaſand the troianis, ſkatterit fer on brede
The thrid gift ſine Eneas, gaif in deid
Tua grete caldronus, of bras forgit hote
Tua ſiluer coppis, ſchapin like ane bote
Punſit full weill, and with figuris engraif
And thus thar giftis, gottin all thay haif
Apoun ſic wyſe, full proude of thare reward
Ilk ane of thaime furth pranſand like a laird
Arrayit wele the templis of thare hede
with purpour garlandis, of the roſis rede
Quhã from the ſcharp rolk ſkairſlie with grete flicht
Sergeſtus gan vpwreile, his ſchip euil dicht
Of brokin airis, febilly with ane raw
Mokkit and ſchent ſcho, cummis hame full flaw
Like as oft happinnis, the eddir amed the way
Lurcand or glidand, in the hote ſomeris day
Quham the heuy ſchod cart, quheil dois ouertak
Preſſand hir doun, and riſſand hir teuch bak
Or with ſmart dynt, or ſtane caſt, half dede nare
Or cut in tua leuis, the trauellere
Sche preſſand, fle all for nocht beſelye

Tebpar ll5
of ab 25se

Lang wynkis makis, oft with hir body
The to part feirs and fell, with birnand ene
Strekand hir nek, with hillis loude in tene
The tothyr part lamed clynschis, and makis hir byde
In loupis thrawin, and lynkis of hir hyde
With siclyke routh, this schip sla wlie furth went
Syne maid sale at the last, and ther with bent
Enteris in the haum, and Sergest Encas
Rewardis wele, as that his promys was
For glaid he was, the schip, was sayf vnloist
And brocht his ferris, hale thairth to the coist.
To him ane seruand woman, hait Pholoe
Was gif, and soukand hir, hir thrynnys tua
Of trete as to hir kynrent, borne was sche
And in craft of weuing, wonder sle

¶ In this nixt chepture followis here
The futemennis renkis and rewardis fere.

GEntill Enee, this sport endit and done
Dntill ane fare plane, grene, pallit sone
Quhilk was mutround, all with hillis hie
Schaddowit with woddis, rank and mony ane tre
Amyd the wall, in manere of cirkyll round
Ane plaing place, was markit on the ground
Sic, as that clepit bene ane theatry
Togidder he thare, with mony thousand can hy
And eutn amydwart, in his trone grete
For him arrayit, takin has his sete
Quhare with rewardis fere, he did prouoke
The grene curage, and myndis of young foke
Sic as likit, swiftlie on fute to ryn
Cum bere the price away, and wage oure wyn
Ane vthir halk, than gaddris he about
Of troianis samyn, and sicilianis ane rout
And first come Nisus, and the fresche, Eurilly

The secod game for futmens cynnyng.

Eurialus in grene zouth, and luk fylly
Waist eligant of persoun, for quhays frendschip
And tendirnes, come Nisus in fallowschip
Quhom followis nixt, nobyl diores the gude
Cummyng of the stok of nobyl, Priamus blude
And eftir him, thare followis sone anone
Twa vthiris samyn, Salyus and Patrone
Of quham the tane, borne of Epiria
And the tothir was, of Archadia
Cummyn of the blude, of Tigia that ciete
Twa vthir zoung men, syne of Cicille
Helimus, and Panopes, bayth feris
Vnto the kyng Acestus, auld of zeris
Hantit to ryn in woddis, and in schawis
Sere vthir come eik, quhais name vnknaw is
For that thay war of law, state and degre
Amyddis of thame, al thus said Enee
Tak tent frendis, remember quhat I say
Mark this in mindis, gladly and bere away
Neuir ane of al this, fallouschip (quod he)
Schal vnrewardit, hyne depart fra me
I sall zou geiffin, ilk man as efferis
With bricht hedis, wrocht in crete, twa scharp speris
Ane siluerit ax also, to bere in hand
For zou all equale, sall be sic preisand
The thre formest, sall bere the prise and gre
Thare heds crounit, with grene olyue tre
Quha cummis fyrst, and bricht our the lak
Ane hors with precious, harnessyng sall hak
The secund ane arrow case, of amasoun
Full of arrowis of trace, sall haue anon
Richt swiftly on thare rasis, can thay tak
The stand thay leik, and flaw furth with ane crak
As wyndis blast, ettland to the renkis end

Eneas, oration promisyng his tropās rewardis

Befoze thame al furth, boltis with ane bend
Nisus ane fer way, ſtert mare ſpedely
Than thud of weddir, oz thundir in the ſky
Nixt vnto him bot not, nere be fer way
Follawis ſalius, and ane ſpace eftir tham tway
Eurialus was the third, quham ſine in fere
Followit Helinus, quham to followit euer nere
Dioxes quhidderand, at his bak fute hate
His tayis choppand, on his hele all the gate
Writhād with his ſchulder, to haue thzung him by
And had he anis won, mare roume tho in hy
He ſuld ful ſone haik, ſkippit furth befoze
And lef in dout, quha come fiꝛſt to the ſkoze
Be this thay wan, nere to the renkis end
Irkit ſum dele, befoze the mark wele kend
Quhen that Nisus, fallis vnhappely
Apoun the glouit blude, quhar as laſt by
The ſtirkis, foz the ſacrifyce per caſe
War newly bzytnit, quhareof all the place
And the grene gres, bedewit was and wet
As this zoungkere, hereon tred and fute ſet
Joly and blyith, wening him bytour round
He ſlaid and ſtummerit, on the ſliddzy ground
And fell at erd, grufelingis amid the fen
Oz beiſtis blude of ſacrifyce, zit then
Fozzettis he not Eurialus, luf perfay
Bot keſt him euin, ouerthoztoure ſalius way
Grufling as he micht, apoun the ſliddry grene
Waid him licht windſlaucht on the ground vncleue
Furth ſpzent Eurialus, foxmeſt and by ſupple
Of his freynd Nisus, the firſt place wan he
With rerde and kauzabyl halſingis, furth he ſpzang
As oft befallis ſic times, commouns amang
Helinus nixt vnto the ſtand, is cummiꝛ

The

The thrid place, now and gre, Dioz has wounnyng
Tho salius fillis, al the court about
With loude rampyngis, and with many ane schout
And gan the presence, of the nobillis pray
Restore his honour by dillate, stollin away
Thr fauour defendis, Curyalus of his feris
And of his bysting, euethe semely teris
Sched for disdane, he sald sa lois his price
The bertue mare gracius, at all deuyse
Was haldin that come, of sa semely personn
That helpit meikle, and Dioxes euir anon
Chides for him fast, for als meikle as he
The thryd place, had wonnyng and the gre
Bot all for not, may the last price beleif
Gif that to Salyus, the fyrst reward beis geif
Than the reuchful Eneas, spak and said
Zour interpryce, childring beis bliithe and glaid
Remants sour, to zon for out of were
As fyrst was set the pryce, sall no man stere
It mouit be to me lefull, reuch to haue
Of my freyndis, myschance hislak ot saue
Quhilk on his awin defalt, tynt not the gre
And sayand thus, to salyus gayf he
Ane bustuous, Lyoun skin of gritulye
With goldin clewis, lokkerit and wechty
Ha than quod Nisus, gif sic reward salbe
Geuin vnto thame that fallis, and tynis the gre
Gyf the left rew on syt, quhat gift condigne
Will thou gif Nisus, can swyft in ane ling
And wourthy was, the fyrst croun to haue caucht
War not the sampn, myschoztoun me ouer raucht
Quhilk salyus betid, and with that wourd
His face he schew, besmottrit for ane bourde
And all his membris, in mude and dung bedoyt

That leuch that riall prince, on him to gois
And bad do fethe, ane riche scheild wrocht quently
Sum tyme by ane, Didymane maist crafty
And by the grekis also, doun was ding
Of neptunus tempill post, quhare at did hing
This wourthy young man, with that gift souerane
Rewardis he, ak sic gere as mycht gane.

¶ Of the twa kempis schuld striue in the preis.
The bustuous Eutellus / and darhetis.

EFter thir rasis done, and giftis geue
Now cummis here sais Enee, quha list preue
To streik thare armes furth, and heys on hicht
For mais or burdoun, arrayit wele at rycht
Quha has thereto, reddy baid sprete lat se
For athir partie, the price ordaint has he
For the victour, and all his hede
Of goldin schakeris, and ros garlandis rede
Buskit full well to him, vincust alsua
Ane riche helme, and ane fyne swerd baytht tua
Set for his solace, than but delay darhes
With bustuous fors, schew his face in the preis
As he vpstert amone grete rumoure rais
Amang the commouns sayand, lo quhare he gais
Allane was wount agane paris debait
Sone sam is he, quhat the tumb kute hate
Quhare hertit, was Hectour of maist renowme
The campioun Butes ouercome, and bet doune
All flat himspeldit, on the dun sand
And in the dede thrawis, quhilk butes to vnderstand
Fra belzuty come, of stature huge and rude
And him auancit of king Amytus blude
This ilk Darhes berand, his hede on hie
Reddy for batall schew furth, that all mycht se
His schulderis brade, and swakkis here and thare
His armes straucht, and with grete flappis in the are

The third game of wrasling be armes.

Ane vthir matche to him, was locht and sperit
Bot thare was nane, of all the rout that stern
Na durst presume, mete that man on the land
With mate or burdoun, to debate hand for hand
Joly and glaid therof, baith all and sum
In to bargane wenyn it, for to ouercum
Before Eneas feit stude, but delay
The bull he grippis, be the hornys tua
With his left hand, and said apoun this wyse
Son of the goddes, gif na man will ryse
Ne dar him self, auenture in batail
Quhy stand I thus, how langer keris me duell
Command me leid away, the price all fre
The Troians with him sammyn, he and he
Murmerit and bempt, on the like wyse
Rais to the man the price, promyst all cryise
Tho gan the graue Acest, with wordes chide
Eutellus sat on the grene sonk, him besyde
Eutell quod he vmquhile, the forriest
Of campioums clepit, and the wourthiest
In bane that name, thou beris I dare say
Gif thou sa thoilmude, sufferis leve away
Sa grete ane price, but derene of batell
Quhare is he now, grete Our as they tel
Our ged renownit and maister all for nocht
Quhare now that fame, ouer all Cecill on flocht
Quhillum diuulgate is becum, and gane
Quhare ben the spulze, triumphale mony ane
Within thy hous hingis on euery post
The tothir answerd, nouthir for drede nor boist
The luf of wourschip, nor honoure went away is
Bot certanly the dasit blude, now on dayis
Waxis dolf and dull, throw myne vnwildy age
The cald body has inymyst my curage

Bot war I now,as vmquhile it has bene
zing as zone wantoun weistare so strang thay wene
ze had I now,sic zouthed traistis me
But ony pryce,I suld all reddy be
Na lusty bul,me til Induce suld lede
For nouthir I suld haue traut,wage nor mede
Quhen this was said,he was but mare abade
Tua kempis burdonus brocht,and be fore thayme laid
Wyth al thare harnes,and braseris by and by
Of wecht ful huge,and scharpe vnmesurably
Quharewith vmquhile,the sterne Erix was wount
To fecht in bargane,and gif mony dount
In that hard bellan,his brawnis to embrace
Al wor astonyst,behald thaym in that place
So huge wecht,and so huge quantite
Thay wer that weil,thair sempyt for to be
Of corbuize corsyn,seuin grete ox hydis
Stif as ane burd,that stud on athir sydis
Stuffit and couchit,full of Irne and lede
Aboue all vtheris,dartheis in that stede
Tham to behald,abasit wor gretumly
Thar with to mel,refusing alutterly
Bot full of magnanymyte,Eneas
Hasis thare wecht,als lichtlie as an kas
Thare hidduos brasaris swakkand to and fro
Sik wourdis gan the auld,reherssing tho
Quhat wald he haik said,that perchance had he
Hercules burdoun,and wappins here quod he
And on this Ilk coist,the sorowfull bargane
Thir sammyn wappynnys,Erix thy brothir germane
Was wount to bere,behald thame smottin quite
Of his rede blude,and harnys theron out smyte
Wyth thir agane,grete hercules sude he
Wyththir I was wount,to mache in the melle

Quhill

Quhil my freſche blude, mare force and ſtrenth me lent
Or that vnfrendlye eild, has thus by ſpent
My hede and halffettis, baith with canus hare
Bot gif that troiane darbes, refuſis thare
with thir our cuntre wappinnis, in feld to pas
And eik it likis, the curtes Eneas
So that alceſt, my ſouerane that appreue
Be not efferd, darbes, na thing the grewe
Our maris, to the on ſyde dyd lay
And now thy troiane, burdoun alſo do
with equale wappynnys, lat vs go to ſone
And with that word, of his ſhulderis has done
His doubill habit, and his lymys ſquare
Baith big bones, and brawnis made al bare
Syne ſtiflie in the ſand, vpſtandis he
Of hiddious ſtature, and of quantite.

¶ The bargane of the kempis curagious
The keirs darbes/and ſtalwert Eutellus.

THe prince Anchiſes ſon, Eneas than
Tua cuinly burdouns, walis, as commoun man
And equale armour, but diuerſite
On ſhulderis, and thar gardyis buklit hie
And athir gan contrare, vthir ſtith ſtand
with fingeris faſt, fakand thare mace in hand
Syne hie aboue thare hedis, in the are
Vnabaſitlie raſit, thare armies ſquare
And from the ſtrake, thare nek drew far abak
Now hand to hand, the dynt lichtis with ane ſwak
Now bendis he vp, his burdoun with ane mynt
On ſyde he bradis, for to eſchew the dynt
He ettlis 3ounder, his awantage to tak
He metis him thare, and charris him with ane chak
He watis to ſpy, and ſtrikis in his micht
The tothir keppis him, on his burdoun wicht

Ane ſtrange bergane betuix twa valzeand men.

That

Thay koyn at vther, and eggis to bergane
Lichter on kute, and agyll was the tane
And in his lusty zouth, sum dele enduris
The tother of limmis, by zger a corps mare skureis
Bot his feint schankis, gan for eild skraik
Ys gotsly coist, and membris euery straik
The feble breich, gan to bet and blaw
Thir hardy kempis, all in waist let draw
Athir to vthir, mony rutis grete
On hale kydis, feill double dintes gan bete
And on thare breistis, lichtis with huge sound
Oft in the are, about thare hedis round
Thare handis wauerit, and thare handis went mys
Hard hakkettis clappit, oft vnder the dynt I wis
Eutellus standis stiff, and graue of cors
Not mouing from his first stand, in a fors
And with his body onlie, and walkrife
The strakis on fer, enchewis and keppis he
Bot darches walkis about, rycht craftelie
Of his first purpois frustrate, to espye
Sum avantage, with diuers assaltis algate
Him vmbeset, and sare him handland hate
Lyke as be the grete en zmis, quha sa wald
Ane strang ciete assaile, or stalwart hald
To wyn that strenth, or zit by crassis sle
To mynd the castell, on the rochis hie
Lurkand in harnes, wachis round about
Now is to cum, now by that way gan lout
Quhare best he may cum, to his purpois sone
Twisand wele the place, maist oportune
Eutellus rasis him, and hewis on hicht
Ys richt hand, for to smyte in all his micht
The tothir seand, he dint cum gan prouyde
To eschew swftlie, and sone lap on syde

That

That al his force, entellus can apply
Into the are so, that his graue body
Al him allane, with huge wecht and fare
Ruschit flatlingis, to the ground with ane rare
So as quhilom, the mekil tosche fir tre
On Erymanthus, the mont of archade
Or in the wod of Ida, with ane sound
Up by the rutis rent, ruschis to the ground
The zoumeris the, of troy and Sicilly
Gan stertin al, on fut deliuerly
The clamoure rais, quhil al the heuin did ring
And fyrst to hym, than Acestes the kyng
And for compassioun, has vphynt in feild
His freynd Eutellus, vnto him euin held
Bot nowthit astonist, nor abasit hereon
Raze egirly, the baitze ant champion
Agane to bargane, went als hate as fyre
His strenthis now, in resetis al of Ire
For schame also, and for that wele he knew
His auld prewes, his force doublit and grewe
And ardently with furie, and mekle boist
Gan darches catche, and dryue ouer al the coist
Now with the richthand, now with the left hand he
Doublis dyntis, and but abade did fle
That nowthir rest, nor quiet may he tak
Als fast as rane schoure, appis on the thak
So thik with strakis, this campioun maister strang
With athir hand, fele syis at darches dang
And draif hun to and fra, with mony rout
The prince Eneas, than seand this dout
No langar suffir wald, sic wraith procede
Nor feirs Eutellus Ayude, thus rage and spriede
Bot of the bargane, maid end but delay
And wery darches, has wyth drawin away

Eneas endis the game

With

With wourdis him to melling, thus he said
Unstilly wicht how did thy mind inuaid
Sa grete wodnes, kelis thou not zit (quod he)
Othir strenth or mannis force, has delt with the
Seis thou not wele, thy selfe that thou art fey
Thankfor to god thou zeild, the and obey
The powir of goddis, ar turnyt in thy contrare
Obey to god and, at that wourd but mare
The bargane he dissoluit, and than derhes
His trew companzoun, ledis of the preis
Harland his wery limmes, dolf as lede
For sorow schakand, to and fra his hede
And scheddis of blude, furth spittand throw his lippis
Wyth bludy gammis, led him to thare schyppis
The helme, and eik the sword with thame has tane
And thay commanddit war, and left all ane
The bull vnto Eutellus, sa was defynd
He victour than, and aboue in his mynd
Proude and reiosit, of this bull gan say
Son of the goddis and troyanis, I zeu pray
Behald and knaw, by this takin and sing
Quhat strenth was in my cors, quhen I was zing
Se fra quhat dede, darhes is saunt vnslane
Quod he, and standand the bullis face forgane
Quhilk of thare dereyne, was the prise and gre
His sterne burdoun, behynd his bak on hie
With his richt hand, tailand the mesur sa
It smate him euin, betuix the hornes tua
Persit the harne pan, draif out the brane in hy
Do un duschit the beist dede, on the land can ly
Spreuland, and flychterand, in the dede throwis
And he aboue, him furth warpis sic sawis
For darhes dede, Eryx lo thus quod he
I ne fer mare ganand saule, I offer the

Aganis god nanma thuld contend.

And

And victour esk, my traist and wappinnis sare
Vpzendis here foz now, and euermare

¶ In to this nert Chepture ye may espy
Nice craft of schuttyng and of Archery.

Anone Eneas, induce gan to play
With arrowis foz to schute, quhay wald assay
The price therfoz ordanis, and syne but let
With force of memmis handis, vp hes set
Amyd the grene sergestus, schippis mast
Apoun the top therof, gart fessyn fast
Ane sleand dow, in tyl ane cozd quhare at
Than suld thare arrowis, schute the men with that
Conuenit to giddir, and in ane helme of steile
Thare cauillis, haue they cassin kare and wele
And first of all with freendly noyis, and sound
Hipocaon the first place, his has found
That was kinrent, cum in k.a hircatus
Quham nixt eftir, followis mynestheus
Victoz afoze amang, the schip bargane
The grene Oliue, about his fozhede schane
The thzid cauill, betid Euritius
Thy bzoder, O maist douchty Pandarus
Quhilk vmquhile, foz to bzek the trew's command
On the greekis fyzst set, with spere in hand
And of the helmes, boddum all thare last
The antiant kyng Acestes, cauil furth past
Quhilk foz Eneas, saik dust anys assay
With his awin hand, zoung memmis spozt and play
Than euery man accozdyng, thare strenth ful mete
Ther big bowis, can bend and at thare fete
Did schaik anone thare arrowis of thare case
zoung hippotaon, quhilk had the fyzst place
Ane quhidderand arrow lete spang fra the string
Towart the heuin fast, throw the are dide thzyng

The xii. game of archary

The

The maistis top it hit, and therin stak
Quhill all the tre trymblit, with the schaik
The foule affrayit, flichterit on hir wingis
Of grete rumoure, thar all the feildis ringis
Nixt scharp mynestheus wer, and awysee
Unto the heid, has halit vp on hie
Baith arrow and ene, etland at the merk
Bot it was reuth, the foul, for all his werk
Ne mycht he twiche, and netheles zit quite
The bandis and lyamis, in twa did he smyte
Quhare with be baycht the feit, thare fast was sche
Attaichit at the maistis top, on hie
Sche in the are, and dirk skies flaw onone
With arrow reddy nokkit, than Euritione
Plukkit vp in hy his bow, and maid ane wow
Unto his brothir pandare, with that the dow
Hie in the lift full glaide, he gan behald
And with hir wingis forand, mony fald
His arrow he threw, vnder the cloudis blak
And persit hir quite, out throw the bak
Hir like scho loist, hie vp in the are
Doun fallis dede, and has brocht with hir thare
The arrow brocht, out throw hir body
Aceistes now, allane stude reddy
To schute, quhen that the price was tynt and wotin
And netheles, to schute he was begun
And threw ane arrow, in the are on hycht
Sche wand his craft, and his big bowis micht
That louist of the taikill, with ane spang
And sone betid, and in thar sichtis sprang
Ane felloun grisly monstoure, and wondring
As wele was knaw, syne at the ending
The ferefull spaymen, therof pronosticate
Schew wit chancis to betide, and bad estate

For quhy the schaikt,fleand in the moist are
Wynt in ane bleis,and in the randoun all quhare
With low and flammis,gan do notify
And all consumed,vanist in the skye
As dois oft sterne schot,fallin fra the heuin
Drawand therefftir,ane tale of fyry leuin
Astonist in ther mindis,abasit stude
The folk of Cecill,and all the troiane blude
And netheles,maist dochty Eneas
Refusit not,the takin bot gan enbrace
Aceftes gladlie,and riche giftis him gaif
Syne said him thus,tak fader myne ressaif
Sic fauorabill aspectis, benefuolent
As the grete king of heuin,has to the sent
That list with vncouch signes,honour the
Thou sall haue here,this reward and degre
Ane coup of gold,engraue with figuris sere
Ane present vmquile,of my fader dere
Anciant anchises,quham Syllius of trace king
In remembrance,him gaif an luf taikynnyng
And sayid thus,his templis all but were
He gan inuolne,and belt with grene laurere
And syne has causit,all the vtheris before
Proclame Aceftes,and declare victore
For gentill Eurictoun,his glory inwyis nocht
How beit that he onelie,the foul doun brocht
And in the skyes smat hir dede,zit than
The secund place he tuke,as curtas man
Nirt efftir quham,the wageoure has ressaue
He that the lesche,and lyame in sounder drawe
And last rewardit was,he that his flicht
In to the mast top,fellinnyt on hycht

Chow that Ascanius,and zoung childer gent
Skaillzeit vthir in maner of turnament.

Enaes

Eneas syne the dereny, not al done
Epitides to him, has callit sone
Maister and gyder, of ascaneus young
Quhais secrete haris warren zit vnspyoung
And in his traisty ere, thus preualy
He rownis sayand pas, thy way in hy
Se gif ascaneus, has now reddy dycht
His fallowschip of childer, and hors licht
Arrayit for the renkis, and the play
Bid him bring hidder, his rowtis to turnay
And do his grantsir honour, and renowne
In his harnes schaw him self, reddy boun
Said Eneas, and tharwith gaif command
About the court, the pepill on rowme to stand
That al the feild within, suld be patent
Than sone the childer within arrait fare and gent
Enterit in the camp, al samin in schyn and bricht
On stedes pransand, in thare faders sycht
And quhare thay went, al the galandis of Troy
And Cicil woundris, with grete brute and Joy
Thare haris al war towkit, vpoun thare croun
That bayth with how and helme, was thristit doun
Twa iawelling speres, with blunt hedes sum bare
Doun on thare schulderis, ane case with dartis fare
The bruce of gold or, chene, loupit in ringis
About thare hals, doun to the breist hingis
Thay war in nowmer, cumpanyis three
On hors ridand, and for ilk menze
Ane captane walkis, reuland all his rout
Twis sex childer followis, ilkane about
In thare perlementis, arrayit in armour bricht
The chiftanis warren, equale of ane hicht
Ane ward thare was of children quhom full ioyus
Berand his grantscher name young priamus

Led and reculit,quhilk thy genology
Opalites plantyt,in Italy
Apoun ane hors of trace,dappill gray
Herand,quhais formest feit bayth tuay
War mylk quhyte,and his creſt on hicht bare he
With bawſand face,ryngit the forthir E
The ſecund Atis,on ane curſoure bay
Fra him the latyne lynnage,to this day
Acti bene nemmyt,and this litil atis
With child aſcaneus,welbelouit is
Lufly Julus,in bewtie did al excede
Come laſt montit on ane lydone ſtede
Of cullour quhyte,quham Dido the fair lady
In hir remembrance,gaif him in luf dirdy
The remanent of the fallouſchip,euery one
Sicil hors gan,ſwiftlie ran apoun
That from the auld aceſtes,purchaſe were
With reuele blythnes,and ane manere fere
Tropanis reſauis thaim,and rycht gladlie
This viſage gan behald,and did eſpy
The prent of faderis facis,in childer zing
Eftir thay had al circulit,in ane ring
On hors hale the place,and feild about
Joyuſly behaldyng,al the rout
All reddy hufand,thare curſouris for to tak
Epotides on fer ane ſing can mak
Smate with ane clape,and crys togidder
Than ran thay ſampyn,in paris with ane quhidder
The routis thre brak,ilkane chaſit his fere
And quhen thay by war runnyng,thare hors they ſtere
And turnis agane,incontinent at commandis
To preſt thare hors,with Jauillingis in thare handis
Syne went abak in ſounder,ane fer ſpace
Ilkane at vther,rynnyng with an race

The fyft game one Hors a mang the zoung. gentyl men.

Syndry courſis, and returnyng made thay
Faſt atheris ſoyt, gan vtheris rout cumray
And gan exercie, by ſemblance vnder ſcheild
The ſimilitude of batall, or ane feild
Sum tyme the bak thay turne, as thay wald fle
Sum tyme at vthir threw dartis, he and he
And ſone eftir aſſembil wald, with ane crak
Thare handis ſchaik, and pece togiddir mak
Sa as thay ſay, vmquhile the hous in Crete
Hate labyrynthus, with mony went and ſtrete
Had wrinklit wallis, ane thouſand ſlichtis wrocht
For to diſſaue, all vncouth therin brocht
To wauer and er, thare vncurnably
The ſubtel throwgangis, followand ſa quentlie
Nane vthir wayis, in courſis mony ane
Quhilkis thare trace, the zing childer troiane
Thay louk togiddir, and conterfetis ane chace
In manere of bargane, makand mony ane race
And fere derenzeis, in thare ſport and play
Als ſwift as Dalphyne fyſche, ſwymmand away
In the wak ſey of Egip, or lyby
Peirſand the wallis, that playis Jolely
Thir manere of reukis, and iuppertyis of batall
Alcaneus hantit and brocht firſt in Itale
Quhen he with wallis cloſit lang allay
And taucht the auld Latinis to hant ſic play
The ſamyn giſe, as he ane child now wrocht
And vthir troiane childer, with him brocht
The albannis taucht, that childer the ſamyn way
And mychty rome, ſine eftir mony ane day
Sic vſe reſſauit has, and gan vphald
In wourſchip, of thare anteceſſours auld
And new children hanting, ſic gam and Joye
Betwe troiane routis, namyt and were of troy.

How

How Iris send fra Juno, in grete Ire
Gart troiane wemen/set thare schyppys in fyre

THus Hiddirtillis warren, dereynes lere
Exercit in wourschip, of his fader dere
And in this tyme, gan forthoun first remoue
Fra thaym agane, hir kithyl kayth and loue
For as troianis dyd hallow on this wyse
Be diuers gammes, as was tho the gyse
Solempnitlie, the seruice anniuersare
Besyde Anchises graue, furth of the are
And heuynnys hie, Saturnus get Juno
That can of wraith, and malice neuer ho
Nor satyfyit of hir auld furie, nor wroth
Rolling in mynd, full mony Cankirrit bloth
Has send adoun, vnto the troiane naup
Iris, and that sche suld go spedely
The prosper wynd, gan eftir hir enspire
The virgine spyrent, on swiftlie as ane fire
And throw the cloudis, hir trace quhar sche went
Schape like ane bow, of diuers heuis ment
Sone slade doun, vnsene of ony wyc
Grete confluence of pepil, did espye
Sche walkis about, the coistis of the sie
Haunnis and flote, left desolate fand sche
And al the troiane wemen, did sche ken
Sittand on the schore, secrete fer fra men
The grete lois of Anchises, regreting sare
And al togidir, gan to wepe and rare
Behaldand the deip seyis, sorowfully
And with ane voce, sayand alhalely
Alace behald, sa mony stremes gray
And of thir salt, fludis sa brade ane way
Remanis zit, for to ouer slyde and sale
By vs wemen, irkit of lang trauell

Mak Thay

Thay all beſocht god, ſend thame ſone ſikkane
Anc ciete or ane toun, for to remane
And tedius thocht, the ſeyis laubour to bare
Iris herefor eſpyis hir tyme, beſt thare
As ſche that was, in miſcheif maiſt expert
Amyddis of thame, all in gan ſche ſtert
Hir godly figure, and hir weid laid by
And became agit heroes, in hy
In manere of ſchape of ſimilitude, and face
That was dorocius ſpous, borne of trace
Quhilk vmquhile was, of hie genelogy
Of grete renowne, and childer had mony
And on ſickwyſe, among the matrouns troiane
Tranſformit enteries, ſche, and in is gane
O wofull wretchit wemen, all quod ſche
Quhilk to the deth, vnder the wallis hie
Of our natiue ciete, and kynd landis
War not in battell harlit, be grekis handis
O pepill vnhappy, to quhat miſcheuus end
Fortoun reſeruis zon, of this warld to wend
Lo ſen the fall of troy, and dolorus were
Byrunning is, the ſeuint ſomer and zere
Sen that ſo mony ſeyes, and alkin landis
Sa huge wyllum rolkis, and ſchald ſandis
And ſtormes grete ouerdrewin, and ſufferyt haue we
Lo thus ſaland, out throw the mekle ſe
Quhare that we chace Italie, that fleis ay
And we ly wrappit, on the wallis gray
Here bene the bredirly boundis, of Erix ſtout
Our frend Aceſtes, is our Miſt but dout
Quha will vs warne, to bend vp wallis hie
And to our cietezanis, ſet here ane ciete
O natiue landis, and kind goddis al in vane
Reft from our kais ſall neuir nane agane

Iris oratiion to the troyane women

Troiane wallis bene nanmyt, noȝ vpbeild
Sal I neuer se allace, in al my eild
Hectoriane studis, eranth and symois
Haue done tharfoȝe, and now with me I wys
Thir fey vnhappy schippis, all bedene
Lat vs go birn, foȝ in my sleip zisterene
The figur, of Cassandra prophetes
Gaif me birnand fyre, brandis, and said expres
Here suld we rest, bad vs seik troy na fouther
Here was our duellyng place, foȝ euermare
Now is the tyme ganand, our werk to spede
To tary ma fatail kingis quhat suld nede
Lo ȝounder bene four altoris, birnand schire
Neptune the god, thir hate brandis of fyre
Distributis to vs, and also hardyment
And sayand thus, to perfoȝme hir entent
The perrellus fyre, first hint sche forsably
With flambis schynand, on fer thay mycht espy
Hir richt hand rasit, the blesis in to cast
Of troiane wemen, the myndis worth a gast
And al thar hartis, sum dele stupifak
Quhen ane the eldest, amang thaym al spak
Clepit Virgo, the quhilk had bene keil syis
To mony of king Priamus childer, nurys
O matrouns, ȝone was neuer beroyes quod sche
Borne ane troiane, and doricus spous trast me
Consider of hir bewtie, signes diuine
Behald so bȝicht, as baith hir cue doith schyne
Quhat suete sauour, and smel from hir spȝingis
Quhatkin visage, has sche, how think ȝe ringis
Hyr vocis soun, oȝ quhat pais, gois sche now
My self left beroyes, as I come hiddir richt now
Lyand sekand at hame, ane ful anoyit wicht
That sche anone, suld want, this royall sycht

And as sche wald micht not, make sacrifyce
In anchise honour, and funerale seruice
Thus said pirgo, bot than the matrouns all
Stude fyxt in dout, quhat thing thay do sall
And with euyl will, euin the schippis behaldis
On houir, betuix wretchit desyre thame haldis
For to abide, within that present land
And of the fatis, on the tothir hand
That vnto vthir realmes, dois tham call
Quhen to the goddis, in kosme celestiall
Wyth equale wyngis, fleis vp to the heuin
And in hir went, schup vnder the cloudis euin
The fygure of ane ranebow, huge grete
Than principaly begouth, thare hartis bete
Of syc wordis astonist, thay all in hy
Cachit with wordis, begouth rame and cry
And from the hallowit Ingill rekt the fyre
Part spulzeis alearis, of thare flambis schyre
And byrnand branchis, faggottis and fyrebrandis
In to the schyppis swak, thay wyth thare handis
The flambis vpkendlyng bleis, brade at large
Throw hetchis ouer loft ar, and payntit targe

¶ Of the fyre stokyanyng / quhilk the nauy deris
And in Scill / how Enee left hys feris.

VNtyll anchises, grayf and theatre
First brocht Eurialus word / quhar the natiue
Was all inkyrit, thay luke and gan behald
The fyre sparkis, fleand vp thykfald
In an blak sope of reik, and first ascaneus
As he on hors, playit with his feris ioyus
Als swyft and feirfly, spurris his stede fute hate
And but delay, socht to the trublit flote
His maister halk dede, for affray and drede
Wycht not wythhald hym, thidder gan he spede

And

And cryit allace, O wrechit cytezanis
Quhat now wodnes be this, that zou ouer tane is
How now, how thou, quhat menis ze to do
zour Imymis flote, nor grekis schippis lo
ze birn not, but all hope of zour wele fare
Se this is I zour awin Ascaneus, are
Unto my fader, and with that word his helme
Before thare fete, al wod doun, did he quhelm
Out are within the derenis, cled was he
And counterfete, the manere of ane melle
Eneas than, and al the routis tropanis
Fast as thay mycht sped, thaym thidder attanis
Bot than the women al, for drede and affray
Fled here and thare, endlang the coist away
Socht to woddis and cauis, in euery rolk
Eschamed with thare dede, knew thar awin folk
Thare myndis changit, fled the lycht, for dispyte
Al Junois rage, smyte from thare breistis quite
Bot not for this, the flams and birnand bleis
Did stanche thare fors, bndantyt ne appeis
The tuffing kindillis, betuix the plankis wak
Quharfra ouer thawis, the pikky smok coil blak
The hate fyre consumes, fast the how
Ouer al the schip, discendis the perrellus low
Thare was na strenth, of bailzeant men to wale
Nor large fludis, on zet that mycht auale
Reuthfull Ence, than of his schulders tway
The cloith has rent, and the goddis can pray
Up bayth his handis heuand, in the sky
Almychty Joue (quod he aluterly
Gif thou has not, al troianis at hatrent
Or gif thy reuthful clemence, takis tent
As thou was wount, to memus trauell and pyne
Now haly fader, thi maieste inclyne

Eneas oys cion vnto the goddis

Grant that our nauy, thys fyre may escape
And from distructioun, delyuer and out strape
The sobir trumpis, and meyne graith of troyanis
Or gyf I haue deserut, with the remanis
Smyte all togidder dede, with kereful thunder
Lat thy richt hand here schaik vs, al in sounder
Skars was it is said, quhen that ane blak tempest
Brayis but delay, and all the lift ouerkest
Ane huge weit gan doun poure, and tumbill
Hillis and valis trimblit, of thundir rumbyll
The drumly schour, set furth ouer all the are
Als blak as pyk, in dubis here and thare
Fillis the schippis, quhill thay flete ouer the walis
Wraingis half brint, bedyit in wattir salis
That all the force of fyre, was slokinnit out
And from the perrell sauf, and out of dout
Was al the nauy out take, four schippis loist
And quhil he rolymes, vp and doun the coist
The fadir Eneas, smite with his smart case
Now here now thare, gan huge thingis compase
Rollyng in mynd, quhidder he suld or may
Remane in Cecill, or thens pas away
Or gif he suld seik, zit to Italie
Like as he had forzet, his destanye
Thus as he, musis stud in sikkin dout
Ane of the eldest heris, stude about
Clepit Nautes, quham the goddis inspyre
Ouer all the laik, instruikkit him to serue
And rendrit had ful scharp, and ripe of wit
Nautes geues Eneas a gud counsall being in dout of purpos. Sic answere gaif, and plane declaris It
Quhat pretendis this fellonn, goddis greit
And eike according thare fatis, quhat was releif
And conforland Eneas, thus gan say
Son of the goddes, lat vs follow that way

Bakwart or forduart quhiddir our fatis dryue
Quhat euir betid this is na bute to striue
Al chance of fortoun, Tholand ouer cummin is
Here is thy tendir frende troiane I wys
Worthy Aceste,of diuyne lynnage
Call him to the,in counsale wyse and sage
And weil willing,to thy purpoile to apply
Leif with him,al may not in thy nauy
Be turfit now,for lak of schippis loist
Al sic has bene,annoyit and irk almeist
Of thy grete purpois,the dedis and efferis
And thay that bene agit,past det of weris
Or al matrouns,wery of the sey
Wale out al thaym,bene waik and vnsweldy
Or sit efferit bene,in ilk effray
Sic cummerit wichtis suffir I the say
To haik ane hald,and ducil here and in this land
The ciete sal be as was first cummand
Aceste clepit,eftir acestes kyng
With sic wourdis,and prudent sermonyng
On hys wyse,agit freynd,than Eneas
On al sidis,ganythandly cumpas
Quhat was ado,and as the dirk nicht
Rollit his cart owthwort the polis bricht
Eftir that al was went,to rest and pece
The ymage of his father anchises
Gan from the heuyn appere,and but abade
Unto Eneas hiegh,thir wourdis said
O thou my child,derer to mat I thriue
Quhill that I leuit than myne awin luue
O son in troiane,fatis exercit sarely
Hidder at the command of Joue cumin am I
Quhilk from thy nauy,stanchit the fyre quod he
And from hie heuin,at last hecht reuch on the

Follow

Anchises apperis to hys sonne enee in his slep and schawis him certan thinges to cum.

Follow the counsale, is maist ganand and heynd
That agit nawtes gaik the, thy trew freynd
And chois zoung men of hert maist curagious
Curs in Itale, with the I tel the thus
Ane doure pepil, and of condicioun fell
The nedis in latium, ouer cum in batel
Bot first of pluto, the infernale se
And deip regioun of hell, behukis the se
To cum and speke with me, myne awin son dere
Be not agast my son, and haue na fere
For I am not withhald, I lat the wit
In tartaurus, the sorrouful hellis pit
Nor drery portis deip of saulis pale
Bot in the hailsum rowtis, furth of bale
I duel amid the plane of Elisee
The chaist virgine sibil wil conuay the
The richt way thidder, quhilk that thou sal tak
By blude offerit, of mony beistis blak
Thare sal thou lerne al thy genology
And quhat cicte, is to the destane
Adew as now, na langer duell I may
The donk nicht, is almaist rollit away
And the feirs orient wil, that I with draw
I feile the ending, of his horsis blaw
Thus has he said, and with that word but mare
Vanis away, as reik into the ar
And when Eneas saw him past, he said
Quhidder hyis thou, sa fast without abaid
Quhat is the let, I may not the embrace
Quhidder haistis thou sa, quhy fleis thou me allace
Thus sayand the assis, and couerit fyre bet he
The troiane Ingill, and the cannois weste
Within his secrete closet, made reuerence
With hallowit floure, deuotlie and intence

Syne

Syne sone assemblit his ferris al in preis
Bot first of al the ancient accestes
The wil and plesure of Joue schew thaym clere
And eik the charge, brocht by his fader dere
He tald thaym plainly, his mind and desire
Thay tary not at counsel for this sire
Accestes was all reddy at command
Than al the folk, quhilk list byde in that land
For this new cite, titil thay and writis
The matrones first, and sic as not delitis
Nor has in cure desire, of his hie renowme
Thay deput, and thay ordand for this toun
Thare hetchis, and thare ouerloftis syne thay bete
Plankis and geistis grete squere and mete
Into thare schippis Joynand with mony ane dint
In stede of thaym, war with the flambis brint
Thare cabillis now, and thare bede towis reparis
And gan to forge, newlie waydgis and aris
In nowmer war thay but ane few menze
Bot thay war quyk, and valzeant in melle
In the meyn tyme Eneas, with ane pleuth
The cite circulit, and markit be ane seuth
Be cauillis sine, the tenementis did depart
Here ordanis Ilioun, and in the zounder art
Of troy commandis beild vthir memorialis
Of this new cite, and thare freyndly wallis
Glaid wor the troyane accestes, and but mare
Did mak proclame, thare merkettis and thare fare
And al the hedis men gadderis and set doun
Stabillis thare lawis, and statutis for that toun
Syne on the top of Erix, the montane
Ful nere the lyft thay found of merbil stone
Ane tempil to ventis of Idalia
And about anchises, sepulture alsa

Eneas fulfyllis his faderis command

Ane

Follow the counsale, is maist ganand and heynd
That agit nawtes gaik the, thy trew freynd
And chois zoung men of hert maist curagious
Curs in Itale, with the I tel the thus
Ane doure pepil, and of condictioun fell
The nedis in lacium, ouer cum in batel
Bot first of pluto, the infernale se
And deip regioun of hell, behukis the se
To cum and speke with me, myne awin son dere
Be not agast my son, and haue na fere
For I am not withhald, I lat the wit
In tartaurus, the sorrouful hellis pit
Nor drery pottis deip of saulis pale
Bot in the hailsum rowtis, furth of bale
I duel amid the plane of Elisee
The chaist virgine sibil wil conuay the
The richt way thidder, quhilk that thou sal tak
By blude offerit, of mony beistis blak
Thare sal thou lerne al thy genology
And quhat cicte, is to the destane
Adew as now, na langer duell I may
The donk nicht, is almaist rollit away
And the feirs orient wil, that I with draw
I feile the ending, of his horsis blaw
Thus has he said, and with that word but mare
Vanis away, as reik into the ar
And when Eneas saw him past, he said
Quhidder hyis thou, sa fast without abaid
Quhat is the let, I may not the embrace
Quhidder haistis thou sa, quhy fleis thou me allace
Thus sayand the assis, and couerit fyre bet he
The troiane Ingill, and the cannois weste
Within his secrete closet, made reuerence
With hallowit floure, deuotlie and intence

Syne

Syne sone assemblit his keris al in preis
Bot first of al the ancient acestes
The wil and plesure of Joue schew thaym clere
And eik the charge, brocht by his fader dere
He tald thaym plainly, his mind and desire
Thay tary not at counsel for this sire
Acestes was all reddy at command
Than al the folk, quhilk list byde in that land
For this new cite, titil thay and writis
The matrones first, and sic as not delitis
Nor has in cure desire, of his hie renowme
Thay de put, and thay ordand for this toun
Thare hetchis, and thare ouerloftis syne thay bete
Plankis and geistis grete squere and mete
Into thare schippis Joynand with mony ane dint
In stede of thaym, war with the stambis brunt
Thare cabillis now, and thare hede towis reparis
And gan to forge, newlie waydgis and aris
In nowmer war thay but ane few menze
Bot thay war quyk, and valzeant in melle
In the meyn tyme Eneas, with ane pleuth
The cite circulit, and markit be ane seuth
Be cauillis sine, the tenementis did depart
Here ordanis Ilioun, and in the zounder art
Of troy commandis beild vthir memorialis
Of this new cite, and thare freyndly wallis
Glaid wor the troyane acestes, and but mare
Did mak proclame, thare merkettis and thare fare
And al the hedis men gadderis and set doun
Stabillis thare lawis, and statutis for that toun
Syne on the top of Erix, the montane
Ful nere the lyft thay found of merbil stone
Ane tempil to ventis of Idalia
And about anchises, sepulture alsa

Eneas fulfyllis his faderis command

Ane

Ane hallowit ſchaw, on hyede as ſanctuare
Plantit thay hauk, and ſtabillit pyenſtis thare.

Eneas gan depart, and how venus
Made for hir ſon requeſt to Neptunus.

BE this as al the pepil euery hyne
The feſt continewit, fully dayis nyne
And on the altaris as was tho the gyſe
Thare offerandis endit, and hie ſacrifyce
The ſtabill aire has calmyt wele, the ſe
And ſouth pipand windis, fare on hie
Challantis to pas on burd, and tak the depe
Bot quhen thay maiſt depert, lord how thay wepe
Quhat huge waling, rais al the coſtis bay
Brasand and haleſand, thay duel al nicht and day
And now the moderis, and thay vnweldy men
Quham till vmqhuile, for til behald and ken
The ſeyis figure, was abhominabil
And eik the force therof intollerabill
Now wald thay wend, for all the ſeyis rage
Reddy to thole all trauel in vayage
Quham curtes Eneas, with wordis freyndlie
Comforttis, and ſine, wepand, ful tenderly
Betaucht, vntill Aceſt his couſing dere
Thre belis tho, as was the auld manere
In wourſchip of Erir, he bad doun quel
And ane blak zow, to god of tempeſtis fel
Syne chargit all thare cabill s vp beliue
His awin hede warpit, with ane ſnod oliue
Hie in ane ſchippis, fore caſtel did ſtand
Haldand ane coup of golde, in til hys hand
The beſtis entrellis, in the ſey can ſwak
And zet the clere wine, furth in fludis brak
From the eſt ſchip, vprais amane the wind
And followit faſt the ſey, fararis behynd

Eik

Eik al the flote ſmate faſt with airis the flude
Kempand to went ouer wallis as thay war wod
In the meyne ſeſſoun venus al on flocht
Impd hir breiſt reuoluand mony ane thocht
Spak to Nemptune, with ſic pietuous regrate
Neptune (quod ſche) the kei ire and conſate
Of quene Juno, with mynd inſaciabil
Conſtrenis me to condiſcend thus ſtabil
In al manere of requeſt, and prayeris
The quhilk Juno nowthir lang dayis noyſeris
Noy nane diuyne ſacrifice, may appeis
Sch: reſtis neuir, noy may ſche leik at eis
Al beit the power and charge of Jupiter
Reſiſtis ſche wat, and fatis war hir contrare
Sche thinkis it not yneuch and ſuffitient
By wikkit malice, to doun bet and ſchent
And foy euer put to diſtructioun
Maiſter of the pepill of Phrigia trois toun
And foy to be wrokine be alkin panis
Apoun thare fary leuingis and remanis
Bot euer in aue zit ſtil perſewit ſche
The dede banis, and cauld aſſis to ſpulze
O ſelly troy, quhilk is to rewyne brocht
Ane woumder how, ſche may in til hir thocht
Of ſa grete furoure, half the cauſis conſaik
Thy ſelf is witnes, how laitlie ouer the laik
Sa maiſterful ſtoyme, amyd the libiane ſe
Sche raſit ſone, quhil vp to heuynnys hie
The fludis cachit war, and ſare oppreſt
Throw help of Eolus wyndis, and tempeſt
Sa grete wrang, in thy realme durſt ſche exerce
O this detc ſtabil wikkitnes to rehers
Lo has ſche not newingis, ſa ſchamfully
The troiane matrouns garrt bynt thair nauy

Meinnis oyaton to Neptune foy hir help towartis hyr ſon Enee

Be

Be hir wod rage, and ar for kait of schippis
In vncouth land, left from thare fallouschippis
In time cumin I the beseik (quod sche
Schaw thy michtis, that sayfly throw the see
It may be leful, thay thare salis set
Grant that thay may also, atteine but let
The flude tyber throw, laurent feildis fludis
Amit my asking, gif so the fatis gydis
Or gif that my desyre, may grantit be
Or zit wend sisteris list, gif thame that cuntre
Saturnus son Neptunus, tho I wis
That of the deip sey fludis, danter is
Ansuerd and said, Citheria the fare
It is resoun, and ganand euermare
Thou be assurit, to rest at thy liking
In my boundis, and out throw al my ring
Quharfra thou has, thy first oryginall
As thy kind ground, the cuntre naturall
In vthir placis als, furth of my land
I haue dill. ruit thankis, at thy hand
And oft times has, sa grete rage as thou knawis
Dantit bath of sey, and bustuous wind that blawis
To witnes draw I, of this that I say
Eranth and simois, troiane fludis tuay
That I na les cure tuke, of thine Enee
To sauf him on the land, than on the see
For quhen the feirs Achil, parsewit sare
Thasand affrayis the troianis, here and thare
The grete routis, to the wallis thrimland
To fore his face halfe dede, for fere trimland
And monie thousandis, on the ground lai dede
The riuaris dittit, with dede corpsis lay rede
Under bodyis bullerand, for suc multitude
Of slauchter he maid, quhilk eranthus the flude

Neptunus answer to Venus.

Wych

Wycht kind no way to rin vnto the see
Than apoun cais with achilles Enee
Wachit in fecht nowthir of strencth nor micht
Equale be fer, noȝ ȝit sa wele at richt
Fauoȝit of the goddis as Achilles perfay
By ane dirk cloud I staw thy son away
Yow beit the ilk time my desire was set
Law from the ground, al troy foȝ to doun bet
Thay manelwȝn wallis, biggit with my handis
Is twichand Enee, how euer the chance standis
The campyn wyse ȝit, perseueris my mind
Haue thou na dȝede, I sal be ȝit als kind
Unto thay hauunnis hie sal cum souirlie
As thou desiris and furthir him eik sal I
Until auerne clepit, the loch of hel
Ane sal alanerlie, be loist I the tel
Quham thou sal seke, amangis the fludis dede
Foȝ help of mony, thare sal be geuin ane hede
Eftir that with sic wourdis Neptunus
Had mesit the mude, of the god Uenus
Tho can the fader, of the sey but mare
His hoȝs ȝoik, to dȝaw his cart oȝ chare
With komy bridil danting thay feirs beistis
Thare renȝeis and thetis, at thaym areistis
With his awin handis, lete do slip and slakis
And lichtlie ouer the fludis croppis frakis
His watry chare, furth fleand, with ane sound
Quhil al the wallis doukis to the ground
Under the bȝayand quhelis, and assiltre
The fludis strikes plane ouer al the see
The bubbis and windis cloudis here and thare
Gan fle anone furth of the large are
Than of his courte apperit, fyguris sere
The hidduous, quhailis and al the routis in fere

Of agit cloantus, wyth his canos hare
And palemon, Junois ſon and aire
The ſwift tritones with trump plaind thare ſpring
Phorcus with al his falleuſchip, and of ſpring
And on hys left hand, furth haldis thetys
With al the nymphes, hait nereydes
Sic as Melite, ſpio penopia
Cimodoce, nyſe, and thalia.

¶ Throw our the flude merely ſaits Enee
And Palynurus drowneis in the ſee.

GLadenes and comfort, than unto ſum parte
Begouth to kittil Eneas, thochtful hart
Heis hie the croce (he bad) al mak thaim boun
And feſtyn bonettis beneth the mane ſale doun
Than all ſampn, wyth handys fait and kneis
Did heis thare ſale, and troſſit doun thare teis
Now the le ſtheyt, and now the luf thay ſayk
Set in ane fang, and threw the ra abake
Bayth to and fra, al dyd thare nokkys wry
Proſper blaſtys furth, caryis the nauy
Before the laif, as ledſman and lard
And al hys ſalis, vp with feſtoun fard
Went palynure, and bale the remanent
Was chargyt hald, the ſampn cours ſa went
Be than the donk nycht, had run almayſt euyn
Hyr myd cours, or methes in the heuyn
And euery marinere, but langar kepe
Thare bodyis reſtys, wyth the pleſand ſlepe
Endlang the hetthys, liand here and thare ſa
Or in thare hard ſetys, lenand on ayrys
Quhen that the ſwyft god, of ſlepe gan flyd
Furth of the ſternyt heuyn, by nychtis tyde
And dyd away the dyrknes of the are
Remouyng ſchaddois ſkyis, mayd al fare

Unto

Unto the palynurus, has he socht
And the all Innocent, sorowfull slepis brocht
Hie in the est schip, did this god appere
In figure of Forbanthus, ane marinere
And freyndlie gan warp, sic wourdis out
Jasyus son pallynure, luke about
The souir seis beris, sound our nauy
The wyndis blawis euin, and rycht makly
Thou may sourtly tak, the ane howris rest
Lene doune thy hede, and slepe for it is best
Thy wery ene, thou priuely with draw
From langsum labour, and slepe ane litle thraw
And I my self, sall gladly in thy place
Bere thyne office, and stere ane litill space
To quham Palynure, skars liftand his ene
Inswerd and said, quhat thing wald thou mene
Wlodis thou me be sa nyce, I suld myslknaw
This calme salt water, or stabill fludis haw
Wilt thou I traist, this monstoure perrellus
Or quhat in wyndis, sa dissaitfull till vs
And this clere heuin sa eft has, trumpit me
Wald thou I lippynyt, the maist nobill Enee
Sic wourdis he laide, grippand the helmestok fast
Lenand theron, and by no way nor cast
Wald part therfra, haldand his ene full euin
Ay to behald, the sternes of the heuin
Quhen lo this god smate, baycht the tempills twane
With ane full slepery, and bedyit grane
Wet in the myndles, flude of hell lithee
And sowpit in stiir, the forcy bellis see
His glotnyt, and fordouerit ene tuo
He closit has, and sound, gart slepe also
Bot skars gan the furst, rest of slepe
Or he was war, thus on his membris crepe

The fyft. buik of Eneas

Quhen on him leued this god, and tho he kneild
And with ane swak, as that the schip gan heild
Ouer burd him kest, amyd the flowand see
Rycht altogiddir, with the helm stock of tre
Than all for not apoun, his feris he cryis
This god flaw vp, and like ane bird in the skyis
And not the les, the schip held furth her went
As scho did are throw, the calme seyis spreint
But ony harme, and all the nauy sone
By the promys of the fader Neptune
Be this almaist thay, caryit war in fere
Unto the rochis, and the skellyis wele nere
Of Syrene, that we mermadynnes clepe
Dangerus vmquhile, for ane mekill hepe
Of dede banys, lay tharof full quhite
So gan the salt ta wpis, ythandlie smyte
The hell rolkis, and are sound full hace
Quhen prince Ence, persauit by his race
How that the schypbrok, rok and tailzeue
For lak of ane, gude sterisman on the see
Him self has than, fone hynt the ruder in hand
And throw the fludis, steris the schip to the land
Bewaland gretelye, in his mynde pensefe
For that his freynd was fall, and loist his like
Allace ouer mekle thou, ippyanyt has (quod he)
In to the flabillit heuin, and calmyt se
Bare and bnerd it, in ane vncouth land
Palynurus sall thou lie, on the sand

Finis.

The Prologe of the last buk.

PLuto thou patron of the depe acheron
Fader of tormentis, in thyne infernale se
Amyd the fludis stir, and flagiton
Lethye, Cothite, the wateris of oblitie
With Dolorus quhirling, of furious sitteris thre
Thyne now sall be my muse, and dyery sang
To follow virgill, in this dark poetrye
Conuoy me Sybill, that I ga not wrang

Quhat wenys fulis, this secre buk be bot gatis is
All full of leis of auld, ydolatrys
O hald zour pece, ze barray goddis apis
Rede, rede, agane this volume mare than thrys
Consider quhat, bid sentence tharin lys
Be war to lak les, than ze knaw wele quhat
And gif ze list not wirk, efter the wise
Heth on zour hede, set vp the holy hate

All is bot gaistis, and Elritche fantasys
Of bowmys and of bogillis fatill this buke
Out on the wanderand, spretis wow thou crys
It semys ane man, war mangit theron li si luke
Like dremes of dotage, in the monys cruke
Wane superstitious s agane, our richt beleue
Quat if thir furys of Pluto, that plukkit duke
Or call on Sybill, dere of ane teuin sleue

Wyrgil vnder dirk poetrye wrytis grete mat ters and gud sen tence

wald thou this buke, I suld to the declare
Quhilk was impossibill, till expreme at schorte
Virgill is full of sentence, ouer all quhare
Bot here intill as Seruius, can proporte
His hie knawlege ye schawis that euery sorte

Of his clauſis comprehend, ſic ſentence
Thare bene therof, ſet thou think, this boke ſpoyt
Wade grete ragmentis, of hie intelligence

In all his warkis, byrgill dois diſcriue
The ſtate of man gyf, thou liſt vnderſtand
Baith liue and dede, in thir fyrſt bukis fyue
And now in till the ſext, we haue on hand
Efter thare dede, in quhat place ſaulis ſall ſtand
He writis like ane, Philoſopher naturall
Twiching our fayth, mony clauſis he fand
Quhilk bene conforme, or than collaterall

Schawis he not here, the ſinnis capitall
Schawis he not wyſkit, in endles pane
Ane mitigat pane. for ſinnis ventall,
And vertuous pepil, in to the pleſand plane
And al ſic ſawis, fantaſy vane
He ſchawis the way, euer patent doun to hel
And richt difficill, the gate to heuyn agayne
wyth ma gude wordis, than thou or I can tell

Here tretand vertew takis, he pane for vice
Feil wofull tormentis, of wretchit caitiuis ſary
Notabyl hiſtoris, and diuers prouerbis wyſe
Quhilkis to rehers, war ouer prolixt to tary
All thocht he as ane, gentile ſum tyme bary
Ful perfytlie he writis, fere miſteris fell
As how thir hethin childer, thare weirdis wary
Wepand and waland, at the firſt port of hell

All thocht our faith, nede nane authorising
Of gentilis bukis, nor by ſic hethin ſpackis
Yit byrgill writis, mony iuſt clauſis conding

Strenth

Strenthand our beleue, to confound pagane werkis
How oft reherſis Auſtyne, chiefe of clerkis
In his grete volume of the cietc of god
Hundreth verſis of virgil, quhilkis he markis
Agains Romanes to vertew, thame to brode.

And of this ſext buke walis, he mony ane ſkore
Not but gude reſoun, for thoche chriſt grund oure
Virgillis lawis, ar worthy to put in ſtore (faith
Thay aucht not behald, vacabound nor waith
Full riche treſſoure, thay bene & pretius graithe
For oft by Sybillis lawis, he tonys his ſteum
Thus faithfully, in his bukolikis he ſaith
The made cummith, bringis new lynnage fra heuin

As twiching him, writis aſtentius
Fell of his wordis bene, like the appoſtlis ſawis
He is ane hie theolog ſententius
And maiſt profound Philoſophoure, by his ſawis
Tho ſum his writis, krawart our faith part drawis
Na wounder, he was na chriſtin man perde
He was ane gentill, and leuit on pagan lawis
And zit he puttis, ane god fader maiſt hie

We trow ane god, regnand in perſonis thre
And zit angellis, heauenly ſpretis we call
And of the heuenly wichtis, oft carpis he
Tho he beleuit, thay war not angellis all
Quhill criſtis paſſioun, of adam throw the fall
All went to hell, tho all war not in pane
Or chriſt he wrate this buke, quhare rede ze ſall
The wikkit punit, the iuſt in glor remane

And as he twichis greis, fere in pane

In blis eikwys lindyr stagis puttis he
Quhat sall I of his wounder werkis sane
For all the plesance, of the campe elise
Octauiane in his georgikis, ze may se
He counsellis neuer lordschip, in hell delyre
Bot euer in heuin, in to sum hie degre
To theis his place, and not amang the fyre.

Quhat christnyt clerk couth, him haif consellit better.
All thocht he was neuir, catholik wicht
He has writtin full mony autentik lettir
In that Ilk buk, he teichis vs full rycht
The warld begouth, in veir bath day and nycht
In veir he sayis, that god als formyt man
The son the mon, and all the sternes bricht
Ane grant in veir, that first the warld began.

Happy war he knew the cause, of all thingis
And settis, on syde all drede, and cure quod he
Under his feit that tredis, and doun thringis
Chancis vntretabill of fatis, and destany
All fere of dede, and eik of hellis se
Happy he callis sic wichtis, and so do I
Quhare may we sua, optene felicite
Neuer bot in heuin, empire aboue the skye.

Happy is that man quhilk be the word of god has the tranquillite & quietnes of mid letting a lide al dred and vane fantasyis.

To write zou all his tryit, and notabill vers
Almaist impossibill war, and half in vane
For me behuffit repeting, and rehers
On sere placis, the sampyn wourdis agane
This may suffice, I wyll na mare sane
Ane mouar ane, begynnar puttis he
Sustenis all thing, and dois in all remane
And be our faith, the sampyn thing grant we

I ſay not all his werkis, bene parfite
Nor that ſaulis turnis, in vthir bodyis agane
Thocht we truſt, and may preif be haly write
Our ſaul, and body ſall anys togidder remane
It thare bene mony goddis, I will not ſane
Thocht haly ſcripture, Juſte men goddis clepe
Quham call I Pluto, and Sibbilla Cumane
Herfore I will na fals goddis, worſchep

Sibilla til interpret, propirlye
Is clepit ane maid, of goddis ſecrete preue
That has the ſpirite, of diuyne prophecy
Quha bettir may, Sibilla namyt be.
Than may the glorius moder, and madin fre
Quhilk of hir nature conſaue chriſt and bure
All hale the, miſteries of the trinite
And maiſt excellent werk, vnder cure,

Thou art our Sibill chriſtis moder deir
Preichit by prophetis, and Sibilla Cumane
Thou brocht the bruinlie, lynnage in erd here
Moder of god, ay virgine dois remane
Reſtoring vs the goldin warld agane
Sathane the clepit, I pluto infernalle
Prince in that dolorus den, of wo and pane
Not god therof bot, greteſt wrech of all.

To name the god, that war ane manifeſt lee
Is bot ane god makar, of euery thing
I fauonre not the errour, of manoche
Tho thou to vlcane haue, ful grete reſembling
And art ſum time the miniſter, of thundring
Or ſum blynd ciclopes, of the laithly wra
Thou art bot Jouis, ſmyth in the fire blawing

One god maker of al gud thingis.

And dirk furnace of the parpetuall Ethna.
Thou wrocht nathing, bot maid thy ſelfe an deuill
And that was not to make, bot rather failȝe
For auſtyne ſayis, ſyn my cheif ore euill
Is nocht at all, for thay not auailȝe
The dym dungeoun, of ditis to affailȝe
Or in the likнes, thys myſty poetry
Help me chriſt, ſone of the vyrgyne mary
To end thes wack, to thy lad, and glorye

Finis

The fyrte Boke of Eneados

Eneas eſpies Dedalus werk e-pȝes
And ſpak with Sibilla the pȝophetes.

THus wepand ſaid, and let his flote go large
Quhil at the laſt bayth, ballyngare and barge
Apoun the coiſt, that hait Euboica
Arriuit nere the cietc, of Cuma
Than to the ſtreme, thay turnit thare forſchip
Reſt doun thay bouchit aukeris ferme of gripe
Into the rade Endlang, the coiſtis bay
Thare eiſt caſtellis, gan muſtoure and array
And all the ȝounkeris, ſpedis haiſtely
Unto the ſchoȝe of Hiſperia, faſt by
Sum ſmytes fire furth, of the hard flynt ſtane
Sum ſpedelie to the thik wod, are gane
In derne dennys quhar, wylde beiſtis duellis
And ſum did ſchaw the new fund ſpryngand wellis
To beit thar myſter, all beſy for the nanys
Sum to this turne, ſum to that ſtert attanys.
Quhill on this wys ilk man occupiit was
Reuthfull Eneas, bowntis him to pas
Anone to ſerche the ſtrenth, and te.npill tho
Dedicat vnto the mychty appollo
That ferefull gouſty caue, fer from the way

And

And secrete hald, of Sybilla the may
Quhais hate mamor, and resoun oft inspyrit
Delyus the prophete diuyne, and so inspirit
That scho the secretes, for to cum did knaw
With this thay enterit, in the hallowit schaw
Of the thrunkald, passingere Diane
And hous of bricht, Appollo gold begane
The fame is so, that Dedalus the wricht
Furth of kyng Minas, realme takand his flicht
Sa bald was with swift, fedderame and happy
To auenture him selfe, hie in the skye
And by ane quent vnusit, way to knaw
Towart the frosty polcartik he saw
Bot at the last, softlie he gan alicht
Of calcidonis, apoun the castell hicht
And rendrit first, into thir landis hie
Offerit and hallowit, Phebus vnto the
The farde and flicht of baychth, is wingis tuo
And thare graithit, ane fare tempil also
Apoun the portis, did he carue and graue
Androgeus slauchter falslie brocht to graue
And for his deith the vengeance, and the wrake
How of Athenes commandit war allake
Twise seuin childe, vnto Crete be send
And of ther lyues, ther to mak ancend
The dedly bryne stand, porturate mycht thay knaw
Out of the quhilk, the lottis warren drawe
Forgane athenes ane litill ouer the sye
The Ile of Crete he wrocht, musturand full hye
The kingis cete, thare hecht Gnosia
Quharin he porturit, al ful wellowa
The luf abhominabil, of quene Pasiphe
Full priuely, with the bull forlane was sche
The blandit kynd, and birth of formes twane
The monstrus mynataure, doith thare remane.

A fabyll of dedalus. and of vder syndry storys

Ane horribill takin, of ſchrewit venus werk
Thare was alſo, craftelie ſchape and mark
Ane name kouth hous, quhilk labozynthus hait
Full of wynklit, ouerturnabil diffait
Bot netheles Dedalus, caucht pitie
Of the grete luf, of fare Ariadne
That was the kinges dochter, taucht ful richt
Of this quent hous, for to vndo the ſlicht
How by ane threde, the ſubtil wentis ilkane
Thay michten hald, and turne that way agane
And thou alſo, the zoung childe Icharus
Quhilk ſon, was vnto the ilk dedalus
Ane grete part of this werk, ſuld haue bene thine
Gif that the dolour, and the huge pine
Had ſuffertt him, to kyith his craft on the
In gold to graif, thy fall thois etitt he
And twiſe for reuth failzeis, the kaderis handis
Eneas tho, and al that with him ſtandis
This ſculpture al eſpyit, had on brede
Ne war achates, quhilk befoze him zede
Be than returned was, and with him brocht
The religious women, quham thay ſocht
Baith conſecrate to diane, and phebus
Hait deiphebe, the douchter of glancus
Quhilk to the kingis ſon, ſpak apoun this wiſe
This time quod ſche, to ſtare and to deuiſe
Gouand on figuris, is not neceſſary
Bare nedeful now it war, but langar tary
Seuin zoung ſlottis, that zolk bare neuer nane
Brocht from the bow, in offerand britin ilkane
And als mony, twinturis as is the giſe
Choſin and ganand, for the ſacrifice
On this wiſe till Eneas, ſpak Sybill
And troianis taryit not, for to fulfill

Hir

Hir commaundement, that but langar delay
The sacrifice and offerendis done haik thay
And syne the Nun, to the hie tempill tham brocht
Quhilk in maner of ane grete caue, was wrocht
Of Cunia holkit, in the hilles side
Ane hundreth entres, had it large and wyde
Ane hundreth durres, thareon stekit cloce
Out at the quhilkis ruschit, als mony ane voce
Geuand respons, vnto this Sibilla
Tho to the dur thresswald, cum in ar tha
Quhen that this birgine, said to aske ansueris
Now is the tyme lo, lo the god me sterts
And as scho gan, sic wordis say and cry
Without the entre, standand suddanly
Nouthir visage, nor cullour as thay war are
Remanis than, nor hir welle dressit hare
Bot fast hir breist the breth, did, clap and bete
Hir feirs hart boldynnys, vp full grete
Enraugit of the spyrete diuine, also
That of thare stature scho, gan semyng tho
Hir voce na soundis, like ane mortall wicht
For with the goddis, maiestie and mycht
Twichit and smyte, that drewe hir mynd full nere
Hir hart pipis gan do likkir and stere
Blyn not blyn not, thou grete troian Enee
Of thy deuotioune and prayers quod sche
For bot thou do thir grete durris, but dred
And grisly zettis, sall neuer warp on bred
And with that word scho ceissit, & no more said
The cald drede tho, gan troianis inuaide
Thirlland throwout hard, banis at euery part
The king him self, than inkirlie from his hart
Paid this brisoun, and deuoitlie said
O bricht phebus, that euer reuth has had

On

Eneas oration deflyyng the goddis help.

On troyis hard aduerſite, and wo
Thou quhilk direct, the troiane dartis ſo
In Achillis body, ſchot by paris hand
This ſey that gois about mony grete land
Thou beand my gider, enterit haue I
And eik wyllum deſert, land mallily
Quhare the ſchauld ſandis, ſtrekis endland the ſchoyr
Now at the laſt, the fleit vs euermoyr
The foythir coiſt of Italie, haue we cauchit
Thocht hiddirtillis harde foytoun, has vmberaucht
The troians, and perſewit vnkendly
Now all ze goddis, and goddes quhamby
Umquhile was thocht, grete Ilioun ful of ioy
And ſchinand, glorious toun of troy
Seming reſiſt, and gane ſtand zour godhede
Leſum it is, to deſiſt of zour feid
And now to ſpare the pure, pepil troyane
O thou maiſt haly, prophetes ſouerane
Quhat is to cum, has knawlege of all thingis
Grant that troians, may dwel in Italy rungis
For I ne aſke, no land no realme al gatis
Bot quhilk is grantit, to vs by our fatis
Schaw and declare, for our goddis errand
That cauchit kene ouer mony ſey and land
Quhare ſall thare reſting place be to remane
So eftir that to phebus, and Diane
Of ſound marbyl temp lis, beild may I
And feiſtuall dayis, for Appollo gar cry
To the alſo, within our realme ſall be
Mony ſecrete cloſet, and reueſtre
Quharin thy worris, and fatall deſtenyis
Thy ſecrete ſaluis, and thy prophecyis
Endite of my kyn, and genelogy
I ſall gar kepe, and obſerue reuerentlye

And ô thou blisfit woman, vnto the
wise walit men, sall dedicate and sacre
So that thou write not, on the louis thy wourdis
For drede all turne, bot till ane mok or bourdis
Gif that the wynd thame skattir, and blaw away
Pronunce it with thy awin mouth, I the pray
Therwith he held his pece, and said no moze
Bot than Sibill the prophetes, full zoze
within the caike, as half enragit wicht
Couth not contene of Phebus, the grete mycht
And euer the moze, scho enforsis aye
The grete god from hir breist driue away
The moze he gan inuaid, hir and infest
Hir rageand mouth, and keirs hart as him lest
Dantand at will, and forgeand hir sayingis
Scho was constrenit, to schaw all soithfast thingis.

¶ The answeris and the word is to and fra betuix Eneas and this Sibilla

THe hundreth greet durris, of that hous with thys
It thare awin willis, warpit wyde I wys
And brocht the prophetes, answere to thare eris
O Eneas that eftir, mony zeris
Now fynaly has driue, to end quod sche
Sa mony huge grete, dangeris of the see
Bot on the land I tell, zou all and sum
Ser gretter perrellis, remanis for to cum
The troiane pepill, to the realme of lauyne
Sall cum that is determit, be goddis diuyne
Out of thy mynd sic doutis, do away
Bot forthirmoze I will vnto the say
Quhen the grund of Italy, hath nummyn
Thay sall desire neuir thidder, to haue cummyn
Battallis horribill battallis, to conclude
I now behald, and tybrys the grete flude

The prophetes Sibilla schawis Eneas all thingis to cum and quhou it was decreit be the goddis efter lang trauaryll and warris to geue him Italye.

For

For great haboundance, of blude on ſpate wox rede
Nowthir granth, nor Symois in that ſtede
Sall thou myſs, nor zit the grekis armye
Thou ſall bekoze the, fynd in Italie
Ane vthir Achil, borne als of ane goddes
Nor Iuno troyanis, perſauewaris erpres
Sall neuir mare failze, in zour contrary
And quhen thou art thare, as thou wald be cary
Of ſuccours, and of help, all deſolate
Quhat pepil, and quhat cieties be godwat
In Italie ſall thou beſeik, of ſupple
Few ſall remane, vnrequirit traiſt me
The cauſis of, al this miſcheif and pane
Ane vthir woman, ane kremmyt geſt agane
For the troianis is, to be ſpous and wed
Ane ſtrange bryde, or ſche be brocht to bed
Withdraw the from, na perrillis nor hard thryſt
Bot eum on force more, ſtranglie to reſiſt
Agane dangeris than fortoun ſufferis the
Zour firſt reſcew, of ſuccours and ſupple
Furth of ane gregioum, ciete ſalbe ſchaw
Quhilk thou left wenys, ane wounder thing to ſchaw
Furth of hyr ſecrete cloſet, thus on ane
Sic ſawis warpis, this Sibilla Cumane
Horribyll anſueris, ful doutſum to conſaue
Quhare as ſche ſat, rummeſand in hir caue
In ſubtell wordis, of obſcurite
Inuolwand, the trueth and verite
For on ſic wyſe, Appollo hir refrenis
Bridillis hir ſpyrete, and as him left conſtrenis
From hyr hart pipis, his feirs brod with drawyng
As the deume furie, gan fyrſt ceſſing
And eik hir ragand mouth, begouth to reſt
Deuote Eneas, begynnis als eſt

And

And said bryngyne, na kynd of pane may ryse
Unknawin to me, of new at may me greyse
Or now I am warnyt, of al the chance
And has thame rollit, in my remembrance
Bot ane thing I beseik the and requyre
Sen the entres and porte, thay sar bene here
Of the infernale kyng, and the lisk dirk
Of Acheron gorgit, wyth fludis myrk
Thocht it be rycht difficil, zit grant me
Thay queynt realmes, I may behald and se
And cum vnto my dere, faderis sycht
Thidder the passage, and alwayis rycht
To teiche me, and thy secrete portis vnschet.
I him deliuerit, and from siambis het
And on thir schulderis, carpit him away
Ane thousand speris, followand to assay
From mid Inempis, brocht him to saulfe
In my vayage, accumpanied with me
He went throw out all seyis, and strange strandis
All maneis perrellis of fludis, of stremes and sandis
And stormes of heuin, thocht he was wark
He sufferit and susteinte, for my sark
Full huge pane as he had bene ane page
Aboue the strenth, and commoun cours of age
And forthir he me chargit, and gan beseik
To the lady I suld, reuerentlie seik
And pas hidder to thy stede, and duelling place
Haue reuth now haly, woman schaw him grace
Baycht to thy son, and fader I require
For thou may do al thyng, I wate but were
Ne not but gude resoun full wele I knawe
Besyde auernus ouer hir, hallowit schaw
Proserpyne mede the patroun, and maistres
Of orpheus, mycht reduce agane I gese

Aneas desyris at Sibilla to knaw the way to hel and to spek with his fader content to suffer al paynes & trauile.

Troim

Fro in hell his ſpoulis, gois with his ſueit ſtringis
Playand on his harp, of trace ſa pleſand ſpring is
Or gif pollux redempt, his brothir Caſtor
As he that was Immortall, get and bore
Parting with him, his Immortalite
Athir for vther ſufferand, for to dee
That Jthe of thame, by courſis alternat
Sa oft gais, and returnis that gait
Jt is nocht anys leſum, J pas that way
Of theſeus, quhat nedis mare to ſay
Or of the ſtrang maiſt, douchty Hercules
Quhilk thidder, went with ſa grete force & preis
Am J not eik diſcend, from Jupitere
Sic prayer maid he, grippand the altere
Quhill thus begouth the prophetes ſpeke agane
Of goddes blude, Anchiſes ſon troiane
Jt is rycht facill, and eith gate J the tell
For to diſcend and pas, on doun to hell
The blaknittis, of Pluto and that dirk way
Standis euer opin and patent, nycht and day
Bot therfra to returne agane, on hicht
And here aboue recoueris this airis licht
That is difficill werk, thare laboure lyis
Full few thare bene, quhom heich aboue the ſkyis
Thare ardent vertew, has raſit and vp heit
Or zit quham equale, Jupiter deifyit
They quhilkis bene gendrit, of goddes may thidder attane
All the mydway, is wildernes vnplane
Or wilſum forreſt, and the lauthlie ſtude
Cochitus with his direry boſum vnrude
Fowis enuiroun, round about that place
Bot gif ſa grete deſire, and luf thou has
Twyis til our ſale of ſtyx, the dolly lake
And twyis behald, hellis pit of wrake

The prophetis anſwer to Eneas ſchawyng hym the way to hell and quhou difficil it is to returne agane thartra.

Or ſa huge laubour, delitis the quod ſche
Harkin quhat firſt, behuffis the to do
Amiddis ane rank tre, lurkis a goldin beuch
With awreate leuis, and flexibil twiſtis teuch
Unto Juno, infernale conſecrate
That ſtandis leukit about and obumbrate
With dirk ſchaddois, of the thik wod ſchaw
Bot it is na wyſe leſum, I the ſchaw
Thir ſecrete wayis, vnder the erd to went
Quhil of the tre this goldin grane be rent
Fare proſerpyne, has inſtitut and commawd
To offer hir this hir awin propir pręſand
Ane vthir goldin grane, to the ilk effect
Thou ſall not myſs, thocht the firſt be doun brect
Incontinent euer of the ſamyn metal
Sic ane like branche, ſal burgeoun furth with al
The nedis therfor til hald, thine ene on hicht
If for to ſerche, and ſeik al at richt
Quhen it is fund, thou hynt it in thy hand
For gif it lift eſely, that ſamyn wand
Of thy awin wil, ſa ſollow thi grip fute hate
Gif ſo the fatis will, thou pas that gate
Or ellis be na ſtreneth, thou ſal it ryſſe
Nor cut in twa with wepin ſwerde nor knyffe
And marcattour, befor the in the place
That thou ne wate, of thy dere freynd allace
Unerdit lyis, of new the dede body
That with his corpis, infekkis al the nauy
The ſelf tyme ſlane, now alkand our anfure
And in that place, remanis with vs here
Firſt ſe that him, to his lang hame thou haue
And as efferis, gar bery law in graue
This his funerale entir, or ſacrifyce
Do bryng the blak beiſtis, as is the gyſe

be thes gol den grane is ſignifiet wiſdome quhilk ver tue cã ouer cum al thi- gis moſt difficill

Lat thay be zour firſt expiationis
And clengeing clath, eftir zour ſeremonis
So at the laſt of Stix, that ciſtful ſchaw
And realmes wilſum, for leuand men to knaw
Thou ſal behald, quod ſche, and tho gan ceiſe
Hir mouth clappit togiddir, and held peſe.

¶ Of Mylenus enticement, that was ſlane
And how Eneas fand, the goldin grane.

ENec with dzery chere, and Cnee doun caſt
Leiſſand the caue, furth on his way is paſt
And in his dzeiſt gan, rolling al on raw
Thir vncouth chancis, wounder ſtrange to knaw
Achates his traiſt freynd, furth him by went
Ilk ſtep and pais, muſing the ſamyn entent
Ful mony diuers ſermouns, betuix thaym two
Talkand and carpand, oft quhare as thay go
Douſum quhilk of thare feris, this mycht be
The Pzophetes thaym tald was done to de
Or quhat corp's was this, ſche thaym bad bery
And as thay come, apoun the ſtrand's dzy
Thay gan behald, ligging, in the ilk ſtede
Miſenus new ſlane, be vn wozthy dede
Miſenus Eolus ſon, nane mare cumand
Diſtis to aſſembil with bzaſin trump in hand
That with his ſound, and werely blaſtis oft ſpis
The martial curage, mad in bzeiſtis eyes
Sum tyme he was ane of grete Hectouris feris
About Hectoure, euir hantit he the weris
Now blawing with his trump, maiſt craftelie
Now with ane ſpere, Joynand, his maiſter by
Eftir Achil reſt him, the lyke in were
Till douchty Enee, this kozey cheuillere
Adionyt has him ſelf, in fallouſchip
Ane may of na les pzoues than wourſchip

Bot

Bot now percais, with his bois trumpe as he
went vnpzouisitly, blawing by the se
To stirue pzouoking the goddis, with his spyngis
Gif it be lesum to traist, sa schameful thingis
Triton the god hauand, thare at dispite
Oz he was war, him hyntis and did smyte
Amang the somy rokkis, law adoun
And in the salt wallis, the man gan dzoun
Quharfoz about his cozpis, with grete clamoure
The trotanis stude murnand, and maid doloure
Bot pzincipally, the reuthful Eneas
Sybillais heist, as he commandit was
Tho sped in haist, foz to pertoume weping
Foz the sepulture, funerale fyze oz bing
And hepe of treis, thay pzeis anone to dych
And vp vnto the heuynnys, rais on hicht
Unto ane ancient fozest, socht thay then
Enterand in mony wylde bestis den
Full of roset doun, bet as the fir tre
Smyte with the ax, did rare, the akis hie
Grete elchin stokkis tumbillis to the ground
With wedgeis schidit, gan the birkis sound
The selloun elmys, weltis doun the hillis
Eneas him self, also with ful gud willis
Into sic werkis, with the first al day
Foz to be bely, gan his feris pray
With lone in hand, fast wirkand like the laist
And in his dzeist, gan to and fra conlaist
Ful heuily thir materis, war betide
Behaldand the large wod, on athir syde
Thare as he stude, thus makand his prayer
Wald god zone goldin dzanche, list now appere
And kyith the selfe to vs, in this fozest
Sen to all thing, the pzopheties expest

My kenns perished in the wate

Of the Wilcnus at ouer trew allace
Skars war thir wordis said, quhen in that place
Ane pair of Dowis fra heuin, come with ane flycht
And richt forgane, the mannis face did licht
And one the grene swarde, thare place tuke law.
This rial prince, als sone as he thaym saw
His moderis birdis knew, and blythlie than
His birdoun has maid, and thus began
O haly foulis, gif the way may be went
Be ze my gidis, to complete my entent
Addres zour cours, throw out the are in hy
Unto that haly schaw, with sale mychty
Quharc as that riche Prince, the grounde ouerheldis
And ze my blissit moder, that ouer beildis
Into this doutsum cais, be not away
I zou beseik be fauorabill, to our way
And prayand thus, eftir the speymen weird
He prentit bayth, his fute steppis in the erd
Behaldand redly, quhat syngis thay schaw
Or quhiddir thay mark, etand paling on raw
Thay at the last gan flichter, furth ane space
Half stalkand on the ground, ane soft pace
Sa fer befoze achates, and Enee
As thay mycht wele behald thaym with thare e
And als sone, as thay come, to the entre
Of auernus, that stinkand hellis se
Uprais thay swiftlie, and in the moist are
Flaw furth and syne gan alicht and repare
Apoun thare seges, quhare thaym list to be
Of diuers naturis, perkit on the tre
Throw quhais branchis, of fere hewis monie ane
The bricht glitterand goldin, tulloure schane
Like as full oft, in schil wynteris tyde
The gum or glew, amyd the woddis wide

Is wolint to schene, zallow on the grane new
Quhilk neuer of that treis, substance grew
With saffroun hewit, frute doing furth spreute
Cirkillis and wympillis, round bewis about
Sic lik was of this gold, the cullour brycht
That burgeonit, fare on the rank aikis hicht
Euer as the branche, for pipand wynd reboundit
The goldin schakeris, ratlis and resoundit
Eneas smertlie, hynt the grane that schone
And bint delay, has rent it doun anone
Delyrus to complete, his way alsua
Bare it vnto the hald, of Sibilla
And netheles troyanis, this ilk tyde
Misenus deith bewalyt, at the seist syde
Unto the dolorus, vnsilly body
Funerall seruice, completand by and by
At the beginning, first vp hie thay beild
Ane huge hepe or bing, amyd the feild
Of dry aik schidis, and fat roset treis
All sidis tharof, als ker as ony leis
Was dek and couerit, with thare dedely lewis
And wyld Cypres, the tre of mortall hewis
The top aboue, arrayit was at richt
And adornit with schinand, armoure brycht
Sum spedis to graith, hate wattir spedelie
In caldrouns playand, on the fyre fast by
The cauld dede corpis, is weschin and anoynt
Enbalmed with riche gummes, euery Joynt
Thayschouting goulingis, & clamour about him maid
The body syne bewalit, haue thay lade
In ane soft bed, and thare aboue was spred
Purpour robbis, quhare with he wount was cled
Sum on thare schulderis, the grete bere vpbare
Ane dullfull office, with mony sob and rare

And as the manere, or tendir fryndis is
For sorow thar facis wythis away I wys
Puttand the kendilling in with hate fyre brand
Grete hepis of fence, vp blesit fra hand to hand
Cowpis and gobletis, warpit in the fyre
Full of oil oleue brynd vp bryght and schire
Efter all was fallin ane powder and in as
And the grete hete of flambis, quenchit was
The reliquis and the dzery, ameris fyne
Thay sloknit and gan weschin, with sueit wyne
The banys walit by, and natelie chosit
Chorineus in ane bralm towm, has closit
And this ilk man, his feris, al but dout
With clene watir clengit, thryis about
Strinkland ane litill dewing, as was the gyse
Wyth the branche of ane happy Olive thryis.
He purgit and aspergit wele the men
The lattir wourd, al is don said he then
Eneas tho, gart vp erkkit be
Ane sepulture, of ful huge quantite
In taikynnyng of ane mannis instrumentis
Ane air and eik ane trumpet, theron pyntis
Vndir the mont, vmquhile Misenus
Was clepit, quhilk now is hecht Mysenus
Efter his name, callit perpetualy
That euer sal his memor testify

Of Eneas sacrifyce by nyche
And how to hel he tuke the way ful ryche.

THis beand done sybillais commandement
Eneas addzes, perfozme incontinent
Thare stude ane dirk, and pzofound caue fast by
Ane hiddous hol, depe gapand and gryslly
All ful of cragis, and thir scharp flynt stanis
Quhilk was weil dekkit, and closit for the nanys

a diserip-tiō of the caue quhilk leadis to hell.

with

With ane foule lath, als blak as ony crais
And skuggis dym, of ane ful derne wod schaw
Aboue the quhilk na foule, may fle but skaith
Exalationis, or vapouris blak and laith
Furth of that dedely golf, thatwis in the are
Nowyse na bird, may thidder mak repaire
Quharfore grekis Auernus, clepis this stede
The place but foulis, to say or pit of dede
Here first Enee, at this ilk entre wyle
Foure zoung stottis, addzessit blak of pyle
The Nun Sibilla reisauis thaym, and syne
Amyd thare forheds quhelmyt, on coupis of wyne
And of thare top, betuix thare hornies tuay
The ouermest haris, has sche pullit away
And in the baly Ingill, as was the gise
Kest thaym in mancre, of the first sacrifyce
Apoun hecate crpand, with mony ane zell
Wychtfull in heuin, and depe doungeoun of hel
Sum fleut knyffis, in the beistis throttis
And vtheris (quhilk war ordant for sic notis)
The warme new blude, keppit in coup and pece
Enee hym self, ane zow was blak of flece
Bytrut with his swerd, in sacrifice ful hie
Unto the moder, of the furies thre
Ane hir grete sister, and to the proserpyne
And zeld kow all to trinschit and ektir syne
To the infernale king, quhilk pluto hate
Hys nycht altaris, begouth to dedicat
The haile bonkis, of beistis bane and lyre
Amyd the flambis, kest and haly fyre
The fat oyre did he zet, and pere
Apoun the entrellis to mak thaym birne clere
Bot lo ane litil befor, the son rising
The ground begouth to rummys, croyn and rynge

Vnder thare fete, and woddy toppis hie
Of thir hillis begin, to moue thay se
Amang the ſchaddois, and the ſkuggis merk
The hell houndis herd, thay zoule and berk
At cummyn of the goddes proſerpyne
Sybilla cryis, that prophetes diuyne
Al ze that bene prophane, away away
Swyth outwith, al the ſanctuary hy zou hay
And thou quod ſche, hald on thy way with me
Dzaw furth thy ſwerd, for now is nede Enee
To ſchaw thy manhede, and be of ferme curage
Thus fer ſche ſayd ſmyte, with the godite rage
And therwith enteris, in the opin caik
Eneas vnabaſit, fra al the laik
Fallowis his gyde, with equale pace ful richt

Eneas enteris baldly in to hel.

Inuocatiõ deſiring pardon or he begin to ſchaw the ſecretis of hell.

O ze goddis in quhais power, and mycht
The ſaulis bene, and ze derne ſkuggis derk
Confuſit Chaos, quharof al thing bene Irk
Skaldand hellis ſlude, flagiton but lycht
Ylatis of ſilence, and perpetual mycht
Mot it be leful, to me for to tell
Thay thingis quhilkis, I haue hard ſaid of hell
And be zour mychtis, that I may furth ſchaw
Sere thingis dzynchit, in the erd ful law
And depe inuoluit, in myrknes and the myſt
Thay walkit furth, ſo dirk oneith thay wyſt

A diſcripti on of hell

Quhidder thay went, amyddis dymſchaddois thare
Quhare euer is nicht, and neuer licht doith repare
Thzow out the waiſt dungeoun of pluto king
Thay vode boundis, and that gouſty ring
Sicłyke as quha wald, thzow thick woddis went
In obſcure licht, quhare mony not be kend
As Jupiter the king Etherial
With erdis ſkug, hydis the heuynis al

And

And the myrk nycht, wyth hir vylage gray
From euery thing, has reft the hew away
Befoze the pozch, and first Jawis of hel
Lamentacioun, and wraikful thochtis fel
Thare lugeing had, and therat duellis eik
Vale maledyis, that caulis men be leik
The kereful drede and als vnweildy age
The kelloun hunger, with hir vndantit rage
Thare was also the laithly indigence
Tirribil of schape, and schameful hir presence
The grisly dede, that mony ane has slane
The hard laubour, and diseilful pane
The slettry slepe dedis, cousing of kynd
Inordinate, blithnes, of peruerslite mind
And in the zet, forganis thaym did stand
The mortal battel, with his dedely brand
The Irne chalmeris, of hellis furies fel
Witles discord that, wandring maist cruel
Womplit and bulkit, in ane bludy bend
With snakis hung, at euery haris end
And in the myd, of the btir ward
With brade branchis sprede, ouer al the sward
Ane rank helme tre stude, huge grete and stok auld
The vulgar pepil, in that sampn hald
Beleuis thir vane dremes, mark is thare duelling
Under Ilk leik, ful thik thay stik and hung
Thare bene ilk mon stouris, of mony diuers sort
The centaurcs, war stablit at this port
The doubillit porturit Scilla with thaym in fere
Bryaryus with ane hundreth formes sere
The bytsning beist the serpent lerna
Horribill quhissilland and queynt chymera
With fire enarmed, on hir toppis hie
The laithlye harpies, and the gorgonis tyte

Of thrinkald bodyis, gaistly formes did grone
Waith of Erilus, and of gerione
Eneas fmertlie, for the hasty dzede
Hint furth his fwerd, in: this place gude fpede
The dzawin blade, he prefferis thare and here
Unto thare monftouris, euer as thay dzew nere
And ware not expert, mait Sibilla
Taucht him thay war bot, bode gaistis all tha
But ony bodies, as waunderand wrachis waist
He had apoun thame, ruschit in grete haist
And with his bitand brycht, brand all in vane
The tume schaddois, fmityng to haue flane.

Tyll hellis fludis Enee / socht nethir mare
And Pelinurus his / sterisman fand thare

FRra thine strekis the way, profound anone
Depe vnto hellis flude, of Acherone
With holebifme, and hidduous fwelth vncude
Drumly of mude, and skaldand as it war wode
Populand and bukand, furth of athir hand
Unto Cochitus al his flike, and fand
Thir riueris and thir watteris, kepit war
Be ane Charone, ane grifly ferrear
Terribyl of schape, and fluggard of array
Apoun his chin keill, Chanos haris gray
Liart felterit taltis, with birnand ene rede
Lyke tua fyre blefis, fixit in his hede
His fmottrit habit, ouer his schulderis lidder
Hang peuagely knyt, with ane knot togidder
Him self the cowbil, did the boline furth schaw
And quhen him list, halit vp falis faw
This ald hasard carips, ouer fludis hote
Spretis and figuris, in his frne hewit bote
All thoch he eldit was, of flep in age
Als ferynd als, fwipper as ane page

Charō the ferry man of hel ys flude.

For in ane god the age is, freſche and grene
Infatigabil and immortall, as thay mene
Thidder to the bray ſwermand, al the rout
Of dede goiſtis, and ſtude the bank about
Baith matrouns, and thar huſbandis al I ſeris
Ryall princis, and nobyl cheueleryis
Small childer and zoung, damſellis vnwed
And fair ſpringaldis, lately dede in bed
In fader and moderis preſence, laid on bere
Als grete nowmer, thidder thikkit in fere
As in the firſt froſt, eftir heruiſt tyde
Leuis of treis, in the wod dois ſlyde
Or byrdis flokkis, ouer the ſludis gray
Vnto the land ſekand, the nerreſt way
Quham the cauld ſeſſoun, cachis ouer the ſee
In to ſum benar realme, and warme cuntre
Thare ſtude thay prayand, ſum ſupport to get
That thay micht wyth the, formeſt ouer be ſet
And gan vphaun pietuouſly, handis twa
Langand to be apoun, the forthir bra
Bot this ſoroufull bote man, wyth bryn luke
Flow thir, now thame within his weſchell tuke
And vthir ſum expellit, and made do ſtand
Fer from the riuer ſyde, apoun the ſand
I wonderit of this ſterage, and the preis
Say me virgine ſayd Enee, or thou ceis
Quhat menis ſic conflu ence, on this watter ſyde
Quhat wald thir ſaulis, quhy will thay not abyde
Quhilk cauſis bene, or quhat aduerſite
Sum fra the brayis, thame withdraw I ſe
Ane vthir ſort, eik of thir ſaulis dede
Rollit ouer this reuer, cullourit as the lede
This ancient religious, woman than
But mare delay, to anſuere thus began

Anchirise

Anchyſes get, heyndchilde curtes and gude
Diſcend vndoutebill, of the goddis blude
The deip ſtank, of Cochis dois thou ſe
And eik the hellis pule, ſtir quod ſche
Be quhais mychtys, the goddis ar ful laith
And dredis ſare ſyne, fals thare aith
Al thir thou ſeis ſtoppit, at the ſchoze
Bene helples folk vnerdit, and forloze
Sone griſlie feriare, to name Caroun hate
Thay bene al berȳt he caryis in his bate
It is not til him leful, he ne may
Thaim ferry ouer thir rolwtand, fludis grāy
Nor to the hidduous, zonder coiſtis haue
Quhil thare banis, belaid to reſt in graue
Quha ar vnberyit, ane hundreth zere mon bide
Wauerand and wandrand, by this baukis ſyde
Than at the laſt to pas, ouer in this bote
Thay bene admittit, and coiſtis thaym not ane grote
And freelie may behaldin, or eſpy
Thay lakis, quhilkys thaym lykis to bely
Anchiſes ſo.i tho, ſtentis ane litill ſtound
And bayth hys fute ſteppis, fixit on the ground
Muſing in mind ſum dele, laid in ane part
And of this hard fortoun, caucht reuth in hart
Thare ſaw he dolorus, and wokful of chere
But funerall ſeruice, neuer laid on bere
Lucaſpes and Orontes, baith twane
Quhi.ſum maiſteris, of the ſchip liciane
Quham baith yfere, as laid before haue we
Sayland from troy, throw out the wally ſee
The dedly ſtorme, ouerquhelmit with ane quhiddir
Baith men and ſchip, went vnder flude togidder
Lo palynurus, eik his ſteriſman
Amang vtheris faſt, to the wattir ran

Quhylk

Quhilk laitlie ſaland, in the libiane ſé
Is than he gan behald, the ſtormes hie
To giddir with the helmſtok, quhare he ſtude
Our ſchipburd ſwakkit was amyd the ſtude
And ſkarſtie as he Ence gan eſpye
Amang dirk ſkuggis, ſtandand ful drery
Firſt he him gretis, ſayand til him thus
Quhilk of the goddis, O palynurus
The vs bereft, and drynt amyd the ſe
Sou tyd that cais, declare me I pray the
For certis bricht, appollo neuer or now
Was fals to me, but I wat neuer how
Of his anſure, twiching the he rawit
And has my mynd, therin al hale diſſauit
That ſchew ſuld hale ſkarth, ouer the ſe
Unto the grund of Itale, cum quod he
He thus his lawte, and promite has kepe
The tothir anſuertis, with ane petuous pepe
Maiſt wourthy duke, anchiles ſon maiſt dere
Nowther hecht the of phebus, the anſuere
Under his ſecrete courting, ſo diſſaue
Na zit na god ſaker has me bewaue
Nor drownit in the depe, as ze beleue
Bot as I ſtaide ouer burde, to my myſcheue
The helmſtok or gubernakil of the tre
Quharewith I rewlit, our cours throw the ſe
I enand theron percaſe, ſa faſt it threw
And rent away ouerburd, with me I drew
The wally ſeyis, to witnes draw I here
That for my ſelf, tuke I nane ſa grete fere
As of thy ſchip, quham that I knew ful quyte
Spulzeit of hir graith, and lodiſman furth ſmyte
Dreding ſche ſuld haue, preiſt in ſic nede
Quer the huge ſwelland ſtudis rais on brede

Aneas com monyng with Palinurus.

The

The ſouth wind nothus, thre dais me drawe
Throw out the ſey, with violent wallis waue
Skars on the ferd day, at myne did I akpie
Yle from the wallis, croppis Italie
Huly and fare, vnto the coiſtis I ſwam
And tho almaiſt, in ſurety cummm I am
Ne war the cruel pepil, of thay landis
As I that grippit with, my crukit handis
The ſcharp rolkis, ſtoppis at the ſchore
In hewy wate frogſtad, and chargit ſore
Thay can with Irn wappynnis, me inuade
Wening ane ſpy, that I had bene thay ſaid
From thare cuntre, ſum pray to driue away
So now I am bedyit, in ſtudis gray
And windis warpis, my corpis apoun the ſtrandis
Quharfore I pray the, heuand vp my handis
And be the pleſand licht, of heum requiris
And be the haleſum, are that thou inſpiris
And be thy welebelouit, fader din
And gude hope, of thy young ſonnis oſpring
O thou vnumqueſt, baſyeand campioun
Deliuer me, from thir grete harmes anon
Or at the leiſt graike me, in ſepulture
Sene wele thou can, and may perfourme that cure
Spere to the portis, quhilkis Pelynos hate
Or gif thay may be fundin, ony gate
Quhilkis thy bliſſit moder has teichit richt
Reik thy richt hand, vnto this wrechit wicht
And haue me with the ouer the ſtudis rede
So at the laſt, I may eftir my dede
Into ſum pleſand ſtede remane and reſt
For I beleue fermlie, thou not addreſt
Sa large ſtudis, but goddis authorite
For Stir thys laik, for til ouerſwym quod he

Quhen

Quhen that he had, thir wordis said expres
Sic answere made to him, the prophetes
Palinurus quod scho, thou sary syre
Quhiddir is becummyn, sic vndantit desire
To the and feirs, wyl sa vnresonabill
Wemis thou vnerdit, now and thus vnabill
Ouer stir the hellis pule, sic wise to farc
And grisly fludis, about quham doith repare
Thir dredely furyis, to behald and se
Uncallit on the ground, bray wald thou be
Deuist and ceis, to weyne with thy prayere
The goddis decrete, that thou may brek stere
Bot now impyent, in thy remembrance
This wordis in solace, of thy hard chance
Quhare thy body is, at this time present
For fere tharof, the pepil adiacent
By wounder takinnis, from the heuins schaw
Constrenit sall by grauf, thy banis law
And on thi corpis, erect ane sepulture
Doing tharto solemnit, funerale cure
Palinurus to name, that place for thy
Sall bere, and clepit be perpetualy
With thir wordis, all wageing his heuie thocht
And fra his sorouful hart, as that he mocht
Sum dele expellit, has the dolorus care
Reiosit of the ground, his surname bare
Quharfore Eneas, and Sybill baith tway
As thay begining had, held furth thar way.

Ouer stir that stude, how that Enee dyd fare
And Cerberus in caue, herd yell and rare.

AND as thay gan approch, towart the stude
This churlich boteman, on stir quhare he stude
Als swith as he persauit, thame cum sua
Throw the derne wod, and draw nerrer the bra

Fyrſt with ſic buſtuous wordis, he tham gret
And but offence, gan thame chiding thus plet
Quhat euer thou be, that cummis enarmyt ſa
Towart our ſtudis, quhidder etlis thou go
For quhat cauſis, come thou hidder tell me tyte
Stand ſtill thare, as thou art with mekle ſyte
Ȝeis no forther, for this is the bale richt
Of gayſtis ſchaddois, ſlepe and douȝit mycht
Unlefull war, and ane forbiddin thyng
Within this paſſingear, ouer ſtir to bring
Ony leuand wicht, certis in mine entent
I am not glade, ȝit of the laſt ſa went
Nor that I carlyt Hercules, ouer this laik
Ne theſeus, and pirotheus his mayk
All thocht thay war cummyn of goddis linnage
And vnuſtibill of ſtrenth, and baſſyllage
For this ilk Hercules, with his ſtalwart handis
The grym warden of hel, ſtrenȝeis in bandis
And him drew trymbling, from the kinges trone
The tothir twa grete violence, wald haue done
The freſche proſerpine, plutis lady gay
Furth of hir bour begouth, to lede away
To him agane this, anſuere made erpres
Of Amphriſia phebus, prophetes
Do al ſuſpicioun, furth of thy conſait
Here is quod ſche, na ſic gile nor diſſait
Na violence our wappinnis, dois pretend
Welc likis vs it dois, vs not offend
Thoch in his caue ȝour, hidduolis portare
ȝou land effray the dede, gaiſtis cuermare
We ſtand content, It ſuffyce vs allua
That thay remane, the chaiſt proſerpina
Within hir fader brotheris, boundis and ring
Bot here is cummin, of king troas of ſpryng

Eneas

Eneas ful of piete, and knychthede
To wesy his louit fader, quhilk is dede
Discend to the law, skuggis of hell
Of syc grete bertew and piete, quhilk I tell
Gif na consideratte, may the mone quod sche
At leist thou knawis, sche goldin graunt tre
And with that word, the branche schawand vndir
That prively vnder hir cloke, was hid
The rageand hert, ful of wraith and ire
Than wox appesit, of this lathly schyre
And but ma wordis, or langer delay
Awounderit of the present, fresche and gay
This fatall wand, sa precius was I mene
That he tofore ane lang time, had not sene
His wattry hewit bote, haw as the se
Towart thame turnis, and addressis he
And gan approch, vnto the bra in haist
Syne vthir saulis, expellis has and chaist
Furth of his bate, quhilk sat endlangis the wale
He strekis sone his airis, and grathis his sale
And tharwith al the big, wichty Enee
within his weschel bodum, restanis he
Under the payland, and the heuy targe
Gan grane or geig, the euil tonit barge
Sa ful of riftis, and with lekkis perbreik
Sche suppit, huge wattir of the leik
Bot at the last, out ouer the flude sit than
Saiflie sche brocht bayth, prophetes and man
And furth thame set, amyde the foule glare
Among the fauth rillis, herlis and flare
Cerberus the heddious, hound that regioun
Feirdynnys, berkand with thre mouthis soun
Unmesurabill in his caue, quhare he lay
Rycht ouerforgane, thame in the bie way

Fyrst with sic bustuous wordis, he tham gret
And but offence, 3an thame chiding thus plet
Quhat euer thou be, that cummis enarmyt so
Towart our studis, quhidder etlis thou go
For quhat cauſis, come thou hidder tell me tyte
Stand still thare, as thou art with mekle syte
Ȝe is no forther, for this is the bale richt
Of gayſtis schaddois, slepe and douezit mycht
Unlekull war, and ane forbiddin thing
Within this passingear, ouer stir to bring
Ony leuand wicht, certis in mine entent
I am not glade, 3it of the last sa went
Nor that I cariyt Hercules, ouer this laik
Ne theseus, and pirotheus his mayk
All thocht thay war cummyn of goddis linnage
And vnuſibill of strenth, and vassyllage
For this ilk Hercules, with his stalwart handis
The grym warden of hel, strenzeis in bandis
And him drew trymbling, from the kinges trone
The tothir twa grete violence, wald haue done
The fresche proserpine, plutis lady gay
Furth of hir bour begouth, to lede away
To him agane this, answere made erpes
Of Amphrisia phebus, prophetes
Do al suspicioun, furth of thy consait
Here is quod sche, na sic gile nor dissait
Na violence our wappinnis, dois pretend
Welc likis vs it dois, vs not offend
Thoch in his caue 3our, hidduous portare
3ou land effray the dede, gaistis cuermare
Ȝe stand content, It suffyce vs alsua
That thay remane, the chaist proserpina
Within hir fader brotheris, boundis and ring
Bot here is cummin, of king troas of spryng

Eneas

Eneas ful of piete, and knychtheid
To wesy his louit fader, quhilk is deid
Discend to the law, skuggis of hell
Of syc grete vertew and piete, quhilk I tell
Gif na considerance, may the moue quod sche
At leist thou knawis, the goldin graunt tre
And with that word, the branche schawand vndir
That prively vnder hir cloke, was hid
The rageand hert, ful of wraith and ire
Than wox appesit, of this lathly schyre
And but ma wordis, or langer delay
Awounderit of the present, fresche and gay
This fatall wand, sa precius was I mene
That he tofore ane lang time, had not sene
His wattry hewit bote, haw as the se
Towart thame turnis, and addressis he
And gan approch, vnto the bra in haist
Syne vthir saulis, expellis has and chaist
Furth of his bate, quhilk sat endlangis the wale
He strekis sone his airis, and grathis his sale
And tharwith al the big, wichty Enee
within his weschel bodum, ressauis he
Vnder the payland, and the heup targe
Gan graue or geig, the euil ionit barge
Sa ful of riftis, and with lekkis perbreik
Sche suppit, huge watter of the leik
Bot at the last, out ouer the flude sit than
Haistie sche broght bayth, prophetes and man
And furth thame set amyde the koule glare
Among the fauth rillis, herb and flare
Cerberus the haddious, hound that regioun
Fordynnys, berkand with thre mouthis soun
Vnmesurabill in his caue, quhare he lay
Rycht ouerforgane, thame in the bie way

Quham til the prophetes behald how in hie
Pis nek wox of edderis, all grisely
Ane lop stept in till hony als fast
And of enchantit cornes made gen cast
For hunger wod he gapis, with throttis thre
S with swelland, that mosel raiche had sche,
And tho his horrid body, with ane rerd
He tumblis ouer, ligging on the erd
Of huge stature and fellone quantite
Ouer all the caue, furth strekit han has he

The circulate wayes in hell Eneas saw
And fand quene Dido at the myrr tre schaw

THus quhill the portar, maisepe foupit lyis
The entre tho, Eneas occupyis
And ouer the fludis bank, full swiftly spryng
Quhais passage, is ouerturnat till went
Of the nyne cirkillis of hell. Anone thay hard cere voicis lamentabill
Grete warying, quhimpering and sproutis lamentabill
In the first cirkill, or the vter ward
The yong children hath the first place. 3oung babbis saulis, weping sare thay herd
Quham the hasty and blak, dulefull day
Soukand thare moderis pape, had reft away
Fro the swet lyfe, that wes vntimelie
As carefull corps plungit, in graue gaip
The .ii. cle kill be of them that war put fasikles to dethe. Nixt thame the secund place, thay feikis has
Wrang wisly put to dede, for cryme saikles
Nor sekirly thir seitis, to ilk wycht
War not assignit, but iuge dome and richt
For king Wynos inquisitour, and iustice
The katale wyne, and ballance at deuile
Reulis equale, and be discretioun sterris
To counsale and to iugement, as efferis
The fylly goistis callis, in that secrete cage
Wayth of thaire lyfe and crymes, takand knawlage

Erne

Syne eftir thir, all ſory and full of care
The thrid place haldis, and ſall euermare
Giltles folk that for diſdene wo or fede
With thare handis wrocht, thare ſelfe to dede
And irkit of thare lyfe, that thay war in
Thare lueit ſaulis, made fra the body thyn
O quhat penurite, and hard diſtres in fere
Wald thay now ſuffer, to be in this warld here
Bot the fatis and goddis, decrete gane ſtandis
That thay returne, may neuir in to ther landis
The wofull pule, with watter thame vnlufly
Withaldis thame ſo than, thay may not ga by
And ſtir the ſtude, belappis thame about
Nyne tymes ſo cloſe, that thay may neuir wyn out
Not fer from thens wide quhare on euery ſyde
Thay mycht behald the large feildis wyde
And boundis of complante, all bode of licht
Sa bene thay clepit, propirly at rycht
Quharin war all by ſtrang luf, in thare dayis
With fit cruell infectioun, waſtit away is
The heddis held thay, and the roddis derne
Ane myrtre wod, about thame loukit zarne
Thare paneful maſking, of thare heuy thocht
Eftir thare dede alſo forzet thay nocht
Thare was phedra, the ſpous of Theſius
And procrus eik, the wyfe of Cephalus
In that ilk ſtede was trift, Eriphilee
Hir cruel ſonnis, woundis ſchewis ſche
Euadne he beheld, and laodomia
And Paſiphe in fallouſchip with tha
And Ceneus firſt ane wenche, and ſyne ane man
In hir auld ſchape, eftir dede changeit than
Amang vtheris, the phenitiane Dido
Within the grete wod, walkis to and fro

The thrid cyrkill is of them that ſla them ſelfis.

The .iiii. cyrkyll ſchawis them that for immoderat lone periſched

The grene wound gapand, in hir breist all new
Quham as the troiane baroun, nerrer dre we
And throw the dirk schadois, first did knaw
Sic wise as quhay, throw cluddy skyis saw
Or at the leist wenys, he dois se
The new mone, quhen first vpwaris sche
The teris lete he fall, and tendirly
With hertlie luke, begrette hir thus in hy
O key dido, sen I persaue the heir
Ane sour warning, now I knaw full clere
Was schewin me, that thou with swerd was slaw
Bereft thy selfe the life, and brocht of daw
Allace I was the cauiser, of thy dede
By all the sternes schynes, aboue our hede
And be the goddis aboue, to the I swere
And be the faith and laute, gif ony here
Treuth may be fund, depe vndererd (quod he)
Magre my will pyntes, sa mote I the
From thy coistis depart, I was constrenit
Be the commandements, of the goddis vnkenit
Quhais grete mychtis, has me hidder dryue
To pas throw out the dirk schaddois belyue
By gousty placis welsche sauoyit moist, and hare
Quhare profound, nycht perpetualie doith repeire
Compellit from the for to disseuer
Nor in mynde ymagine, mycht I neuer
For my departinge, or absence I wys
Thou suldest caucht sa grete diseis, as thys
Do stynt thy pais, abide thou gentill wicht
Withdraw the not, sa sone out of my sycht
Quham fleis thou, this is the latter day
By wourdis schap, that with the speik I may
Quhy sic wourdis, Eneas full of wo
Sett hym to meis, the spreit of quere dido

Eneas ora tyone to Dydo quene of Carthage purgyng hym selfe of his dede.

Quhilk

Quhilk all inflammit, ful of wath and ire
With awart luke, and glowand hate as fyre
Wade him to wepe, and sched ouer teris wak
And kremmitly kra wart him, as he spak
Hir ene affixt, apoun the ground held sche
Nouin3 na mare, hir curage kare noȝ hye
Than sche had bene, ane statewe of marbyl stane
Or ane kerne volk, of mont moȝpesiane
Bot finalie ful swift, sche wisit away
Agreuit fled in the derne, woddis gray
Quhare as Sicheus, hir first spous ful sure
Corispondis to hir desire, and cure
Rendring in luk amouris, equiualent
And neuertheles, kast ektir hir kurth spyent
Enee perplexit, of hir sory cace
And weping gan hir follow, ane wele large space
Regrettand in his mind, and had piete
Of the distres, that mouit hir to fle

¶ The warde of wourthy weremen now Ænee
Beheld and here with deiphebus spak he

WIth all his spede, kra theins he tuke the gate
That was vntill him grantit, by his fate
And fone thay warren, cummin to the plane
And lattir wardis, quharein dois remane
Valzeand folkis, in feildis and cheuelrie
Tha secrete steddis, hantand, by and by
Here him recounterit, partanopeus
And in till armes, valzeant Tedeus
The patle goist, eik of adrastus the kyng
Thare saw he als, with huge grete and murning
In middil erd oft menit, thir troyanis
Duryng the sege, that in battil slane is
Quham as he gan behald wid, quhare onraw
Full tendirly complening, thare he saw

The. b. cit-
hil contens
valzeand ¶
nobil cap
tans of
warre

Glaucus Medontus,and Therfilotius
Inthenozis thre ſonnis,and polidetus
Unto the goddes,Ceres conſecrate
Ideus ſaw he,in his auld eſtate
Baith reuland zit his cart,and wappynnis weldand
Unto Eneas lekt ſyde,and rychthand
The ſaulis ſlokkis circulate in ane rout
Not ſufficit thame,to ſpy him onis about
Bot deſiring,he taryit euermare
Furth with him,to walkin and repare
Mele lykis thame towart him,faſt to thryng
And to inquire the cauſs,of his cumming
The nobillis erlis of grekis,one by one
With the grete routis,of Agamemnone
Als ſone as thay,the ſtalwart troiane ſaw
In bricht armour,amyd the ſchaddois law
Gretelie efferde,war ſmyte with ſelloun dredé
Sum gaif the bak,takand the flycht gude ſpede
As quhilum thay,vnto thare ſchippis ſocht
Sum raſit ane cry,with wake voce as thay mocht
Bot al for nocht,thare clamour was ful ſcant
The ſoundis brak,with gaſpyng or ane gant
Syne Diephebus,quhilum armipotent
Kyng Priamus ſon,with body tor and rent
Thare he beheld ane cruell maglit face
His viſage menzete,and baith his handis alace
His halfhedis ſpulzeit,of ſchowit his eris tua
By ſchamefull wound,his neis cuttit away
With grete difficulte,he him ſkarſlie knew
Trimbling for lak,eſthamit rede of hew
As that he micht handand,his ſelloun woundis
Undermandyt,with freindly wourdis and ſoundis
Enee him gret,ſayand of gret renoun
Deiphebus,armipotent campioun

Quha

Quha has alas the, mactynyt ſa and ſlane
By ſa cruell tormentis, and hydduos pane
Hou euer was any, ſuffert the ſa to dicht
It was me tald, of troy the lattir nycht
Thou wery, and forfothin, in that ſtede
For ſa feil grekis, be thy dyntis ded
Aboue the heide of dede corps, ouer ane
Fell doun forbled, thare ſtanding them allane
Than I my ſelfe, fra this was to me ſtraw
Boun at the nes richt, by the coaſtis law
Ane voce tumb raſit, and with loude voce thryis
Apoun the wrachis, and wanderand gaiſtis cryis
Thy armes and thy name, that place doith hald
My freynd thy body, couth I not behald
Nor fynd, thocht I wald it haue grauntekt
The time quen I, our natyue cuntre lekt
King Priamus ſon made anſwere, ſoith is it
Na thing my derc frende, did thou pretermyt
All that thou aucht, to Deiphebus ilk dele
Thou has perfurnyſt, worthely and wele
As to my beryall, and ſprete apertenyt
Bot my hard fatis, war wars than thou wenyt
For the deteſtabyll curſyt wykitnes
Of Helena boun in latena, I ges
Has me inuoluit, in thir harmes ſe ſe
Thir ar hir laſt luf, drowyis left wyth me
Full wele thou wate, how that the lattir nycht
In fals mythis, we ſpendit euery wycht
Alace the quhyle, our grete matter of care
Behuffis vs hald, in memor euermare
Quhen that the fatal hors, to our enmoy
Come ſpeland, ouer the hie wallis of troy
Wyth belly chargit full of army t men
That ſtrang lurdane than, quham wele we ken

Communication betuix Eneas and Deiphebus.

The trotane matronis, ledis in ane ring
Fenzeand to bachus, feist and karoling
Amiddis all the laik, ane grete firebrand
Birnand full clere, scho haldis in hir hand
Quhare with out, of the maister strete of troy
The grekis did scho, bekin and conuoy
This ilk time, me with heuy cueris lang
Cirkslum were, and sad slummeris strang
Oppressit for my walking mony fald
For my fey chalmer, gan my body hald
Fordouerit as I lay, in to that stede
In sueit profound rest, of slepe like soft dede
That notabill spous, furth of hir lugeing place
The mene sessoun, all armour did arrace
My trastly swerd, fra vnder my hede away
Stall scho, and in the place brocht mene lay
The chalmer durris, optinnit scho in hy
Meaning to work, ane hie plesere tharby
To hir first luffare, and hir auld schame
Tharethrow to quenche, and recouer gud name
Quhat suld I tary, or zou langar hald
The grekis ruschit in the chalmer thik fald
Among all vtheris, samin thidder spedis
That schrew prouokare, of all wikkit dedis
Eolus neuo, cursit vlixes sle
On sic like wise as thare, thay did with me
Grete goddis mote the grekis recompens
Gif I may thig ane vengeance, but offens
Bot say me this agane kremd all togidder
Quhat auenture has brocht the leuand hidder
Quhidder waur wilsum, by storme of the sey
Or at command of goddis, cum thou, quod he
Or quhat forte un, to vth the cache or flere

That

That to thys ſoyr hald thou cuinmis here
To beſy this troublit,dim regioun
Quhare euer is nicht,and neuer ſon zit ſchone

Sibilla carpand/till Enee can tell
The tormentis of depe dzery panefull hell

THe tyme that they thus carpit to and fra
Hir roſy charyote,the freſch auroza
Inydwart of the heuynnys,aſſyitre
Begouth foz to vpzoll,and ra's on hye
The myd declynyng of hir cours,was went
And thay percaſe,on ſit wyſe,mycht haue ſpent
The tyme complete was,foz thare Iornay grant
Bot ſone him warni's,Sibilla the ſant
His trew marrow,gan ſchortly to him ſay
The nycht Eneas,ſlides faſt away
Wepyne the houris,we conſume and waiſt
Here is the place,quhare our paſſage in haſt
Depertit is and ſhed,in ſtretis tuane
This way towart the richt hand ſtrekis plane
To the hie wallis,of ſchir Ditis king
It is our reid by went,quhilk ſall vs bzing
Unto the plekand plane,of Eliſee
This vther gate,in the left hand ze ſe
Conuayis vnto the ſtede,of fell tozment
Quhare dampnit ſchrewis,in Tartarus ar ſent
In woful pyt,perpetual to remane
Than deiphebus,maid this anſuere agane
Beis not aggreuit,ſouerane now I pray
I ſall no langar,duell bot go my way
I ſall complete my nomber,furth quod he
And to dim ſchadowis,rendir ſall I be
Was on pas on,our wourſchip and renown
Ware proſperchance,to haue now mak the boun
Thus ſer ſpak deiphebus,and with that ſaw

Two plaeis in hell one foz the pleſoz of gud men/ ane vthir foz the puniſment of euell,

About

About tunit his paisand gan withdraw
Eneas blent him, by and suddanly
Under ane rolk, at the left side did spy
Ane wounder large castell, strang and stout
With wallis thrinkald, lappit round about
Quham the grisly, Tartariane flagitone
That rauenus flude, closis inuiron e
With water blesand, byym in fyry low
And rolland stanis, Rumland depe in how
The porte in forefront, was full huge grete
Of ferme adamant, war the pillaris bete
Sa that na fors of man, mycht thame doune myne
Nor zit the strenth of goddis, with strang engyne
Ane irne toure stude, beildit wounder hie
Quhilk semyt, for to reik vp in the skye
Thesiphon that furious, monstoure wilde
In bludy cape reuestit, and ouer sylde
Sittis kepand but slepe, bayth nycht and day
That sory entre, and this porche alway
Tho begouth thay first, in this stede to here
Wurmyng gouling, and granyng with dulfull bere
Fele cruell strakis smytyn her thay sound
Fraising of Irne ketteris, and chenzeis round
Enee gan him arreist, in mynd within
All abasit herkynnand, this terefull dyn
O haly virgine say thou furth quod he
Quhat kynd of grisly, torment may this be
In quhat punytioun panys, and distres
Bene saulis zonder strenzeit, prophetes
Quhat menys this brute weping, and wofull cryis
With sic waling semys, fordyn the skyis
Sibilla thus begouth, answere agane
O wourschipfull, and gentil duke Troyane
It is not lesum to ane, innocent wicht
With in the boundis, of wikkitnes vnrichs

The.vi. tit kyll ordeyned for punisment of wykkyt people.

To

Tó entir nor attene, to nere that set
Bot the first tyme proserpyne made and sett
Me maistres of auerne hir hallowit schaw
The goddis tormentis, gan scho to me scaw
And me conuoyit thare throw, euery stede
This maist dolorus realme, to stere and lede
Has Rhadamanthus vmquhile, of Crete king
Haldand maist scharp, and sare lawis in his ring
Chastiand folkis, speris thare offence exprес
By torment thame compellis, thare cryme confes
Synnys committit, abone in the erd
Quhen ony ioyand to thare awin wanwerde
Bot proffyt dois consele, hide or delay
Unamendit, quhil dedis lattir day
Sic wikkit. and condempnit wichtis al tyte
As thay come in that dolly pyt, of syte
Theliphone, the wrekare of misdedis
With quhip in hand, al reddy fasthit spedis
All to assale, to skurge tor and bete
And with hir left hand, terribil edderis grete
Thik at thame swakkis, sine to pyne thame doth call
Of fell torment, the rout of sisteris all
And thó that last with horrible, soundis thrist
Thay warpit portis, Fargand on the birst
warpit vp brade lo zounder, may thou se
Quhat kynd wardane sittis, in the porth quód sche.
And how terribill of continance and chere
Thou hir behaldis, kepis the entre here
Ane mare kerefull monstoure, and mare fel
Ane vgly serpent, sittis, within zone hell
With fyfty hiddious, blak throtis gapand
And forther eik, zone tartarus ay tryinland
Quhilk is of hel, the depe dungeoun and pyt
Dippis twyis als hol, houn I lat the wyt

Rhadamã thus inge

Heming

Semyng so law, vnder the erth reik
As that our sycht may vp, to the heuynnis streke
Therin the ancient lynnage, of erde
Thir gyantis hate, Tytanas be vnwerde
With thunderus blast, doun smytin and ouer thraw
Ar warpit in zone pottis, boddum law
Thare saw I eik alois, twynnys twane
Otbus and Aphialtes, brethir germane
With huge bodyis, that prellit doun to rent
With thare handis, the large firmament
And by thare force begouth, expel the king
Hie Jupiter furth of his heumly ryng
Thare I beheld, salmonius alsua
In cruel torment sufferand, mekil wa
For that he gan, to counterfete him cast
Grete Jouyis fire, and heuenly thunderis last
By hostis foure, fourth rollit was hys chare
Secrete condittis, of fyre smytand sare
Throw out the peppl, of grece and archaid
Wyd the cicte of Elis, blyith and glaid
Proude and haltand, in hys hert walkit he
And as ane god, bad honorit he suld be
For that in tyl hys dotage, and fule hete
By sound of brays, and stampand stedis fete
He made him for to feyne, ane simplytude
Of cluddis blak, and rumland thunder rude
Quhylk on na wyse, aucht to be counterfete
Bot the hye fader almychty, from hes sete
Throw thick cluddys, at hym hys darte dyd draw
Nawthir blak fyre bran, nor reky flambys law
Bot suddanely, wyth ane fel bleis of thunder
Threw hym to ground, and smate hym al in sunder
To tytios thare was, I schawin in dede
With body spreidit, nyne akir on brede

That

That fostir child, vmquhile was clepe and call
Unto the erth, quhilk moder is of all
Ane hidduous gripe, with bustuous bowland beik
His malve Immortall, doith pike and ouer reik
His bludy bowellis tozring, with huge paine
Furth renting all his fude, to fang full fane
Under his coist holkand, in batle lawe
And sparis not to rug rifle, and gnaw
All that the entrelles spzingis, now Ilk day
Thay gette na rest, the feule had there his play
quhat suld I rekkin that pepill of thessaly
That lap tas ar, hait thzou gluttony
Distropit all, of Ixion to tell
Oz pirothus, quhat nedis langar duell
Aboue quham hingis, blak, quhyn stanis grete
Aye semand reddy to fall, and them to bete
Befoze Tantulus, and ane vthir sozte
The goldin trestis schynand standis ouer thozte
Under riche tabillis, dicht foz mangozy
Quha ron forgane, thare face is sett reddy
All dant yis langand, till ane kingis feist
Bot ane of the gretest furies, gan arreist
Sitand thirby, and hunger in thaym blawis
And netheles that handes, scho withdzawis
So that the maris, twithing dar thay nocht
As that thay mynt therto than all on flocht
With hait firebzandis in hand, ther dois sche rise
Fleis thaym with flambe, grym luke and vgly cryis
Thay bene also within zone pitte tozment
Quhilk at ther brechir, muy had oz haitrent
Quhill that thay leuit, in this pzesent lyfe
And that quham by thzow thar deray and stryfe
Thare faderis warren chaslin erfe
All thay that ony failset, slicht, oz gile

The signyfies tirannis lyfis to be vncertane ful of fear and not durabyl.

Ungodly fals/and in wikull persounis.

Ægānis thare ſeruandis, or familiars wrocht
Couetous people. And thay that onlie ſetting, all thare thocht
Apoun thare riches, quhilk wonnyng thay haue
Tuke not thare nedis therof, nor na man gaif
Of quham zonder bene, ane full huge rout
And all thay for adultery, ſchent but dout
Adulteres dreis of wedloke and promiſes. And thay that mouit wrang wis, batale or were
Thay not eſchamyt, thare promis to forſwere
Bzekand lawty plicht, in his lordis hand
All ſic incluſit ar zounder, abidand
Euery day new panis perpetualie
Spere not at me, for not declare can I
Quhat diuers kindis of tormentzounder thole thay
Nor zit quhat ſorte of pane, is depute ay
For ilk treſpas to rekkin, I tak na kepe
Quhat milfortoun, thame plungis in zone depe
For ſum welteris anc grete, ſtane vp ane bra
Of quhom the nowmer is, Siſiphus ane of tha
On quhelis ſpakis ſpeldit vtheris hingis
The maiſt wrechit of all princis and kingis
Phlegias vmquhile, king of theſſaly
Agud conſall of phlegias for al princes to do iuſtice to all men. All mortall wichtis, admoniſſis with his cry
And loude voce, throu the dirk awitnelling
Be myne exempill, all vtheris prince and king
Lernes quod he, to hant iuſtice and richt
And not contempne, the goddis ſtrenth and mycht
Thare ſeitis eik, and ſall ſit cruermare
The ley vnhappy, thefeus full of care
Shum zonder bene, for reddy, gold in hand
Treatouris that betraſis thar natiue countre for mone. Sald and betraſit thare natiue, realme and land
And therin brocht ane, mychty tyrant ſtrang
Sum vtheris eik for pryce, or mede to fang
That lauis made and vnmade, as thame liſt
Thare bene alſo full ſorowfull, and thriſt

Thay

Thay quhilkis thare dochteris, chalmeris hialcte
Or hauand na regarde to thare eſtate
Forbodin or inceſtuus, mariage
Gan hanting by vndanting, luſtis rage
And ſchortlie all durſt ymagine or cumpace
Waiſterfull wrang, myſcheif or wikkitnes
Or ony ſic conſate brocht to effect
Here cutmare the charge, lyis in thare neck
All thocht ane hundreth ſcharp tungis had I
Ane hundreth mouthis, for to clepe and cry
Thareto my vote war ſtrang, as Irne or ſteile
All kynd of vicis to comprehend, half dele
Nor all the names of tormentis, and of panis
I mycht not reckin that, in zone hald remanis

Wichyt a vnchaiſt peopyll

How finally Sibilla/ and Enee Come to the pleſand plane of Eliſee

FRa that the anciant Nun, of dame Phebus
Thir wourdis endit, and had ſpokin thus
Haue done (quod ſcho, tak thy way cryres
Performe thy werk, thou begynning has
Spede vs forthwart, for zounder lo I ſe
Of plutois chymes, the big wallis hie
Forgent of Irne, full craftely and bet
Be the Ciclopes, furth of thare furnes het
Eik I behald, lo here forgane ouer face
Thay portis with thare ſtalwart, bow or brace
Quhare oure inſtructioun, teichis vs full plane
This prelland thare, to leif and goldin grane
Thus ſaid ſche, and anone therwith bayth tway
Gan walkin furth, thro out the dern way
And ſone ouer paſſit, has the impoll ſpace
Approcheing to the portis, of that place
Eneas ba dly ſprang, in at the zet
His body ſtrynalit, or ane lutill weet

And

And with clere fpring and watter, can ther by
Forgane thaym eik, at the entre in by
The goldin branche, he ſtekis vp fare and wele
This beand done at laſt, and euery dele
Refurniſt langing, the goddis gift gay
Vnto ane pleſand grend, cummin ar thay
With battell gers, freſche herbis and grene ſwardis
The luſty orchartis, and the haleſum zardis
Of happy ſaules, and wele fortunate
To bliſſit withtis, the places preparate
Thir feildis bene lar geare, and heuinis bricht
Reueſtis thaym with purpoure, ſchyn and lycht
The ſternes for this place, conuenient
Knawis wele thare ſon, and obſeruis this went
Sum thare amyd, the gerſy planis grene
In to paleſtrall playis, thaym betuene
Thare membris gan exerce, and hand for hand
Thay fall to werſling, on the goldin ſand
Allayand honeſt gammis, thayr to ſchorte
Sum vthir hanting gan, ane vthir ſporte
Als for to danſing, and to lede the ring
To ſing ballettes, and go in karolling
Thare was alſo the preiſt, and menſtrale fre
Orpheus of trace, in fyde rob harpand be
Playand proporcions, and ſpringis diuine
Apoun his harp, ſeuin diuers ſoundis fyne
Now with gymp fyngeris, doung ſtringis fmyte
And now with ſubtell enore, poyntalis lite
Here was the noble kyn, and antian ſtrynd
The maiſt douchty lynnage, ſprang be kynd
Fra king tewcer, champions ſouerane
In to mare happy ſeruis, borne Iliane
Thare was Ilus, and eik aſſaracus
And the begynnar of troy, ſchir Darnanus

Vnder eneas, and als Sibilla
Iwounderit war, and maruellis baith twa
The armour and the men, for to behald
And bode Chariotis, of thir chiftanis bald
Thare speris stikkyng in the erd did stand
Wide quhare all lous, ouer feildis and the land
Pasturit thare hors, rakand thame fast by
For quhat plesour of armes, or cheuelry
Or quhat cure to addres, thare cart or wedis
To feding and to dant, thare sleyk swale stedis
Thay hantit, quhil thay leuit here on lyfe
The samyn solace, be thay man or wyfe
Sit doith thame follow, vnder the erd stad
And lo ane vthir sorte, ful blyth and glad
On athir hand, behaldis Eneas
At banket on the grene, herbis set was
In louing of the goddis, Joyusly
Amis of pryce, tryumphe and victory
And singand glade togiddir, in falousschip
And pryncipally, Appollo to wourschip
Within ane vode, of laurere grene thay duell
Fragrant of sueit odour, and halesum smell
Quharthrou the schawis, schene in strandis sere
Eridanus, the heuinly reuer clere
Flowis contirmont, and vpwart to the lift
Wythin this place, in al plesour and thryft
Of hale the puissance, quhilkis in iust battell
Slane in defence, of thare kynd cuntre fel
And all thare preistis, and religious wichtis
Quhilk leuit chaist clene like, as to tham richt is
And al godlike deuote, prophetis trew
That soithfast thyng, wourthy to phebus schew
And thay quhilk by thar craftis, or science fyne
Fund by thar subtel knawelege, and ingyne

Nobil men quhilk gef ther awin lyfes for ther natyf countre.

Godly and lerned preistis prophetes and gud religious men.

Thare lyke Illumynate, and anoynit clere
And thare be meritabill dedis, and giftis sere
That mare vtheris held thaym, in memorie
Of al thir war, the tempillis by and by
Arrayit wyth ane fresch garland, schaw quhyte
And as thay flokit, about Enee als tyte
Sicwyse on to thaym, carpit Sibilla
Bot principal, to Museus, ane of tha
Was sted amyddis of the mekyl rout
As scho beheld him with big schuldcris stout
O ze sa happy saulis, tellith me
And thou maist souerane poet sche, quod sche:
In quhat regioun, and place, ben Anchises
Hidder for his saik, we come, and with grete pyeis
Pas ouer-salit of hel, the grete fludis
This rial lord, in few wordis concludis
And answerit thus, freyndis certane duelling nane
In thys cuntre haue, bot al ouer ane
Walkis and lugeis, in thir schene wod schawis
Endlang thir riuer bankis, al one rawis
Thir bene our setis, and beddis of fresche flouris
In sokt bene medois, by clere strandis al houris
Our habitatioun is, and residence
Bot gif zour mynd, langis to haue presence
Of Anchises, pas vp zone swyre, fute hate
And I sal zou lichtlie, in the hye way set
And sayand thus before thaym, furth went he
And can thaym schaw, apoun the hyl on hye
The schenand planis, ful of al plesance
Agane returnis be, and thay auance
From thyne discending, from the hyllis hycht
Quhare at the last thay, of anchises gat ane sycht

How that Eneas wyth hys fader met
In dathis vthir, wyth freyndly wourdys gret.

The

The mene seloun, this Anchises the hynde
In til ane woundir grene vale, ful of sence
Haulis inclusit, quhilkis war for to wend
To myddill erd, and thare in bodyis ascend
San rekin, and beheld ententfully
Alhale the nowmer, of his genology
Thare fatis and thare fortounis euery gre
The nobil actis, of ther posterite
Thare conditouns thare strenth, and hardyment
And sone as he persauis, quhare thay went
Forgane hym cummand, throw grelly schade
His derrest son Enee, with hastly farde
Baith hys handis Joyful, furth straucht he than
The teris trigling, ouer his chekis ran
And fra his mouth, sic wordis myld
Thou art cummin, at the last my dere child
Thy grete piete, and kyndnes weile expert
Unto thy fader, caulit the and gert
This hard viage, vincus and ouer set
Quhat is it grantit me, ha sal I get
Ane verray sicht, luffit son of thy face
And grantit vs to carpe, or talk ane space
To here and rendir, freyndlie wordis knaw
Within my mynd ymaginit I on raw
Ha suld betid, and wele beleuit I
Thou was to cum, and the tyme by and by.
I calculit and comptit, quhen that suld be
And my consait, has not dissauit me
O god how throw fele landis, braid and large
How mony leyis, ouer caryit in thy barge
Eftir how feile dangeres, wyth storme oft schaik
I now reioysit the here dere son, allake
How gretely drede I of Libie, that reyng
Suld the haue hendrit, and harmyt in sum thyng

Ilonely cō
municatiō
betuix an-
chyses and
Eneas.

Eneas ansueris fader, thy dirry gost

Sā oft apperand, maid me seik this coist
In thir reqne sey, abidis ouer natty
Grant me fader now, grant me now by and by
We athir may, with bthir handis schaike
Fra myne embrasing, with drawn the not allake
And sayand thus, tenderly wepit he
Baything his face, in teris grete plente
On thys wyse talkyng, or thir wourdis cessit
With hys lang armes, thrys Eneas prestit
About his hals, him tā haue belappit
And thrys in vane, his handdis togiddir clappit
The figure fled, as licht wynd or son beme
Or maist likely, ane wauerand slepe or dreme
During his tyme, Eneas gan aduert
Within ane vall, fer thens closit apart
Quhare stud ane wod, with schourand bewis schene
The flud lethe flowand, thrawethe fare grene
About the quhilk pepil innumerabil
And silly saulis, fleis fast but fabil
Muhill al the feildis, of thare dyn resoundis
Lyke as in medeuis, and fresche flurist, boundis
The bussy beis, in schene, someris tyde
On diuers cullourit flouris, skalit wyde
Flokkis about, the blumyt lylyis quhyte
And vtheris fragrant, blosummes redymyte
Wyslina wing quhat this, myut Eneas wicht
Become abasit, of that suddane sycht
And gan inquire the cause of thys case
Quhat war thay fludis, fer before his face
Or quhat bene thay men, in sic nowmer sua
With sa grete fard flokkit, to athir bra
Tho quod hys fader, Anchises, al zone be
Thay saulis, quham to by the fatis hie
Bene vthir bodyis eftir this Ischape

At zone ritter, and the ſtude Lethee
The ſikkir watter, but curis trauſt me
Quharby obliuius, becum thay als tyte
Forzetting pane by paſt, and langſum ſyte
Forſoith I purpois, furthwith to declare
And ſchaw before thy face, now ſtandand thare
The ſaulis al, and nowmer in thy preſence
Quhilkis ar to cum of my ſtok, and diſcence
So that the mare glaidly, with me tharby
Thou may reioyce, to haue found Italy
O fader quod Eneas, quhidder or nay
Is that to be beleuit, that ze ſay
That ſouerane ſaulis, from this place ſall wend
Unto the warld aboue, or erd diſcend
Quhy may thou not, in this ſueit ſtede remane
Bot ſall returne, in ſlaw bodyis agane
Quhat curſit catiue, caulit wretchit wychtis
So to deſyre or luf, our dzery lichtis
I ſall the ſchaw, forſoith the caus quod he
My dirreſt ſon, and ſall no wyſe hald the
Thochtful in mynd, na doutſum by no way
Tharewyth anchiſes, bayth hys ene tway
Gan lyften vp, and towart heuin behald
And euery thyng per, ordour thus he tald

Pithago-
rus vane
opinion of
the tranſ-
formation
of ſaulis
in new bo-
dies agan.

¶ The leve punytion/of ſaulis ſyndrye
And how thay paſſe/tyme to the ſtude lethee.

FRa the begynnyng, al thyng les and mare
The fyry regioun, the erth and the are
The plane flowand, boundis of the ſe
The lichtnyt monys, lamp that lemis hye
The heuinnys ſternes, and brycht ſonnys ball
Ane ſpzete thare is, within ſuſtenis all
In euery part the hie, wyſdome deuyne
Diffoundit mouys thys, warldis hale ingyne

Philoſo-
phicall ſay
ingis of
god and
his hye
prouidence.

And by his power inydlit, is ouer all
The mekill body clepet, vniuersale
Fra thats infusioun and thir, elementis sere
Baith kynd of man and beist cumys, but were
All leuing foulis, fleing in the are
All fischis and monsteris, doith repare
Under the flekit se, of marbel hew
Ane hate fyry power, warme and dew
Heuinly begynnyng, and originall
Bene in thare sedis, quhilkis we saules cal
Sa fer, as that thir noyfum bodyis cauld
Not taryis thaym thare fra, nor dois withhald
Nor withdrawis from, souerane heuinly kynd
Thare erdly lymmys, nor zit thare Irksum mynd
Throw thare mortal membris, euer dede like
Dullith thare curage, and thare fpretis godlike
Fra the quhilk cummys, to al mankynd that thay
Dredis desiris murnys, or Joys aye
Nor in the dirk wanfioun, nor prefoun blynd
Of thir wile bodyis, fketterit and blynd
The faulis thare cleyne nature, may attend
Sa fer that al eftir, the lattir end
Quhen that the faul, disseuerit fra the body
Than natheles, nor zit ar fullely
All harme nor cryme, from wrachit faulis seperate
Nor auld infectioun, cum of the body late
And thus aluterly, it is nedeful thyng
The mony vicis, lang tyme enduryng
Contrakkit in the corpis, be don away
And purgit on fere, wounderful wyfe to fay
Thar thay fuffer panis, and torment
For thare Inueterate vicis, ald by went
By punytioun fatisfactioun to make
Quhy fteytit bene in wifnand, wyndis ake

Of sum the cryme, committit clengit be
Under the watter or depe hidduous se
And in the fyre, the gilt of vthir sum
Is purifyit and clengit, al and sum
Ilkane of vs, his ganand purgatory
Non suffir, and fra thyne ar send in hy
Vnto the large fetlois, of Elisee
Thare bene of vs, nane bot ane few menze
Quhilkis cummis, to inhabit and remanis
But ony purgyn, in thir ioyful plainis
And bere mon duel, quhil that the lang day
Be perfyte cours of tyme, has done away
The spot of fylth, hardymyt in the sprete
For that it fand, sum tyme the body suete
And quhil it be purifyit, and fynd
Na thyng remane, but ane clene heuinly mynd
And subtel pure flamb celestial
Thir vthir saulis, quhilk bene purgyt al
Efter thay haue, within thir plainis here
Be cirkil rollit ouer ane, thousand zere
God callis thaym vnto this fluide lethe
With fellown ferd, in nowmer as ze se
To that effect, that thay myndles becum
Baith of plesoure and pane al and sum
Langing agane, the warld aboue to se
And gan begyn desire, baith he and he
In bodyis zit, for to returne agane
Thus said anchises, and therwith bayth twane
His son and eik the Prophetes Sibilla
Amyddis of that lorte flokkis to the bra
And grete routis, that with rangald in ledis he
And gan ascend, vnul ane mote on hie
Quharfra peroydour, for gainst thame on raw
Thay mycht thayme rekkin, al and clerely knaw

The ix cirkyll of blessed peple.

Eloquent digressiō to the romane hist. ozes

Thare vilage, ad thare countenance alſo
As that thay went, and roumyt to an d fro.

Anchiſes ſchawis Eneas to the end
Ithale the lynnage, ſal fra hym diſcend.

Anchiſes ſchawys hys ſonne thinges to cum cõcer nyng the honour of hys poſte-rite.

NOw herkis me, behuffis ſchortly to ſay
Quod Anchiſes, or thou depart away
* * And rekin our troiane offſpring, al and ſum
Quhat gloze and honor betis, of vs tocum
And quhat ſucceſſioun, or proſperite
Of Itale freyndſchip, ſal diſcend of the
And thay illuſter ſaulis ſalbe ſent
Here eftir this, in name of our kinrent
Thy fatis and thy deſtany, alſo
I ſal the teiche, per ordoure or thou go
Se is thou zone luſty ſpringald, or zonker
That lenys hym, apoun his hedeles ſpere
The forneſt place, by chance doith occupy
To pas to lyfe, in ouer genology
And firſt ſal riſe, in the othir warld agane
Commyxt of the blude, Italiane
Siluius to ſurname, clepit Albanus
Syluius Borne eftir the deces child, poſthumus
Quhom conſaut, of thy anciant lynnage
Thy ſecund ſpous lauinia, wiſe and ſage
In woddis foſter, ſal ane bailzeand kyng
And fader til al kingis, of our of ſpryng
Quharby our kynrent, and famil alſua
Sal ring and lordſchip, hald in lang alba
Procas zone is Procas, that ſtandis hym nixt therby
Of troiane pepil, the honour and glory
Capis Syne Capis lo, and minytor bayth twane
Numitor Ande he that repreſentis, thy name agane
Siluius Eneas. Siluius, Eneas, notabil cheuellere
Renewnit bayth of piete, and of were

Syk euer he may his time, obtene and se
To ring in lang, Alba the ciete
Behald quhat manere, 3oung gallandis be 3one
How gud curage, thar hert is set apoun
Quhat gude semblant, thay schaw of cheuelry
Bot 3one with coucrit hedis, by and by
With ciutle crownis, of the strang atk tre
Sall beild and found, to thy honour quod he
Momentum ciete, and gabios the toun
And fidena the ciete, of renowne
Sum in the hillis, sall set vp sine
The strenchis, and the castellis collatine
Nomecies and new castel, bayth tua
The ciete bolane, and the toun Choza
Thir names sall be geuin, thame eftir thys
Quhare now but name, the land remanent is
Lo Rumulus, by martial wourschip
To his grantschir, Joned in fallouschip
Quham of assaracus, blud the nobyl king
His moder Jlia discendit, sall furth bring
Seis thou not how, apoun thar hedis on hicht
Tua doubyle tistis, standis schinand bricht
Thare fader mars, behald the samyn hour
Has tham ymarkit, with diuine honour
And to my child be 3one, mannis prowes
That glorius ciete, Rome sall so increes
Tyl hir empire, be with the erth made euin
And vertewus curage, equale to the heuin
The quhilk ciete, al round togidder sall
Seum grete strenthis, cleis within ane wall
Happy and bruly, of hir fosly ofspring
Lyke as throw out cieties, of phetis ryng
The moder of goddis, with hir towrit crowin
Berecinthia caryit, fra toun to toun

Romulus

Quhilk

Within hir chare yset, all ful of mythe
Of the goddis becaus, of hir riche byrth
Hyr hundreth childring, and posteryte
Ful tenderly in armes, enbracis sche
Alhale the heuinly, wychtis to hir behuke
And all that weildis, the hie heuin abuke
Now turnis hidder my fuet son, all bedene
The cyrkillis, and the sycht of bayth thy ene
Behald thy pepill, and thy chiefe romanis
Cesar Cesar Julius, lo in zonder planis
And all the famell, of him Julius
Quhilk eftir this ar to cum, traistis vs
Under the grete hie heuynnys, alleltre
Zone man zone man, my son the saummyn is he
Quham thou oft has hard, promist or thys
Augustus Tesare august, Octauian I wys
Cum of the goddis, genology and kyn
Quhilk sall agayne, the gold in warld begyn
As vmquhile was, in tyme of saturne ald
Throw Italy ryng, bayth be fyrth and fald
And his empyre sall debate, and wynd
Ouer garamenthes, and the further ynde
The landis lyis, without the sternes bleuk
Out wyth the zeris cours, and sonnys reuk
Quhare the vpbe rare, of the heuin Atlas
On schulder rollis, the round spere in compas
Ful of thir lemand, sternes mony ane
Sall at hys hidder cummyn, rare and grane
The realme of Caspis, and of allery
All Scithia meachis, land fast by
Horribyl ansuere, sall of goddis here
A troublit in effray, trymblyng for fere
To quaking sal seum, munthis of nyle flude
Neuer forsoith strang, herculis the gude

Ha mekyl ſpace of erth, or land ouer zede
All thocht the wylde ſwyft hert, he ſchot to dede
And ſtanchit Erymanthus, ferreſt routh
The ſerpent lerna, with his bow peirſit throucht
Or bachus quhylk, victor afore thir dayis
Wyth wyne burgeouns, the hyllys top arrayis
Dryband the fereful tigris, faſt away
Doun fra the hicht, of the grete mont Niſia
And zit we dout, vnto the forthir end
Hys grete vertew, and dedis to extend
Than quha ſuld dzede, ſtop vs to occupy
Or til inhabit, land of Italy

Anchyſes zyt remembrys, furth hys of ſpryng
Is wourthyeſt, that euer in rome ſall ryng

Bot quhat manere of man, be zone Anchiſes
Wyth Olyue bzance, on ſic gudly wiſe
Arrayit and eik beris, mony ane ſyng
Of ritis and ſacrifyce, of offeryng
I knaw his canois, hare and lyart berde
Of the wyſeſt romane, kyng into erde
Numa pompilius, quhilk ſall in his dayis
Begin and ſtatute, with lawis and haly layis
The chiefe ciete of rome, and he ſall pas
From ane pure land, and ſmall ciete turas
Send forz to rule, and bzuke ane grete empyze
Quham to thare ſall ſuccede, ane lordly fyze
Tullus hoſtilius, the fyrſt of his hand
The peace and quyet, quhilk ſo lang did ſtand
He ſall deſolue and bzeke, and dolf men ſtere
Quhilk lang has bene, diſuſit fra the were
To armes and tryumphe, of victozy
And thame array, in oiſtis by and by
Quham nixt followis, Anchus martius
Of hys eſtate mare pzoude, and glozius

Numa Pōpilius

Tullus Hoſtelius

Anchus

And

Tarquini And our gretlye cum now, perſaue and ſe
Vanegloze, and fauoure of the pepil deſiris he
Pleis the behald the toꝛquinis, kingis tuo
Brutus And the ſtout curage of Bꝛutus alſo
Quhilk can reuenge, the wꝛang in his cuntre
His grete honour, gif thou liſt here oꝛ ſe
And enſenzeis ſend, fra Ethurianis
This ilk bꝛutus, ſal firſt amang romanis
Reſſaue the dignite, and ſtate conſulare
With heding ſwerd, bayth kelloun ſcharp and gare
Befoꝛe hym boꝛne thꝛow all Romes toun
In takin of Juſtice execution
His awin ſonnys, mouing vnkyndlie were
To punytioun, and dede ſal dampne in fere
To kepe frenſchis, and ſouerane liberte
And this vnſilly fader, ſal he be
How ſo euer the pepil, bis fatale dedis
In tyme to cum, ſal blaſyn quha thaym redys
The feruent luf, of his kynd natiue land
And exoedand deſyre, he bare on hand
Of honour, and hye glozy to reſſaue
Wot al euil rumoure fra his lawde bywane
Decii Drufi Toꝛqua tus Camillus Attour behald, loathir bytyus
And ſtandyng fer of tua, that hait bꝛuſus
Conſyder toꝛquatus zonder, deth him rap
So bꝛym, and keloun with the hedyng ap
And Camyllus, the bailzeand capitane
Bꝛingand the romanis ſtandartis, hame agane
zone tua ſaults, quhilkis thou ſeis ſans fale
Schynand with elike armes, paregale
Now at gude concoꝛd ſtand and vnite
Ay quhill thay ſtand in myrk, and law degre
Allace how gret a batal, and debate
Sal be betuix thaym, gif they til eſtate

Wäy cum abuſe, and to the licht of lyfe
O how grete ſlauchter, aſſemblis and huge ſtryfe
Sall thay exerce and moue, in to thar dayis
Celare the eldfader, by the ſtraite wayis — Celar
With his grete routis, ouer the frenche montanis
Diſcendand doun lumbardy, throw the planis
Hys maich pompey, ſall ſtrech agane him went — Pompeius
With rayit oſtis, of the ozyent
O my childzen, cum not in vſe to hant
Sic fremmyt battellis, bot zour curage dant
Exercize neuer, zour vailzeant fozce quod he
Amangis the entrellis, of zour awin cuntre
And o thou Celare, now kozmeſt in the preis
Cummyn of heuinly kyn, abſtene and ceis
Wy awin lynnage, obeyis my command
Do caſt ſic wappynnis, fer furth of thy hand
And he that ſtandis, zonder Lutius
Unto his ſurname, clepit Wunyus — Lucius
Efter he vincuſt, has cozinthy Toun
And in battell the wourthy, grekis bet doun
His chare with mekill gloze, triumphale
Sall ſtere furth to the hie, capitoll wale
And he zone vther, quintus metellus — Metellus
Full grete honour, ſall conques vnto vs
Foz he ſall bete doun, and diſtroy al clene
Baith arge, and agamemnonis realme mycene
And zounder curius, with his ſallow fyne — Curius
Pirrus, cum of king Eatus lyne — Pirrhus
And of achillis, armypotent ofſpring
In battall ſall ouercum, and doun thring
And thare eldaris of troy, wzeik and reuenge
And the tempyl of mynerue pollute, clenge
Quha wald the grete Cato, leif vn hit — Cato
Oz quha with ſilence, Coſſus pretermit. — Coſſus

Quha

Gratchus Scipionis

Quha list forzet, the kinrent of Gracchus
Or athir of the Scipiones, gloryus
Thay tua thunderis, of battell in thare rage

Fabrittius Diceramus

Fynale rewyne of affrik, and cartage
Quha wald Fabrittius, of the say na thyng
That ar full mychty, bot of litil thyng
Of the Deramus, quha wald nathing schaw
Quhare thou thy riggis, telis for to saw
And thou was chosin, capitane of were

Fabius Maximus

Quhidder wythdraw, ze Fabius cum nere
Thole me na mare, be Irkit zou to behald
Thou art that ilk maist, souerane fabius bald
Quhilk only thrzow thy flycht, and tarying
Restoris the commoun welc, of our of spring.

Anchises geuys Eneas/ gude teichyng
To gyde the peyll/ vnder hys gouerning

Lozinthius

The peyple of vthir realmes, son said he
Bene mare expert, in craftis and mare sle
To forge and kerk liklike, staturis of bras
Be countenance, as the spzete therin was
I traist forsoth, here ekit many ane
Sall hew quyk facis fourth, of marbyl stane

Ethinicles Egiptians

Sum vtheris bettir can, thare caus plede
Sum bene mare crafty, in ane vthyr stede
Wyth rewlis and wyth mesuris, by and by
For tyl expert the art, of geometrye

Chaldeis

And sum mare subtyl, for to discriue and pzent
The sternes mouing, and the heuynnis went

The seikr and office of a nobil & verteous pzince.

Bot thou romane, remember as lord and spze
To reule the peyple, vnder thy empyre
Thir sall thy craftis, be that wele may seme
The peace to modefy, and eik manteme
To pardoun all cumys, to din and retreant
And pzoud rebellaris, in battall for to dant

The

This said the nobyl fader, Anchiles meik
As thay awounderit, can thir wordis eik
Behald marcus Marcellus, maist douchty
Quhare that he walkis, lo so graciously Marcellus
Wyth the ryche spulze, triumphale derely dicht
Quhilk he reft, from his aduersare in fycht
As the maist vailzeant, victor that I ken
In bounte dotth excede, al vthir men
Thys worthy knycht, the commen wele Romane
In grete affray perturbit, to rest agane
And quiet sall restore, and zone is he
That brucus sall the, affricane menze
And the franche rebellioun, sall doun bet
The chyrd armoure, or riche spulze grete
Reft from chiftane, of were this marcellus
Sall hyng vp to the fader, Quyrynus
And for als mekyl as Eneas saw
In fallouschip wyth this, marcus rank on raw
Ane semely spryngheld, ane fare zoung galland
Richt schaplye made in armour, brycht schynand
Bot his vysage, semyt skarsly blyth
Wyth luke doun kast, as in his face did kyth
That he was sum thing sad, and nothing lycht
Fader quod he, quhat be zone dzery knycht
Quhilkis haldis, so with zone prince cumpany
Quhidder his son, or sum Neuo wourthy
Of our grete linnage, and succession
O lord how grete bzute, noyis and soune
Of constuence that walkin, him about
How grete apperance, is in him but dout
Tyll be of prowes, and ane vailzeant knycht
Bot ane blak sop, of myst als dirk as nycht
Wyth dzery schadow, bilappis his hede
The fader tho Anchilis, in the stede

Wyth

wyth teris bristing furth begouth to say
O my sueit son, inquire not I the pray
The excedent regret, and womenting
Of thayin bene, for to cum of thyne ofspring
The fatis sal, but for ane litil space
Schaw zone man to the erth, and wardly place
And sal no langar, sufferhim tharin
O goddis aboue, the romanis blude and kyn
Scimyt to zou, ouer mychty and potent
Gif so it war, the giftis ze him lent
Had remanit, ouer lang hid like had left
How grete murnyng, of men al for yeit
For hym furth of the feildis marcyal
Sal dyn and reloud, to the cietewal
And O thou god, of the flude Tybryne
Holy mony fercyns, and dule habitis schyne
Sal thou behald, as thou flowis at rome
Doun by hys new made sepulture, or toume
Ne neuer child cummyn, of troyane blude
In sic beleke, and glorie and grete lude
Sal rayis his forbearis, Italianis
Ne neuer certis the ground, of the romanis
Of ony foster sal, him so auance
Allace quhat harme, of thy differuerance
Of thy grete piete, and thy ancient treuth
Thy hand vnumquist, in batail, O quhat reuth
Nane suld but damnage him in harnes mete
Nuhidder so aganist him, he went on fete
Or zit on horsbak, as thir knychtis rydis
wyth spurris brocheand the fomy stedis sydis
Allace my chylde, sa wourthy to be menyt
wourthy to be, be walit and complenit
Gyf thou thir hard werdis, may vinquis
Thou sal be namyt, the souerane marcellus

Of

Of freiche, lyllyis reik me my handis ful
The purpour flouris, I fall ſkatter and pull
That I may ſtrow, with ſic rewardis at leiſt
My neuoes ſaule, to eaſe and to feiſt
And but proffit, ſic coſtage ſall exercyce
Apoun this wiſe, ſyre thinges did rehers
Anchiſes, and thus wideqhuare thay do walk
Ouer all that regioun, haldand ſpeche and talk
Within the large feildes, of haleſum are
And euery thing peroydour, beſyit thare
And eftir that Anchiſes, hand in hand
Had thus his ſon led ouer, all that land
And his curage, inflampt by and by
With the grete fame to come, and hie glory
Syne to his vailzeand man, he rekinnys here
Peroydour all the batellis, and the were
Quhilkis eftir this, he had to bere on hand
And of the peppil eik, in latyne land
And of the cietie, of the king latyne
He him inſtruk kis, and thareftir ſyne
Taucht him quhat wyſe, he mycht ſuſtene or fle
Euer hard danger, or aduerſite
Thare bene ordanit for dremes, zettis twane
Quharof thay ſay of horne, forgit is ane
At quham the ſoithfaſt ſweuynnys, by and by
Depertis alwayis, and iſches furth lichtly
The tothir port is forgit, richt perfyte
Of Elephantine, and polift euourc quhite
That thare at goddis, infernale lattis out
The fals ſweuinnis, to the warld about
So as Anchiſes, had apoun this tryſe
Reherſit as ſaid is, all thingis at deuyſe
Sibbilla and his ſon, togidder at ſhort
He lete depart furth, at the euour port

Eneas ſpedis the ſtrecht way, to the ſchippis
And gan beſy agane, his fallouſchippis
Fra thyne thay hald, endlang the cotſtis bay
Unto the porte of Caet, the ſtrecht way
Furth of the forſchip, leit thay ankeris glide
The nauy rade, endlang the ſchoris ſide.

Finis.

The prologue of the. vii. buke

Eloquent diſcriptiō of wynter wyth hys grete ſtormes & tempeſtis

Bricht Phebus, ſchene ſouerane heuinnis e
The oppoſit held, of his chymes hie
Clere ſchynand bemes, and goldin ſumeris hew
In lattoun cullour, altering all of new
Kything no ſigne, of heit be his village
So nere approchit, he his wynter ſtage
Reddy he was to enter, the third morne
In cluddy ſkyes vnder, capricorne
All thocht he be the lampe, and hert of heuin
For feblit wox, his lemand gilty leuin
Throw the declinyng, of his large round ſpere
The froſty regioun, reging of the zere
The tyme and ſeſoun, bitter cald and pale
Thay ſchort dayis, that clerkis clepe brumale
Quhen brym blaſtis, of the northyn art
Ouer quhelmyt had, neptunus in his cart
And all te ſchaik, the leuys of the treis
The rageand ſtormes, ouer walterand wally ſeis
Reueris ran rede, on ſpate with wattir broun
And burnis hurlis all thare bankis doun
And landbirſt rumbland, rudelie with ſic bere
Sa loud neuir rainyſt, wyld lyoun nor bere
Fludis monſtouris, ſic as mereſwynis and quhalis
For the tempeſt law, in the depe deualis
Mars occident retrograde, in his ſpere
Prouocand ſtryffe, regnit as lord thar zere

Rany

Rany ozioun, with his stormy face
Bywaist oft the schipman by hys race
Frawart saturne, schil, of complexioun
Throw quhais aspect, derth and infectioun
Bene causit oft, and mortall pestilence
Went progressiue, the greis of his offence
And lukky heb Junois, dochter gay
Studespulzete of hir office, and array
The sole yslowpit, in to wattir walk
The firmament ouercast, with rokis blak
The ground sadit, and sauch wox al the feildis
Mountane toppis, slekit with snaw ouer heildis
On raggit rolkis, of hard harsk quhyn stane
With krosyn krontis, cald clynty clewis schane
Bewty was loist, and baren schew the landis
With krostis hare ouerkrost the feildis standis
Thik drumly skuggis, dirksumit so the heuin
Dym skyis oft kurthwrappit, kereful leuin
Flagis of fyre, and mony fellonn flaw
Scharp soppis of sleit, and of the snyppand snaw
The dolly dikis war al donk, and wate
The law valis, sloddorit all wyth spate
The plane stretis, and euery hie way
Full of slus chis, dubbis, myre and clay
Laggerit leys, wallowit kernis schew
Broun muris kithit, thare wissinnit molly hew
Bank bray and boddum, blanschit wox and bare
Fox gurl weddir, growit beistis hare
The wind maid wask, the rede wede on the dik
Bedowin in donkis, depe war euery sike
Ouer craggis and the krontis, of the rochys sere
Hang grete yle schokkis, lang as ony spere
The grund stude barrane, widderit, dosk and gray
Herbis, flouris and gerssis, waylowit away

Woddis hoxestis, with naket bowis blout
Stude stript of thare wede, in euery hout
Ha bustuously boreas, his bugill blew
The dere full derne doun, in the dalis drew
Small birdis flokand, throw thik ronnys thrang
In chirmynge and with cheping, changeit thare sang
Sekand hidlis and hirnys, thame to hide
Fra sorefull thuddis, of the tempestuus tyde
The wattir lymmys routis, and euery lynd
Quhistit and brayit, of the southand wynd
Pure labouraris, and busly husband men
Went weet and weery, draglit in the fen
The cilly schepe, and thar litill hird gromes
Lurkis vnder lo of bankis, woddis and bromes
And vtheris dantit, greter beistial
Within thare stabill sesit in thare stall
Sic as Mulis, Hors Orm or ky
Fed tuskit baris, and fat swyne in sty
Sustenit war be, mannis gouernance
On herbis and Someris puruiance
Quhare with for to Eolus schoutis schill
In this congelit seloun, scharp and strill
The callour are penetratiue, and pure
Dasing the blude, in euery creature
Wate seik warme stouis, and bene firis hote
In doubill garmont cled, and wylecote
With mychty drink, and metis confortiue
Agains the sterne, wynter for to striue
Repatrit wele, and by the chymnay bekit
At euin be tyme, doun in ane bed me strekit
Warpit my hed, kest on clathis, thryfald
For to expell, the perrellus, persand cald
I crosit me syne, bownit, for to slepe
Quhare lemand thrw the glas, I did tak kepe

Laconia, the lang irkſum nycht
Hir ſubtell blenkis ſched, and watry lycht
Full hie vp quhirlit, in hir regioun
Till phebus richt, in oppoſicioun
In to the crab, hir propir manſioun drāw
Haldand the hicht, althocht the ſon went law
The hozned hyrd, quhilk we clepe the nichtoule
Within hir caueme, hard I ſchout and zoule
Laithely of fozme, with crukit cam ſcho beik
Ugſum to here was hir wyld, elritſche ſkreik
The wyld geis eik claking, by nychtis tyde
Attour the cietie, fleand hard I glyde
On ſlummer I ſlade full ſoze, and ſleppt ſound
Quhill the hozizont vpwart, can rebound
Phebus crounit bird, the nichtis oꝛlagere
Clappin hir win zis thꝛyis, had crawin clere
Appꝛochyng nere, the grekling of the day
Within my bed, I walkynnyt quhare I lay
Sa faſt declynys, Synthya the mone
And kayis kekiys, on the ruke abone
Yalemeades birdis, crowpand in the ſky
Fleand on randoun, ſchapin lyk ane I
And as ane trumpit rang, thare vocis ſoun
Quhais cryis bene, pꝛonoſticacioun
Of windy blaſtis, and ventoſiteis
Faſt by my chalmer, on hie wilnit treis
The fary gled qwillis, with mony ane pew
Quharby the day was dawing, wele I knew
Bad bete the fyre, and the candyll alicht
Syne bliſſit me, and in my wedis dicht
Ane ſchot wynds onſchot, ane litel on char
Perſaupt the mornyng, bla wen and har
Wyth cloudy gum, and rak ouerquhelmyt the are
The ſulze ſtiche, haſard, couth and haze

Wranchis wrattlyng, and blaiknyt schew the wrayis
Wyth hirstis harsk of waggand, wyndil streyis
The dew droppis congelit, on stibbill and rynd
And scharp hailstanys, moirfundyit of kynd
Hoppand on the thak, and on the calsay by
The schote I closit, and drew inwart in hy
Cheuerand for cald, the seloun was sa snell
Schupe with hait flambis, to fleme the frosin kell
And as I bownit me to the fire, me by
Baith vp and doun, the house I did espy
And seand virgill, on ane lerteron stand
To wryte anone I hynt, my pen in hand
For till performe the poet, graif and sad
Quhen sa forfurth, or than begun I had
And wor anoyit sum dele, into my hert
Thare restit vncompletit, sa grete ane part
And to my self I sayd, in gude effect
Thou mon draw furth the sork, lyis on thy nek
Wythin my mynd compassing, thocht I so
Na thing is done quhil, ocht remanis, ado
For besynes quhilk, occurrit on case
Ouer voluit I this, volume lay ane space
And thocht I wery was, me list not tyre
Full laith to leif our, werk sa in the myre
Or rit to stynt for bittir, storme or rane
Yere I assayit to sork, ouer pleuch agane
And as I cuid, with ane fald diligence
This nirt buke followand of prefound science
Thus has begun, in the chill wynter cald
Quhen frostis dois ouer flete, baith furth and fald
The Prologe smelis, new cumin furth of hell
And as our buke begouth, his werefare tell.
Go wele according deulie, bene annext
Thou direct preambil, with ane bludy text

A commendacion of this prologe

Of sabill bene thine letteres, Illimynate
Accoyding to thy proces, and thy state.

Finis.

Here endeth the fyxte buk of Eneados

Vyrgil in ther.vi forsaid beukis, followis the moist excellent greik poet homer, in his odisse, of Ulisses, schawand Eneas lang nauigation, and gret perillis, and dangeris on the se.

Now in the fyxt bukis heir efter, he followis Homer in his Iliada, discryuing, the horybil battellis, betuix the Troianis, and the Italianis. He paintis Eneas to be a prince, Indued, with al nobyl, and princly verteous, both of body and of mynd, featis of warre excellyng al vderis, and was of sic clementy. In that these quhom he had subdewit in war, with his grete gentylnes wan theme, to be hys veray frendys, he was verteous, sincer, gentill, and liberall. In iustice, wysdome, and magnanimitye a myrrour to all Pynces Quhas verteous, gif the Pynces of our dayis, wyll follow, thay schal not onely be fauorid of god, bot also weil beloued of al gud men. Thare Impyr. kyngdomes, and posteritye, schalbe the mair durabyll. for it is vertew, that euer has promoued commoun weithys. And vyce has euer bene the cans of dystructione of the same, as we rede in all historyis, both ciuill and ecclesiastical.

Quharfor, lat euery nobyll Pynce, that desiris to cum to hye honour, and grete fame and name, efter this lyfe, feare God, luf vertew and iustice, heat vyce, punys euyll men, and promowe gud men, and to this end mak al his lawis, ordinances, and procedingis. So schall his kyngdome and posterite, be moist permanent, and durabyll.

Vinit post funera virtus.

Eneas nurris Caieta can decreis
Quharzit the place/kepis that name but leis.

LAieta thou nurris of Enee
Thou has also that tyme quhen thou can de
Vntill our coist, or fronters of Itale
Seuen the bruit and fame perpetuale
quhill this day, the ilk place and stede
Obseruis the renowne eftir thy dede
Thy tumbe and vanis, markit with thy name
In grete hesperia, witnessing the same
Gif that be ony gloze, now to the
The reuthfull than and deuote prince Enee
Performed dewly, thy funerall seruyce
Apoun the sepulture, as custome was and gyse
Ane hepe of erd, and litill mot gart vprayis
And with bent sale, syne furth his vayage tayis
Eftir that assuagit was the depe see
Thay leif the coist, and sped on thare iorney
The prysping wynd blew, in thare tale at ryche
For the schene mone, hir cours and clere lycht
Was not denyit, so that the haw stremes
Couth schyne and glitter, vnder the tuynkland gleames.
The coist endlang, the Ile of Circea
Thay sweping fast, by hard on burd the bra
Quharas the ryche sonnys douchter Circe,
Thay schapis quham to repace, nane aucht to be
Forth hir ythand suete sang, and karoling
Causis alway for to resound, and ring
And in hir proude place of beddis, all the nycht
The wele smelland Cider, birnis bricht
With subtell flais, and hir bedeles see
Riche lenze wobbis naitly wrocht to the
From this land reddy, on fer mycht thay here
The grete rageing of lyouns, and the bere
Quhilk thay did mak, refusing to be in band

In ſylence, all the lait nycht rummiſand
The birſit baris, and beris in thar ſkyis
Faring all wod furth, quhrynis and wyld cryis
And grete figuris, of wolfis eik infere
Zouland and zammerand, griſlie for to here
Quhilkis all this cruell, goddes hicht Cirte
Be enchantment and forcy, herbis ſle
Had furth of mannis figure, and eſtate
In to wilde beiſtis ſcharpe, and formc tranſlate
Quhilkis monſtruus tranſmutations, for the nanys
Ne happin nycht, vnto deuote troianis
Sik thay arriuit, in thay partis nyſe
Thay curſit coiſtis, of this enchanterſe
That thay not ſuld do, enter ne thame fynd
Thare ſalis all with proſper, follow and wynd
Neptunus fillit, and made ſale tham ſwiftlie
All dangeris and gra ſchaldis, carpit bye

The kinge latyne/of the goddis had command
To wed his dochter/with men of vncouth land.

THo gan the ſey, of bemes warm rede
And heich aboue, doun from the heuenly ſtede
Within hir roſy carris, clerelie ſchane
Aurora beſtit, in to brown ſanguane
Eſter the wyndis, lowned war at wyll
And all the blaſtis packyit and ſtyl
Out ouer the calme ſtreme, of marbil gray
With airis palmis, ſwepe thay furth thare way
And ſuddanlie herefra, the ſtablit ſee
Ane large ſemely ſchaw, beheld Enee
Amyddys quham, the flude he gan eſpy
Of tyber flowand, ſoft and eſely
With ſwirland welis, and mekill zallow ſand
In to the ſey, did enter faſt at hand
The birdis fere, of mony diuers hewis

Eneas entris in Italye.

About

About the wattir abone vp, in the cleuis
On bankis weilby knaw, and fludis bay
Quith werblis swet, and myrthfull sangis gay
Gan meis and glad the heuynnys, and the ace
And throw the schaw went, fleand ouer alquhare
To turne thare course, he gan his ferris command
And steuin thare schippis, to the samin land
Joyfull and blyith, thay entering in the flude
That Derne about skuggit, with bewis stude
Innocatione. Now now, my muse Erato I the pray
Do schaw me this, that I may scharplie say
Quhat kynd proces of time, was and quhat kingis
In ald Latium, and in quhat state all thingis
Quhen first this strange armye or fallouschip
In Italie gan arriue, euer ilk schip
I sall declare all, and reduce futehate
Anaration schauand the first cauſis of the grete war here efter to be had betuix Eneas and turnus vn to the ende of the. xii. buke. From the begynnynge, of the first debate
O thou sueit goddes, o thou holy wicht
Conuoy and teiche thy poet, to say richt
I sall the horribil battellis schaw and tel
The bluddy ostis, and the feildis fell
How throw thare curage, douchty kingis fere
Is dede corps becummyn war, and brocht on bere
The power hale, of all tuskany
And all the grete routis, of Italy
Assemblit in to armes on the land
Perordoure now, thare rollis apoun hand
Fer largear materis, for to trete and write
Ane greter matter, begin we to endite
Thay boundis, with thare lusty riete all
By lang proces of peace in state riall
The kinge latynus, held in gouernyng
Or than full agit was, this nobil king
Quham as we haue herd tald, full lang agone

By kyng fawnus, engenderit was apoun
The maid of Nymphe, of laurent marita
And this fawnus, fader was alsa
Picus the king, quhilk doith repꝛesent
Saturnus foꝛ his fader, and parent
Thou was the first, gan al thare bliꝺe begyn
Thou first foundment, and cheif stok of kyn
By diſpoſicyon, of the goddis diuyne
Son noꝛ man child, nane had kyng latyne
Foꝛ als meikill as his zoung ſon ane page
Deceiſſit was, within his tendir age
The kyngis palace, and all that rial hald
All hir allane, ane douchter did withhald
Now reddy foꝛ ane man, and come to age
In grene zeris, to complete mariage
Ful mony nobillis, into lacium
Aſkit hir to wife, thꝛow Italy al and ſum
Turnus hir aſkit, cum myn of he parage
Aboue al vthir, maiſt guꝺly perſonage
And tharto, rich of freyndis and mychty
Of eldaris grete, and rial ancestry
Quham kyng latyne ſpous, quene Amita
With diligence, did pꝛocure day be day
That he adicnyt war, thare ſon in law
Bot feꝛefull ſignes, gan the goddis ſchaw
And ſundry terrours, gan therto ganeſtand
Amiddys of the place, clois did ſtand
With blythfulbewis, ane fareꝛ grene laurere
Haldin in dꝛede and wourſchip, mony ane zere
Quham this ilk pꝛince, and fader latinus
Did conſecrate and hallow, to Phebus
Foꝛ that he fand it grow and, in the feild
Quhare he his riall palice, firſt did beild
The induellaris of the ground, eftir this tre

Laurentes.

Laurentes vnto name, clepit has he
Betyd ane wounder, takynning for to say
The grete flicht of beys, on ane day
Carytt ouer the se, hie throw the moyst are
With loud bemyng, gan alicht and repare
On the hie top, of this forsayd laurere
In till ane cloud full thik, togidder in fere
Thare fete al samin knyt, efter there gyse
Ane swarme or any wist, how or quhat wyse
Hang from ane fluvist branche, of this ilk tre
Incontinent, the speymen cryis we se
Ane strange man to cum, in to thir partis
With ane grete rout, and fra the sampn artis
Quharfra, sone beis come, sall hidder seik
Quhilk for his bounte, and his theuis meik
Sal weild his palice, and hie sen seorie
Aboue this ilk, betid ane mare ferlie
As king latynus, kindyllis on there gyse
Apoun the altaris, for the sacrifice
The clere chidisof the dry fyre brandis
Quhare that also, by hir fader standis
Lauinia the maid, his douchter fare
Ane selcouth thing to se in hir hare
At sempt the hate fyre kindillit bricht
And hir gay cleithing, all with lowis licht
Gan glete and sperkilland, birn vp in ane bleis
Hir ryal, trestis inflambit euil at eis
Hir crownell picht, wich mony precius stane
Infirit all, of birnand, flawis schane
And eftir that sempt this gudlie wicht
To be inuoluit in zallou reky licht
And furth ouer all the place, the ruke on hie
The fyre bleris, thame sempt skatterit sche
Cirtis this was reput, with zoung and auld

Ane

Ane grisly thing, and wounderis to behald
For the diuynys declaris, by and by
Quhat is this ferefull takin, did signify
That is to knaw, that is ilk made suld be
Of fame excellent, and felicite
Bot to the pepill, pronosticatioun clere
Of suddane batall, and mortall were
Bot than the king thochtfull, and all pensiue
Of sic monsteris, gan do seik belriue
His faden Faunus oratoure, and ansuar
Quhilk couth the fatis for to cum, declare
And gan requiring, responsioums alsua
In the, schaw, vnder hie albunea
Quhilk is the cheif grete forest, as thay tell
And nampt from, ane haly routand well
Quhare from the erth, in derne wentis here and thare
Ane strang fleure, wentis vp in the are
Thidder hail the pepill, of Italia
And all the land, cik of Oniotria
Thare doutsum asking, turs is for ansuere
And thare peticioums gettis, assoilzet here
The kingis offerand, and riche sacrifice
The preist thidder gart bring, as was the gise
And vnder silence, of the dearke nyche
On schepit skynnys weil spred, and couchit richt
Quhilk slane war, in the sacrifice that day
He strekis him adoun, and theron lay
Dem and sweuynnys, and visioums tyll appere
On maruellus wise thir fleand schaddois fere
And figuris nyce, dyd he se, and espy
And diuers votis herd he, cik fast by
And gan the goddis carping, bruke and Iois
With speche of thay spretis, that bene ycleis
In Acherone, the depest pyt of hell

The kinge aschis counsail at faunus

And

And thame that ser doun, in auernus did duell
The king also that tyme, attour the laik
Here wald him self, his ansuere ask and craik
Ane hundreth wollit wedderis, weill garnand
In sacrifice he brittynys, for offerand
On quhais soft fleis wele, and deulie syzed
The kinge doun liggis, for that nychtis bed
And suddanly furth, of the schawis close
Sayand him thus thare, come ane haistly voce
O thou my child cummyn of my stok
Addres the neuir to knyt, in to wedlok
Thy dochter till ane man, of latine land
Lippin not to zone allyance, reddy at hand
To be thy mauch sall cum, ane alienare
That of his blude, sall gener sic ane are
Quhilk sal our name aboue, the sternes vp bring
Of quhais stok the neuois, and of syzing
Under thare sett and lordschip, sal behald
All landis sterit and reulit, as thay wald
Als fer as that, the son circuland we se
Behaldis baith the eist, and vester se.

Kawnus answer to the king to geuchis dochter Lauiniato Eneas schanand him for to be conqueror of all countres vnder the sone.

Eftir Eneas come to Italy land
Wade sacrifice to the goddes/with offerand

The king thir ansueris, and of his fader kaunus
And admonitiouns be nycht, geuin thus
Ne hidis not nor closis, in his mouth
So that the fame thareof, wapis ful couth
Quer al the citeis, of Italy wide quhare
Quhen as the zounkeris of Troy, arrywit war
And at the schore, vndir the gresy bank
Thare nauy can thay anker fast, and hank
Eneas and vtheris, Thristanis glorius
And the freschе lusty syzingald, Ascaneus
Under the branschis, of ane semelie tre

Gan lenyng doun, and reſt thare bodyis fre
And to thare dinnare, did thame al addres
On grene herbis, and ſoukis of ſoft grees
The floure ſkonnys war ſet in, by and by
With vthir meiſtis, ſic as was reddy
Syne brade trunſcheouris, did thay fill and charge
With wilde ſcrabbis, and vthir frutis large
Betid, as was the will of Jupiter
For fault of fude conſtrenyt, ſo thay war
The vthir metis all conſumyt, and done
The paringis of thare bred, to moup vp ſone
And with thare handis breik, and chaftis gnaw
The cruſtis and the coffingis all, and raw
Ne ſpare thay not at laſt, for lak of mete
Thare fatale foure nukit trenuſcheouris for til eite
Och quod Aſcaneus, how is this befall
Behald we eit our tabillis vp, and all
He ſaide no moze, bot this half dele in bourd
Thame thocht thay hard ane fatall, voce or word
Quhilk was as fatall end, of thare vayage
His fader firſt of all, with glade curage
The word reft from his mouth, as he that ſpak
And followis on the anſuere, ſtupefack
Alhale thou ground, and land quod he in by
By the fatis, and to me deſtany
And ze our traiſt penates ſaid Enee
Alhale our natiue goddis, wele ze be
Here is our duellinge place, quhare we ſall leynd
For to remane, here is our cuntre heynd
Certis now I remember my fader, anchiſes
Sic ſecrete takynnyis, of fatis on this wiſe
Schew and reherſit, ſayand thus to me
Son Quhen in ſic hunger, thou ſtad ſal be
As thou art carytt, til ane ſtrange coſtt

Eneas being cum myn efter gret perils of ſe to Italy promiſed hym be the goddis conforting his fallowis, and geuis thankis to the goddis.

That

That all the meitis consumit ar, and loist
Thou art constreynyt, thy burdis gnaw and fret
Than thou all irkit, may than beleif to get
Ane sober dwellyng stede, perpetually
Remember in that place, or nere fast by
To found the first cietie, with thy hand
Dicht with kowseis, and wallys hie standand
This was that hunger, taryit vs sa lang
This sal makend, of our mischeuis strang
Quharfor to morow, airlie Ȝou pray
First as the son vprisis, we gladlie may
Serche and inquire, quhat place and landis this
Or quhat manere of pepil, tharin dwellis
And of this kyth, quhar standis the cheif cietie
Lat vs seke sundry wayis, fra the se
Now make we mery, away dolf hartis dull
Now skynk and offer, Jupyter cowpis full
And in Ȝour prayeris, and orisonis in fere
Do call apoun anchises, my fader dere
Byng wyne agane, and set therof plente
And sayand thus, with ane grene branche of tre
He did inuoluend array his hede
And genius the god, of that ilk stede
He did wourschyp, and gan to prayeris call
Erth the grete moder, and first god of all
The Nymphes and the fludis, Ȝit vnknaw
The nycht syne, with hir signis al on raw
And Jupiter, Ideus of Ida
And Cybele the moder, in Phrigia
He gan alswa beseik, quhare that thay duell
Aythir of his parentis, baith in heuyn and hell
The fader than almichty, with clere lycht
Gan thunder thryis doun, from the heuynnys hycht
And schakand in his hand, quhare as he went

Iupiter thunderis frō heuen.

Ane bynand cloud, schew from the firmament
With fyry sparkis, lyke to goldin beames
Or twynkland sprayngis, with thare gilty glemes
And tho belyue, debulgate round about is
The noyis and rumour, throw the Troiane routis
The day was cummyn, and the place quhare thay
Thare cietie promyst, suld beild and array
For ioy thay pingil, than for to renew
Thare bankettis with al obseruance dew
And for ther tithingis, in flakoun and in skull
Thay skynk the wyne, and wauchtis cowpys full.

How Eneas ambassatouris dyd send
To kyng Latyne/ wyth rewardis and commend

THe nixt morow, with his goldin lamp brycht
As the clere day did are, and erth alycht
Thay boundis cot stis, and the cheif cietie
Diuers spyes send furth, to serche and se
And fand ane stank, that flowit from ane well
Quhilk Munitus was hait, and eik thay tell
This was the flude of tyber, thay had found
And strang latyne peppl in habyte this ground
Thare with Anchyses son, the wyse Enee
Perordoure choisin, of euery degre
Ane hundreth gay ambassiatouris, did wale
To pas vnto the kingis sede, riale
And bare the prince rewardis, for thenanis
And him beseik, for peice to the troyanis
With freche garlandis, and branchis al thay bē
Arrayit with the olyue, of pallas tre
And but delay, as he thame chargit had
With swyft pais thay on thare, message glade
And he in to the menetyme, fast can spur
Bot with ane small, feuth, or ane litill fur
To mark the foundament, of his new ciete

Ambassatouris sēd fra Eneas to king latyn for peace and amytye

And

And first by the ilk coistis, sydes of the se
His first mansioun manere, as it had bene
Ane oist of tentis, stentit on the grene
With turettis fouly, and erd dikis ilk dele
He gan addres, to closen wounder wele
Be theke the young men, send forth in message
Saker has sped forduart, thare vayage
That thay the touris, and the turettis hie
Of king latyne, the cheif chymes gan se
Under the cietie wall, chylder and page
And lusty spryngaldis, al of tender age
Thare hors and thare stedis, did assay
And dantit cartis, in the dusty way
And sum thare byg bowes, did bend and draw
Sum wt thare armes, let trumblanddartis thraw
Baith with swift cours, and schuting so thay wirk
Ilkane besy, his party for to wirk
Than caryit on the hors, ane messingere
Brocht tithinges, to the anciant kyngis ere
Ane grete menze, of sturdy men war cum
Cled in ane strang habyte, all and sum
The king bad bring thame in his palyce sone
And set him self in myddis, his eldaris trone

Discrypcion of the kingis Palyce

Thare stude ane grete tempill, of fair tyall
Of laurent cietie, sete impereall
Belt with ane hundreth stately pillaris hie
Of kyng Picus, the chymmes cheif to se
With semely schawis, cirkulit and lang hald
In wourschip and reuerence, be faderis ald
Quhare was statute, be the consent commoun
The king suld resaue sceptour, and croun
And of iustice vtheir, consenzeis sere
And thare the baner, first cast for the were
In this tempill, held thay court on raw

That

That was the ſete eik, by thare gentyll vſw
Deput for hallow keik, and maniory
And here ful oft at burdis, by and by
The heres war wount, togydder ſit al ſame
Quhen bytnit was, efter the gyſe the rame
And ferder eik peroydour, mycht ye knaw
within the cheik, deambulatour on raw
Of forefaderis, grete ymagis dyd ſtand
Of auld Cedir, caruit wyth crafty hand
kyng Italus, and fader Sabynus
That fyrſt the byne tre, plantit ſtok or bus
The crukit huke, vndir his wede held he
The ancient kyng ſaturne, that mycht thou ſe
And Janus ſtature eik, with double face
with vthir pryncis, porturit in that place
From the begynning, of thare fyrſt diſcence
Quhilk of thare natyue cuntre, for help and fence
In martiall battell, ſufferit woundis ſare
Apoun the poſtis alſo, mony ane pare
Of harnes hang, and cart quheles grete plente
From Inempis war, wonnyng in melle
The bowand axis, helmes with bye creſtis
Of riche cleteis zetis, ſtabyllis and ceſtis
Grete lokkis ſlottis, maſſy bandis ſquare
Dartis and ſcheildis, hyngis here and thare
And ſtalwart ſteuynnys, bayth of Irne and tre
Reft from thir ſchippis, fechtand ane the ſe
The ymage porturit was, of kyng Pycus
Vanter of horis, in thare ſete glorryus
Cled in ane ryall rob, auguriall
And in his hand ane ſceptoure wand, riall
And in his left hand, haldand ane buklere
Quham reuerſt for his luk, throucht venymis ſere
Certes his ſpouſ Canate, with ane goldin wand

And in ane byrd him turnit, fut and hand
Wyth spourtlit wyngis, clepit ane specht wyth vs
Quhilk in latyne, hate Picus marcius

¶ Kyng Latyne speris the cause/ of thare summyng
and Ilioneus/ made gude answering.

IN sic ane temple of goddis, Latyne kyng
Amyddis his saderis sete, ryall sytryng
Gart fethe the troyanis, to his presence here
And as thay entrit, and befoze him were
Wyth glaid semblant, and bylage full benyng
Thir wourdis fyrst, to thame carpis the kyng
Say me troyanis, quhat ze desyre quod he
Ful wele we knaw zour lynnage and iete
It is also cummyn to our eris
ze set zour cours ouer se, thir mony zeris
Schaw foz quhat caus, oz quhat necessite
zour schippis ouer sa, keil haw sireines of se
Bene hidder to this, coist of Italy
Carpit oz dryue, oz quhiddir zour nauy
Has errit by thare cours, and fer gane will
Oz zit by foize of stoime, cachit hiddirtyll
As oft wyl happyn, by the frawart tyde
To marineris on fludis, depe and wyde
Eyk ze syc wyse, within our reuer bankis
Be enterit oz remanit, with our thankis
Into our poztis oz heuinnys, kast here by
Wythdraw zou not, noz se not ouer herby
Noz myslknaw not the, condicioums of vs
Latyne peyll, and folkis of saturnus
Unconstrenyt, not be law bound thertyll
Bot be our inclinacion, and fre wyll
Just and equale, and but offensis ay
And reulit efter the auld, goddis way
As touching eik zour diligence and of spying

The kyng
speiris the
troyanis
the cauis
of ther cum-
myne to
his land

wele

wele I remember that, I haue hard sum thing
Bot that is past or now, sa mony zeris
Almaist the same forzet is, and efferis
Agyt men, of the ciete armita
Wyth grete auant, forsoith than hard I sa
Of this mater, syr Dardanus yhote
Throw out the se socht, fer and ferthermore
Till samo fyrst in trace, the nerest gate
Quhilk samathracia, now to name is hate
Syne socht he, to the land of phrigia
And cietis set, in the wod of Ida
The goldin palyce, now with sternes bryche
Of heuyn in sete ryall, wythbaldis that wyche
That vmquhyle, fra hyne to tuskany
And coyth ciete, standis oure coist nereby
That now ane god is clepit, ouer al quhare
And to that nowmer, ekis his altare
Thus said the kyng, and Ilioneus but bade
Vnto his wourdis, thys wyse answere made
Wayst ryall pryncc, cummin of hye parage
Of god kawnus, nowther the seis rage
By force of dyrk tempest, has vs dryue
Vnto zour realme, and therat made arryue
Nor zit the laid sterne, from our cours bywaist
Nor strange coist, of this regioun dissaist
Bot by assent commoun, and of fre wyll
And set purpois, we socht this ciete tyll
As folkis flemyt, fra thare natyue cuntre
Vmquhile the maist, souerane realme trayst me
That euer the son, from the ser part of heuyn
wyth his bemes ouer schane, or man couth neuin
From Jupiter, did our linnage begyn
And all the of spring, of syr Dardanus king
Of Jupiter thare forefader, gan reiose

Ilioneus answer to the kyng

Of

Of Iowis stok in hieast, gre moist Ioys
Our king Discend, the strang troiane Enee
In message, send vs here to thy cete
How grete tempest, of batal and debate
Quer troiane feildis wide, has walkit late
By cruel Grekis, hidduous confluence
Quhat fatal bargane, mare made and defence
Athir part knawis, of the warldis two
That is to say Ewrope, and Asia
And gif thare ony, forther regioun be
Diuidit by the streme, and ocians se
Fra the ferme land, therof thay haif hard tell
And thay also, gif any thare may duel
The sonnys myd cirkil remanis vnder
Hait Torrida, zona dry as ony tunder
Quhilk is amyd the heuynys situate
Amang foure vthir plagis temporate
Fra that diluge of shape, and ferefull spate
Carryit throw fell haw large stremys wate
Ane litil stede or mansioun, we beseik
Grant to our natiue kyndlie, goddis meik
The bare se coist, hurtand na mannis ryght
Moith are and water, commoun to euery wicht
Na manere lak, to zour realme sal we be
Nor na reproif tharby, to zour renowme
Be vs nor nane vthir, sal neuer sprede
Hall ony tyme in til oblitioun slide
Nor Italy with hir braid boundis, and wyde
Sal neuer repent, that sche the folk of troy
Has ressauit, nor therof think ennoy
Be al Eneas destanys, I swere
His traistly fayth, nor rychthand into were
Ha vailzeant at vnset, and defence
And by hys lang vse, and experience

Of ärmes quhilkis, he has in batal bandit
Ful mony pepil, victorious vndantit
Delirit vs in freyndschip, and allyy
And to be Ionit in thare seruyce
Not lythlie, not for thy our freynd prosfit
Quhil of oure fre wil vnrequirit we offir
With wourdis of requeist and, of treatye
The taikynnis in oure handis, borne vp hie
For ofit the fatis of the goddis fere
Has vs compellit, by thare strang powere
Vnto thir landis, and thir costis seik
Schir Dardanus, borne of this countre eik
Deliris hidder, to returne agane
And with commandementis, strate ful mony ane
Appollo chargit vs, to spete bedene
To tyber flowand, in the se tirrene
And to the fontane, and the stryndis clere
Of Wunytus, the hallowit frelsche riuere
And forther eik, our prince, has to the sent
Of his auld fortoun, bot ane final present
The lobyr leuingis reft from troys fire
In to this coup of gold, Anchises hys syre
At the altare was wount, to sacrify
And of the grete king priame, mast douchty
This was the cheif dyademe ouer the lait
With quhom he crounit sat and domes gait
His sceptoure als, and eik his tyre hat
Hallowit quharewith, at sacrifice he sat
And this was eik his precius rob ryal
By troiane ladyis wrocht, and brosit al
Herandlie wourdis of Ilioneus
Ful fil his vilage baldis Latynus
His sicht vnmoute, to the erd did he pyent
With eye rolling, and eris richt attent

The bruskit purpour,mouis him na thing
Nor Priamus sceptoure,so fer as steris the king
As that he musis,thocht ful greetumlie
Apoun his dochteris spoulage,and allie
And in hys mynd,gan compace eft in fere
His feder Faunus,respons and answere
Thinkand this ilk Eneas lempt to be
The self strangeare,quham fatal destine
Signifyis to cum furth,of vncouth stede
To be his son in law,and for to lede
Equale dignite,with him in that ring
Ful of soueране vertu,quhais offspring
By thare power,suld ioys and occupy
The hale warld,vnder thare senzeory
And at the last,eftir ful lang musyng
With Ioyus chere,on this wyse sayd the kyng

The goddis zour begynnyn,further and spede
And thare pronostication,manifest in dede
I grant thyne asking, troiane messingere
And zour rewardis restauis,in thank for here
Ze be all hartlie welcum,trastis me
Sa lang as Ieuis,king latyne in this countre
The riches of maist plentuous,fertil ground
Ze sal not want,that in this realme is found
Nor zit nane vthir welth,welefare na ioye
Quhilk ze war wount to bruke,and haue in troy
Bot at the leist,ze cans zour prince Enee
Gif that sa gretelie,he desiris to be
With vs considerit,in till alliance
Or gif he langis,but langare discrepance
Within our palice,to entir before vthir
And be clepit our companzeoun,or brother
Duel no langare,but cum hidder in haist
Nor saar not at his freyndis face as ane gaist

For the maist part of our contene, and bandis
To me sall be to twitch, your kingis hand
And now agane, ze sal turnand your went
Vere to your pryncē, this my charge and commandement
I haue ane douchter, quham responsis schaw
Furth of our saderis, ygarry law
And mony ferefull tailyeingis, of the beryn
Be diuers wayis schewin, and fyry leuin
Will not suffer, that sche in wedlok be
Geuin vntil ane man, of our countre
But al the spay men, declaris by and by,
Thare suld cum to remane, in Italy
Fra strange cōstis, to be our son in law
Ane dochty man, vncouth and vnknaw
Quhilk of hyslynage, and posterite
Our name abeue, the sternes sal vp hie
Eik that my mynd can ocht ymagin richt
I wene that he sal be, the sampyn knycht
And gladdie wald with al my hartis desyre
The weirdis thareto, callit that tail syre
This beand said, the king latyne but fale
Gart cheis of al his stedis, furth the wale
Thre hundreth myik quhite hors, and fare had he
Helit and led in stalwart, stabellis hie
For euery troiane, peroydour thare the kyng
With purpour houssouris, bad ane cursoure bryng
Thare bryssouris trappouris and patrellis reddy boun
With goldin bruchis, hang from thare brestis doun
Thare harnessing of gold richt derely dicht
They rang the goldin mollettis burnist bryght
Vnto Eneas als, thare pryncē absent
Ane rial chare richely arrayit he sent
With twa sterne stedis, therin zokit yfere
Cummyn of the kynd, of heyuinlye hors were

Gif this geuin to the ambassatours and sendis to Eneas

At thare neis thyrles, the fyre fast furth fnering out
Of the quhilk flok, and ſtud ſpyrnging but dout
Quhilk certis crafty, and ingenyus
And mare ſubtyl, than euer was dedalus
Be ane quent way, fra hir alwin fader ſtaw
Wakand his ſtedes belefe meris vnknaw
That be ane ſle conſait, and wyly mynd
Syc maner horſs, engendrit of baſtard kynd

¶ Juno parſauand the troyanis/beild ane toun
For greik and dolour/was lyke to ſwelt and ſwoun.

WIth ſyc giftis, Eneas meſſingeris
Of the king Latyne, with Joyful anſueris
Returnis, mountit hie on horſs ilkane
Of peace and concord, bodword brocht agane
And lo the ſpous, of Joue, cruell Juno
The ſelf tyme can returne, fra arge tho
The quhilk cumtre, of nobyl brute and fame
From Inathas the kyng, has take his name
And has carpit out, throw the are pure
Quhilk is hir proper, regioun as ſche fure
Doun from the ſkyes, on ler gan do eſpy
Of the hie land, Pathynnis in Cicily
Beheld the troyane nauy, ſtand on raw
And Eneas blyith, and glade ſche ſaw
Of the ſeyus bodward, vnto him brocht
That beſely, with all the haſt he mocht
Inforſis thare herby, and ſtrencht to beild
Than all aſſurit, of his land and feild
And thare ſchippis, left deſolate and waiſt
In erraly ſche ſtude, and mad almaiſt
In ſuddane dolour, ſmytyn wounder ſmert
Can ſchaik hir hede, with harmes at hir hert
And of hir breiſt, thir wourdis wrappis in hy
Och kynd of pepill, hautfull and vnwourthy

Juno inuyis the Troians proſperite and is ſtore commoued with hir.

For

For all the wylis, and the fatis troyane
Bene to our myndis, and deſtanyis euer agane
Wycht thay not all bene, ſlane in troy feildis
Wycht thay not all haue, dwelt vnder thar ſcheildis
Ar thay not vincuſt, and ouercummin Ilkane
Quhat may not thare, preſonaris agane be tane
Hes not troy all inflyt, zit thame bynt
Na all ſyc labour, is for nocht and tynt
Haue thay not found, for to eſchape away
Throw myd fyre, and myd oiſtis ſoure way
So traiſt I now at laſt, my force and mychtis
Lyis dolf and Irkit, be zone cative wychtis
Inſaciat of hautrent, I reſt in pece
That was ſa bald afore, and neuer wald ceis
Quhen thay ware chaſit, of thare natyfe land
To fluct them on the ſtrome, fra hand to hand
And to perſew thay flemyt, wauyngeouris
Throw al the ſeyis, my ſelf dis tyde and bouris
Agane troyanis, conſumyt are by me
The ſtrenth of al the heummys, and the ſe
Quhat proffitit me, certis that ſoukand ſand
Or zit Scilla, the ſwelthis ay routand
Or quhat awalit, Caribdis biſme huge
Al thay not ſtakit at reſt, and welc luge
In the deſyrit ſand, of tybrys bay
A ſlouerit of the ſey, and has na fray
Of me ne of my malice, and fant thocht
The ſterne pepil, lapitt os bring to nocht
And quite diſtroy mycht mars for his offence
Was it not eik, grantit in recompence
To Diane be the fader, of goddis Ichone
To werk hir greif, in anciant Calidone
Quhat falt made the lapithos of treſpas
Or Calidone, that ſa ſare punyſt was

ſelf and as deſparat folkis do quhen ſchis can not fynd helpe at the goddis ſche ſeikys helpe of the Deuyl in hell.

Thou

Aboue mesure forsuth, thay chaffyt wãe
Bot I the spous, of the grete Iupiter
Quhilk sa vnhappy, alwayis I mycht kynd
Tham tyl ennoy confate, left not behynd
Quhylk has my celk, in propir person eik
Turnit and writhit, all wantis I couth seik
I am now vincuk, be ane man this Enee
Bot gif my power, not sufficient be
Or grete ynewch, quhy suld I dyede or spare
To purches help forsouth, attour alquhare
Gyf I may not the heumly, goddis inclyne
To my purpois, I sall seik forthir syne
To tham that fer doun, into Acheron fell
I sall them moue, the depest pit of hell
And put the cais, that I may not optene
From latyne land, thaim to expell all clene
Bot by the fatis, I mmouebyl destany
Laumia remanis, spous to Enee
Zit at leist thar may, fall stop or delay
In sa grete materis, for ane zere or tway
And lefull is it, zit of athir kyng
The retinew in batall, doun to dyng
Lat the cidfader, and mauch knyt by frendschip
Be pyne of thare peppll, and fallowschip
Wyth grete effusioun, of the bludc troyane
And sampyn of the, peppl retutiane
Thow sall be sesit, madin to drowny
Bellona goddes, of batall sall stand by
To be conuoyare, of thy mariage
Neuir heccuba of, Cilleus lynnage
Quhilk bund with fyre, dremyt sche had furth bring
Ane glede of fyre, or hait brand licht birnyng
Was deliuer of syc flambis, but fale
As thou sall here, and fyris conjugall

Iano leuis god and se his help at the deuyl.

And

And forthir eik, this venus proper byith
And secund paris, Ence lityll wyith
Hall rays and kendill dedely flamb agane
Of hait fyre brandis, amang the wallis troyane
Fra this wes laid with, horrybyl mynd in haist
Down to the erth sche socht, and the layth gaist
Furth of hir sete, and myrk dungeoun of hell
Sche did pronoik, and callis with ane zell
Ane of the sory furius, sisteris thre
Alecto quhilk caulis, all myscheif to be
And eftermare desyris, of hyr kynd
And has full greme, empyrentit in hyr mynd
The dedly batellis, and the doloyus were
Strif and dissate harme, and discordis sere
This freyndlich hellis, monstour tartariane
Is hatit wyth hyr, vthyr sisteris ilkane
And pluto eik the fader, of hellis se
Reputtis that bilsming, belch hatefull to se
In to sa mony grisly, formes sere
Sche dois hyr self translate, and of sic fere
Bene hyr cruell schappis, and vysage
Sa foule and laithlie, all hyr personage
That for hyr pilis, and in stede of hare
Feil snakis spryngis, ouer hyr body alquhare
Quhilk fury quent, of kynd sa perrellus
Juno tyllis to myscheif, sayand thus

Junois oration to alecto for the distruction of troyans.

Do te me byrgine douchter of the myrk nicht
Thys ane seruice, thy propir werk by rycht
Do me thys laboure, quhylk is thyne of det
That our honouris, and fame be nocht supersett
Na zit subdewit, in to sic ane place
As with zone troianis, standis vode of grace
Ast neuyr Ence, sa proudly to optene
The spousage of latynus, douchter schene

And

And by nā way, lat neuer his feris weild
Ane fute brade of Italiane ground nor feild
Thou can brethir of ane assent mony zeris
Agānis vthir enarme, in mortal weris
Thou may ouerturne, with hatrēt and with strife
The hale houshald, the man aganis the wyfe
Thow mai skurgeing and straikis in lugeing reis
And thou of freyndis, may mak mortal fais
And dedly fyre brandis kendil in thak and reuis
Ane thousand nam:s, thou has that na man lustis
Ane thousand wayis, kolkis to cannoy and schent
Knok on thy brudy breist at myne entent
Breik and cast doun, thare concord made of new
Causis of strik, and battell I wald thou schew
Gar al the power, and euery stoute zonkere
First in thare myndis, desire to moue the were
Syne cry and ask armes, and battel al
And rusche tharto forcelie, greet and sma!.

Allecto throw persuasyoun of Juno
Quene Amata al wities gart sche go

This cruel monstoure Allecto on ane
Infect with fel venom gor gonyane
Socht first to latrum, and in the chimes hie
Of Laurentyne the kingis cheif ciete
And priuely begouth to watch and loure
About his spous quene amatais bour
Quhilk al inflammyt in ire and wyfly thochtis
Of this new toune, of troyanis al on flocht is
The bissy cure of turnus mariage
Skaldyng hir breist, and mynd al in ane rage
This wikkit goddes, towart hir als fast
Ane of hir slymy serpent heris did cast
Depe in hir bosum let inslip, with sicht
Amyd hir hart pipis, or precordialis licht

That

That be this tik, monstouris instigatioun
wod wraith sche suld, pertroubil al the toun
This eddir flyding ouer, slekit bodyis soft
Of thyr ladyis, amang thare wedis oft
went thrawin so, that nane wist quhar sche glidis
The furius quene, dissauyng on athyr sydis
And in hyr mynd gan blaw, and kendyl syne
Ane fell ourn greik, ouer curage serpentyne
The grisly serpent, sum tyme semyt to be
About hyr hals, ane lynkit goldin chenze
And sum tyme of hyr curisthe, lap with ane wrik
Become the seruage, or bordour of hyr quaik
Sum tyme in hyr hedelace, for to knyt hyr hare
Ful fyld sche flyppys, hyr membris ouer alquhare
Sone as the fyrst infectioun, ane lityl we
Of flymy venoun, Inset quently had sche
Than sche begouth, hyr wittis to assale
And depe amid hyr banis, for to skale
And multiply of rage, the byrnand furie
For zit not all, in hyr breist cruelite
The sprete has felt, the flamb frenetticall
Quharfore the mare sobyrlie, furth with all
Efter the commoun custome, and vlaze
Of auld matrouns, in thare auld dotage
with huge complant, for hyr douchter and regret
And troyane wedlok, contrare hyr consate
Thus said sche weping, and that ful pyteously
Of fader kyng latyne, quhy wyl thou quhy
Quhat sall our child, lauinia the may
To banyst men be geik, to lede away
Nouthir has thou, of thy tender get, pyete
Nor zyt compassyoun, of thy selk nor me
Hyr moder quham sa sone, full desolate
zone fals sey reuer, wyl leik in sturt god wate

And

Vmata the quene dis-suadis kyng Lati-tyne to geue hys dochter to Eneas.

And cary the made, ouer the depe fludis haw
Als sone as euer, the first north wynd dois blaw
Was it not euin be sic, ane kenzet gird
Quham paris furth of Phrige, the troyane hird
Socht to the ziete, lathes in spartha
And thare the douchter of Ledea, stal awa
The kare heline, and to troy cursit raith
Quhat sal auale zour faith, and hallowit aith
Quhat of zour ancient puruiance, sir king
That ze had of zour freyndis and of spring
Quhat of zour rycht hand, hald so glorius
Sa feil syith geuin to our coulyng, Turnus
Gyf that thou sekis, ane alienare vnknaw
To be thy mauch, or thy gud son in law
And bag that thyng determyt in thy hede
Constrenit thareto be the comand and rede
Of thy fader Fawnus, as to that gate
Here ane lytil my fantasy, and consate
All cuntre vnsubiectit, vnder our wand
It may be cleppit, ane vncouth strange lande
And all that cher in duellis, alianaris bene
Of sic strangearis, the goddis spake I wene
And gif we list seik, forthirmore zit than
To compt the first begynnyng, of turnus clan
Inathus and achyllus, but were
Twa kingis of Grece, his forefaders were
Thus is the greke, to compt his gretis a pece
And cummin of myce, the myddis realme of Grece
Eftir that the Quene, with sic wourdis al for nocht
Assait had the kyng latyne, as sche mocht
And fand that he resistit, hir intent
The furius poysoun, than of the serpent
Depe in hir breist, and entrillis swiftly zede
And did ouer al partis, of hir body spzede

So that forsoith, eachit vnhappelie
With hiddious monstouris, can sche ryn and cry
Throw out the large cete, in wilde dotage
But ressoun striken, with the nymphis rage
Is sum tyme sclentis, the round top of the tre
Hit with the twynt quhip dois quhirle we se
Quhen childer dryuis besy at thare play
About the cloys, and vode hallis al day
Sche smytin with the tawis dois rebound
And rynnys about, about in cirkil round
The battles sort of forsaid babbyis zing
Studyis a woundrit, of sa nyce ane thing
This turnit tre, so al that berdles rout
Ferlyis to se sua slepe, and quhirl about
And al thare mynd settis, it to eache and dryue
Na sla war went Amata, the kingis wyfe
Throw out the myd cetis of latyne land
And throw the feirs pepil, fra hand to hand
And forther eik, vnto the woddis grene
The swift fard catchis, furth this quene
Fenzeand the rage of bachus, and grete mych
Ane mare myscheif, for to contruse and sleicht
And greter furie swyth, sche gan begyn
Hir douchter hid, thir woddy hillis within
Thareby the troyane, spousage to delay
Stop and prolong, thare feist and brydel day
Sche schoutis hie, how Bachus god of wyne
Thow onlie art wourthie, to haue our virgine
And thus with loude voce, cryis and schoutis sche
To the bachus, sche rasit eik on hie
Grete lang speris, as thay standartis were
With wyne ere branchis, wippit in thare manere
To the sche led ring sangis, in karoling
To the hir hare addressit, late doune hing

The

The fame herof, wide ouer al did spręde
Quhil at the last, the samyn fyry can spręde
In al the matrouns bręistis, of the land
Cachit with force thay flok, fra hand to hand
Thare hous thay forhow, and leuis waist
And to the woddis socht, as thay war chaist
And lete thare nekis and hare, blaw with the wind
Sum vtheris went zelland, vnder the lynd
Quhyl al the skyis, of thare skrik fordynnys
And sum war cled, in pilchis, and foune sxynnis
Into thare handis rasit apoun hie
The lange stourys, wound with the swett wine tre
Amyd thaym al, quene amata gais
And feirfly dyd ane birnand fir tręis
And of hir douchter eik, and turnus zing
The wedding sangis, and ballatis did sche sing
The bludy ene rolling, ful thrawartlye
Oft and rycht schrewitly, wald sche clepe and cry
Out harro matrouns, quharesoeuer ze be
O latyne wyffis herkis now to me
Gif ony fauouris, and frendschip zit remanis
In zour deuote bręistis, amang thir planis
Of the vnhappy, moder Amata
Gif ony thocht, remordis zour mind alsua
Of the effectuous piete, maternale
Lous hede bandis, schaik doun zour haris al
walk in this wod, here karelling with me
Sing bachus sangis, sen na bettir may be.

How Alecto persuadit, has Turnus
To moif batal, incontrare latinus.

ALecto thus amang, the woddis derne
Mony wylde beistis den and depe cauerne
In to lic rage this ilk quene Amata
with bachus fury cachis, to and fra

And

And eftir that this wikkit, fals goddes
Thocht scho had sharpit, weil yneuch I ges
The firſt furie, of sa dolozus rage
For to distrub il, the forsaid mariage
And quyte peruert, or ty tyit top ouer tale
Latynus houshald purpois, and counsale
But mare delay, with wallowit wyngis sche
Wiskis from thyne, vnto the wallis hie
Of the curagius, Rutuliane Turnus
Quhilk ciete the dochter, of Ieriſius
Fare Danae foundit for hir men, and hir
Dreuin to that coist, with the south wyndis bir
Quhilk was sum tyme clepit, Ardea
Fra Ardea ane foule, zit namyt sa
And to this day, the forsaid ryall hame
Be forsoun vrukis of ardea, the name
Within thay hichty boundis, turnus richt
Lay still and rest, amyddis the dirk nycht
Alecto hir thrawin vilage, did away
All furius membris lade a part, and array
And in hir schape transformyt of ane trat
Hir forhede skorit with runkillis, and mony rat
And with ane baile, ouer spryede hir fyart hair
Ane branche of oliue, thare to knittis yare
Of Junois tempil, semyt scho to be
The Nun and trattes, clepit Calibe
Befor the vilage, of this stout zonge knycht
Present hir self, with thir wourdis on hicht
Turnus will thou suffir, this vndocht
Thy lang trauell, and laubour be for nocht
And thy scheptour, and croun deliuerit be
To zoung banist new cumin troiane men ze
The king Latyne, the spoulage of lauine
And thy dowzy bocht, with thy blude and pyne

Alectos oracion to king turnus exhortyng him to battell contra eye the troianys.

Denyis koꝛ to ḡrant, the oꝛ ellis ocht
And to ſuccede in his realme, has beſoucht
Ane altenar boꝛne, of ane vncouth land
Pas now thy way, and ſet the to gane ſtand
Thir perrillis but all thank, and gane ʒeild
Sen thou art mokit, go doune bett in keild
The oſſis of Ethꝛuria, and ſyne
Defend in pece and reſt, the folk latyne
Almychty Saturnus douchter, aluterlie
As thou be nicht, thus doith at quietly
Bad me ſchaw plainlie, all thir thingis to the
Haue done tharefoꝛe, aſſembil this cuntre
Addꝛes thy fenſabill men, in thare array
Enarmed glaidlie, moue and hald ʒour way
Towart the poꝛtis, oꝛ haupnnys of the ſeye
And ſet apoun ʒone trotane menze
Dꝛike thare chiftanys, of this land but hone
Thare paynyt caruellis, birne ſo to be done
The grete pouer, of heuinlie goddis diuyne
Commandit has decrete, and determine
Lat king Latynus, to his awin harmes
And haue erperience of the turnus, in armes
Bot he the grant to wyfe, his childe lauyne
And kepe to the his pꝛomys, and conuyne

The ʒoung man mokand, at the pꝛophetes
Herand ſic ſpeche anſweris, with moucht erpꝛes
Turnus anſwere. It ſtandis not ſo as thou wenys, but weris
The meſſingere, is not gone by myne eris
Full lang oꝛ now, how that ane ſtrange nauy
Arriuit in this tybꝛis ſtreme, faſt by
Fenze na cauſ, me foꝛ till affray
Xene not me liſt, wy pur poos leik no way
Noꝛ ȝit Juno, quene of realmes all
Liſt our querrell koꝛzet, noꝛ thole we ſall

Bot o auld dame, thy vile vnweildy age
Ouer set with hasart bare, and kante dotage
Quhilk bode is of all treuth, and verite
In sic curis vn bane, occuppis the
And the dissauis as pzophete, be fals dzede
That geuis thy mynd tharon, thou has na hede
As foz to trete of battall, betuix kingis
Thyne occupatioun standis, on bthir thingis
Quhilk suld haue cure of, not alanerlie
Bot goddis tempillis, and ymagis to spie
Thole men of peace, and were carp and rehercé
Quham to partenis, the battell to exercé
At sic wourdis alecto, haite as fyze
Brynt in hir fury rage, and felloun ire
So that the zoung man, spe'sand suddanly
The trymbling hynt al membzis of hys body
His ene stude abasit, in hys hede
This hellys monstoure, ful of wath and fede
Hillit and qnhillyt, with sa ketil eddir soundis
And hir figure sa grisly, grete haboundis
wyth glourand ene, bzynand of flambis blak
Turnus awondering, styntis and dzawis abak
And as he purposit, mekyl mare to say
In stede of haris, sche rasit vp serpentis tuay
And of hir scourge, the sound scho made him here
wyth rage and mouth, syne sayd and felloun bere
Behaldis this my vyle, vnweyldy age
Ouerset wyth hasard hare, and fanat dotage
Quhen eild bode of al treuth and verite
Be fals dede, dissauis sa quod sche
As foz to trete of battel, betuix kyngis
Behald gif it so be, consyder thir sygnis
Lo me pzesent, ane of the systeris tyne
Infernale furyis, of ferful hellis se

He I bere in my handis and powere
The dede of battels, and the mortall were
And sayand thus, at this ilk feirs young knycht
Ane hait fyrebrand, kest scho birnand bricht
And in hir breist, this furius lemand schide
With dedely smoik, fyrit depe can hyde
The huge drede, with this dissoluit his slepe
Ouer al his body, brislyng furth did crepe
The warme swete, throw euery lith and bane
And al enragit, gan efter harnes frane
Armour al witles, in his bed sekis he
Armour ouer al the lugeing, law and he
The grete curage, of irne wappinnis can wade
Crewell and wylde, and al his wit muade
In wikkit wodnes, battal to desire
Quharon he birnis, hait in felloun ire
Lyke as quhen that the ingil, of stikkis dry
With blesand sound, is laid to by and by
About the sydis, of the pot playing
The liquour sparkis, for the heit buling
Within the feruent bullir, violent
Of wattir, making reky frouth vplyrent
So swellis vp the skum, and bellis bedene
The beschel may no more, the broith contene
Bot furth it poplis in the fyre, here and thare
Quhip vp fleis the blak stew, in the are
And for als mekil as turnus, thus was slad
The gretest of his chiftanis he bad
To king latyne, and declare him but were
The peace was brokin, and he wald moue the were
To grauth thare armour, fast commandis he
To defend Itale, and of thare awin cuntrye
Thare In emies expel, and dryue as sit
He was yneuch for bath, he lete thame wit

Baith

Baith to recounter the latynis and the troianis
Quhen this was laid, and on sic wise as ganis
The goddis callit to be in thare helpyng
Than besely, rutilianis ouer al thing
Can ather vthir, fast exhort and pray
On the best wyse, for werefare to purvay
Sum the maist semely farrand personage
Tyltis to the feild, to proue his grene curage
Sum on his youth hede, and his theis gude
And sum is mouit throw his riall blude
For his progenitouris, nobil kyngis were
And sum war eik induelt to the were
For the proues knawin, in eik landis
And dedis wrocht, maist knichtly with his handis

Ascanius huntand has/ane tame hart hurt
Quhilk was first mouing, of thare strife and fuet.

QVhil turnus on this wise about all partis
In the rutilians, rasys hardy hartis
Wod hir infernall wyngis, furth can cary
Alecto towart troianis, but mare tary
By ane new flicht, ane place spyit has sche
Quharfor the tyme, by the coist of the se
The young semely Ascaneus, at solace
Syd hunt the wyld dere, following the chase
Thare suddanly, this hellys wenche infest
Ane haisty fury, on his houndys kest
Thare neis thyrlis, with ane sowir sent
Scho fillys so, that besely thay went
Efter the fute of ane tame hart, quhilk thyng
Was the first cause, of the werefare and fechtyng
And first sterris the wyld fosteris fell
To moue debait, or make them for batall
This hart of body, was bayth grete and square
With large hede, and tindis birnist fare

The fyrst occatiō of warbetuix the troianis and rutilians

Quhām childer of ane thirreus,thame amang
Reft from his moderis palp,had nurist lang
Thireus thare fader,was hie maister and gyde
Of stedis folkis bowis,and birdis wyde
As stozour to the kinge did kepe,and zime
Of the large plane,all trust was geuen to him
Full dantit and full tame,at thare command
Was so becum this beist,that but command
Sulma thare sister,with all diligence
Arrayit him with flouris sweit,of sence
Oft plet scho garlandis,foz his tyndis hie
Che dere also full oft tyme kame wald sche
And fele syis wesche,in till ane fontane clere
Full wele sufferit hir handis,the tame dere
And was accustumyt so,quhen he list eit
At his awin maistteris burd,to seik his mete
Ouerall the woddis wald,he raik ilk day
And at euin tide,turne hame the strecht way
Till his lugeing,wele bek and fute bait
All by him selfe,war the nicht neuer so lait
This hart errant,fer from his resset
Ascaneus wod,hundis vmbeset
As that percaise,foz the hait sonnys gleme
He held doun cupimmand the clere ryuer streme
To cule his hete,vnder ane gresy bza
Ascaneus the child,him self alsua
Birnyng in desire,of some notabill renowm
With nokkit bow,byuent all reddy boun
Wenand him wyld,lete sone ane arrow glide
The goddes wes,all reddy fast besyde
Thus can his hand addzes,but wauering
The flane flaw fast,with ane spzang fra the string
Thzow out the wambe,and entrellis all but stynt
The scharp hedid schaft,dulcht with the dynt

The

The dēre ſo dedelie woundit, and to lame
Vnto his kynd reſſet, gan fleing hame
And enteris in his ſtall, and that anone
All blude beſpent, with mony grank and gron
And like ane man beſocht, help and ſupple,
With his p'enyng, all the houſe fillis he
Silma the eldeſt ſiſter with ane ſchout
Hir handis clapping faſt, hir ſchulderis about
Cryis efter help, and gan togidder cal
The landwart folkis, and dourefoȝtaris all
Thay tho aſſemblit, to the fray in hy
And flokkis furth rycht, faſt bywarnitly
Foȝ the ilk furie peſtilentiale, that houre
Ful ȝtiuely, in the derne wod dyd loure
To caſt on thame ſlely, hyȝ kereful rage
That, furth with vpſtertis, bauth man wike and page
He with ane burdoun, of ane lang ſtif tre
The poynt ſcharpit, and brynt ane lityl we
He with ane knotty club, and knoȝry hede
Quhat ilk man fand, firſt reddy in that ſtede
Sekand ane ſwerd, now rinnand fra the pleuch
Thate greik made that thing, wappyn gud ynewch
Thirreus the maiſter, ſtorour in ane rout
The karlis aſſemblit, him al about
Quhare as percaſe, beſy with wedgeis he
Stude ſchidand ane koure, akyn ſquarit tre
With mony pant with kelloun hanchis and quaikis
Als oft the ax rebounds, of the ſtraikis
This cruel goddis, keirful alecto
Foȝ til ennoy, hir tyme eſpyes tho
And ſpelys vp ful ſone, as ſcho war wod
Apoun ane heith ſtabyl, quhare that beiſtis ſtude
Richt buſtuouſly, apoun the ruke on hie
The hirdis enſenȝe, loude vptrumpis ſche

And

And in ane bowand hoyne, at hir awin will
Ane keyndliche hellis voce, ſcho ſchoutis ſchill
At quhais ſound all trymblit, the foreſt
The derne woddis, reſoundid eſt and weſt
The blaw was hard, thens mylis mony ane
At the depe loch of triuia, ar Diane
The dyn was hard, eik ellis quhare full far
At the ſulphureus quhite ryuer, callit Nar
And at the lark or fontane, of delyne
Baith to and fro, or all the cuntre tyne
Wemen and mederis, effrayit of this caſe
Thare zoung childzen caſt, to thare breiſtis did braſe
Thanſpedely with haiſt, and beſy fare
The laubrars vndantit, here and thare
Hynt wappinnis, and aſſemblit, on euery ſyde
Towart the ſound, quhare as the trump that tyde
With dedlye voce blew, this ferefull ſyng
The Troiane power, alſo can furth thring
With hale routis aſcanceus, to reſkew
The battellis war adiont, now of new
Not in menere of landwart folkis, bargane
With hard blokkis, ruſchand all ouer ane
Not blunt ſpyngis, of the buſſilit tre
But with ſharp ſche randwappinnis made melle
The ground blaknyt, and ferefull wor alſua
Of drawing ſwerdis, ſclentyng to and fra
The bricht mettell, and vthir armour fyre
Quharon the ſon blenkis, betis clere
Glitteris and ſchane, vnder bemes bryght
Caſtis ane new twynkling, or ane lem and lyght
This ſtoure ſa buſſuous, begouth to riſe and grewe
Like as the fey changeit, furſt his hewe
In quhite lipperis, by the wyndis blaſt
Syne pece, and pece the ſtyde boldnys ſa caſt

Quhil

Quhil finalie, the wallis vprisis mare
That fra the groundē, it warpis vp the are
At the first compter, in to this bargane
Almon tirrheus eldest son, was slane
Ane fare zong spyngald, quhilk cauche dedis wound
Throw dynt of arrow, schote with felloun sound
That smate him rycht in at the hals bone
The lopperit blude, stoppit his aynd anone
And closit in, of like, the tendir spyete
About him fell doun dede, and loist the swete
Wony of the hird men, amangis quham was ane
The elder galesus, as that he allane
Offerit him self amyd the oistis, rua
To trete concord of pece, and the fra
Quhilk was the iustest, of ane cutel man
And mychtiest in his tyme, leuand than
Ouer al the boundis, of Ausonia
His fiue flokkis fosterit, to and fra
Fiue bollis of ky, vnto his hame reparit
And with ane hundreth plewis, the land he arit
¶ Fra the fyrst slauchter/ made apoun this wise
Turnus and all the pepill/ for battell cryis.

AND as the bargane, on this manere zede
In plane feild, and euery battall stede
The hellis goddes, Iolng at hir will
Hir promys quhilk scho hecht, for to fulfil
Als sone as was the grete melle begun
The erth littit with blude, and al ouer run
And the first slauchtir, was committed and done
In dedely were than Italy, als sone
Sche leuis and with swift, fard gan do fle
Throw out the skyis, to the heuins hie
Hatfand hir purpois, said with voce full proud
Vnto Iuno thus spak scho throw ane cloude

Heir efter wis Juno quhat discord sche has sawin betuix the troianis & Italyanis.

Lo now discord, perfurnist as thou wald
Myth schrewit battall, and carys mony fald
In tender freyndschyp, lat thame now conuene
Knyt vp alyance, and kallowschip bedene
Sen that I haue the troianis, al bysyent
With blude of the Italians, or I went
And gif thy mynd, be kerne therto wyth me
I sal this meikil eik, to my werke quod sche
For til induce the cieteis, adiacent
Unto the barne, or that I hyne hent
With schrewit rumouris, I can amang thame male
Thare myndis so, I sal inflambe albale
By wod vndantit, keirs delyre of marte
Thay sal forgadder, to helpe from euery art
Muhil battellis, armouris, sweirdis, spere and scheildis
I sal do kaw, and strow ouer al the keildis
Than answerit Juno, at haboundance thare is

Junos answere.

Of thy dissaitful slycht, and fraud thys
And eik of ferefull terrour, and deray
Weil at perfurnist caulis, of this were perfay
That fecht togidder, mydlyt on the land
Bayth face for face, with drawin glauis in hand
And new sched blude, letis thare armour clere
Muhilk thay be fortoun, taucht has first in were
Sone wourthy squyar, of venus blude and kyn
And kyng latynus now lat thame begyn
Sic wedlok to contract, and spousale keyp
Bot the grete fader of heuin, at my requist
Wyl suffer the at large, no langar here
To walk and tary, aboue the skyes clere
Withdraw the of this place, for thy wele sone
Gif ony chance restis, mare to be done
I sal my self, that matter reule and gy
Thir wourdis spak Juno, and scho therwith in hy

Hyr

Hir doubill wyngis, with eddir ſounde did bete
Leuand hir heuynnys, ſocht to hyr hellis ſete
Amyddis Itale, vnder the hillis law
Thare ſtandis ane famous ſtede, wele beknaw
That for his bryte is namyt, in mony land
The vale auſancetus, hate on athir hand
Quham the ſidis, of ane thik wod of tre
Cloſis all derne, with ſkuggy bewis hie
Ane routand burn, amyddwart therof rynnis
Rumeland and ſoundand, on the craggy quhynnis
And eik forgane the brokin brow, of the mont
Ane horribill caue with brade, and large front
Thare may be ſene ane tholl, or aynding ſtede
Of terribill Pluto fader, of hel and dede
Ane rift or ſwelth, ſo griſlie for to ſe
To Acheron reuin doun, that hellis ſye
Gapand with his peſtiferus goule, ful wyde
At quhais billing, the fury gan doun ſlyde
This hutut goddes, and by that diſcence
Deliuerit heuin, and erd of hir preſence
And netheles during, the mene ſeſoun
The quene hir ſelf, ſaturnus gett anone
Set to hir hand, and vndid the batel
Of hirdmen al the routis, with ane zel
Ruſchit fra the feild, to the ciete but tary
The ſlane body away, with thaim did cary
Almon the child, and dede galeſus als
With blude by ſparkit viſage, hede and hals
Thay thig vengeance, at the goddis and ſyne
Thay rame and cry, faſt on the king Latyne
Turnus was by, and amyd this deray
This hate fury of ſlauchter, and fell affray
The terrour doublis he, and feere ful dreide
That ſic forloppin troianis, at this nede

Sulk

Suld thankfully be reſſet in that ryng
Or phyr giane bludr, conſiderit with the kyng
And he furth of thay boundis to be expellyt
The ſelf tyme eik, for the matrons that zellit
And roundis ſang, ſo in thare wylde dotage
In the derne woddys, ſmytten with bachus rage
Grete routis dyd aſſemble thidder in hy
And roupit efter battell, ernefully
Thare deteſtabyl weris, euer in ane
Ygane the fatis, all thay cry and rane
Contrary anſuerys, and diſputa: youns all
Of goddis for the were, thay clepe and call
Led by the power, and fraward godhede
Of cruel Juno, with auld remembrit fed
Ful faſt thay thryng, about the kyngis palyce
Bot thys ilk latyne, knawand thare malyce
Reſyſtis vnmouvt, as ane roſk of the ſe
Quhen with grete brute, of wattir ſmyte we ſe
Hym ſelf ſuſtenis, by his huge wecht
Fra wallis fel, in al thare bir and ſwecht
Jawpyng about his ſkyrtis, with many ane bray
Skellyis and ſomy craggis thay aſſray
Rowtand and rarand, and may nocht empare
Bot gyf thay ſched fra his ſydis the ware
So efter that the kyng, mycht not reſyſt
Thare blynd purpois, for as euer Juno lyſt
The mater went, all ſet to crueltie
Full mony goddis, and the heuynnes hie
To wytnes drew he, as was by his wyll
Bot all for nocht, nane tent was tak thaceryll
Alace he ſayd, we are to broſk and ryue
By the fatys by ſtorme, cachit and dryue
O ze vnzetchit peppl gan he cry
With crnell pane, fu I dere be ſall aby

This wilful rage, and with zour blud expyes
The wrangis of sic sacrilege, add zes
O turnus turnus, ful hard and he uy wask
And sorouful vengeance, zit sal the ouer tak
Quhen al to late, in thy helping thou sal
With prayeris on the goddis, clepe and call
For I had kund my rest and eis, quod he
Now at the dur, deth reddy bydis me
Quhare now of happy pompis, funerall
I spulzit am, and sic triumphyrial
Na mare saying, with that word fut het
Ful clois within his palice, he him schet
Of all sic thingis, gaif ouer the cure and charge
Sen na bettir micht be, to go at large.

The portis of were to twych/ the prince refusis
Quhilk Juno dzehys syne/ for bat tel musis

THe manere than was, and the auld custume
Within the land, of ancient latyum
Quhilk bilyt vsage, eftir mony ane day
The cieties and faderis of alba, kepit ay
Now the grete maister, soueraine ciete dyng
Of Rome kepis and hantis, the self thyng
That is to knaw, quhen first euir thay moue or stere
The martial ensenzeis, for the were
Quhidder so thay list, to set with oistis plane
On the gethis pepil, tartareane
With dolorus, and with ful lamentabyl were
In hircany or Arzaby to stere
Or for to ettil, in to Inde furth eik
Towart the dawing, and son rising to seik
Or zit to ask and reduce, hame agane
Thare standartis, from the doure peppl persane
Twa portis ben of battayl, and debayt
Ho thay war cleppt, to thare name and hayt

Haldyng

Vse ald cu
stome and
consuetud
in mouing
of war

Haldyng in religioun, of haly reuerence
Of mártis cruell dede, and his offence
Ane hundreth bralin helpys, thame claspyt quemé
And strenthy Irne clottis, thay did seme
To be eternal, and in consumptyue
Nor Janus kepare, of this entre of stryue
Was no quhile furth, of this ilk hallowit hald
Bot quhen the kerme sentence, of faderis ald
Was any tyme determyt, to moue were
Than he that was cheke duke, or counsellere
In rob rial vestit, that hate quyrine
And ryche purpoure, ekter the gyle gabyne
Gird in ane garmont, semelie and kute syde
Thir zettis suld vp opin, and wrap wyde
Within that girgand hirst, also suld he
Promyse the new were, battell and melle
Quhen all the fensabyl men, suld follow fast
Wyth plane assent, and bralin trumpis blast
The kyng latyne furthwith, command thay than
On this manere, as pryncé and gretest man
To proclame were, and decrete the melle
Agane troianis, thydder cummyn wyth Enee
And wrap the sorowful zettis, vp on brede
The prince refusyt, to do so vyle a dede
Ne lyst not anys, thame twethe nor brek his hest
So aggreuyt planely, ganestude thare request
And in this secrete closyt, him with drew
Than from the heuyn, doun quhirland with ane quhew
Come quene Juno, and with hir awin handis
Dang vp the zettis brak, but delay the bandis
This cruell dochter, of the auld saturne
The mekil hirst, can welter and ouerturne
And strang zet chekis, of werkare and battell
Skalk doun and rent, the grete Irne postis fell

monsterit

Vnſterit lang tyme, and vnmouit Itale
Now birnis in to fury, bellicall
Sum gratheis thame on fute, to go in feild
Sum hie montit on hors bak, vnder ſcheild
The duſty pouder vpdrifand, with ane ſtoure
And euery man ſocht wappinnis, and armoure
Thare ſchynand ſcheildis, ſum did burnis wele
And ſem poliſt, ſcharp ſpere hedis, of ſtele
To mak thame bricht, with fat chreiſche or ſame
And on quhite ſtanis thare axis ſcharpis at hame
To bere pynſellis it gladis thame, vp and doun
And ar reioſit to here, the trumpettis ſoun
Fiue of the gretteſt, and maiſt cheif cieteis
Thare wappinnis to renew, in all degreis
Set vp forgis and ſtele, ſteddyis fyne
Riche Etna, and the proude Tiburine
Ardea the ciete, and Cruſtumerye
And eik Antene, with ſtrang towris hie
And werelie wallis, battellit about
The ſikkir helmes penys, and forgis out
Thare targis bow thay, of the lith ſauch tre
And bos bukkellris couerit, with corbuize
Sum ſteile haubrekis, forgis furth of plate
Birnyſt ſlankertis, and leg harnes fute hate
With lacit ſolippi ſiluer, weil ammellyt
Al inſtrumentis of pleuch, graith Irnit and ſteilit
As culturis, ſokkys, and the ſolmes grete
With ſythis and all hukis, that ſcheris quhete
War thidder brocht, and tholys tempyr new
The luſt of all ſic werkloms, wer adew
Thay dyd thame forge, in ſweirdis of mettal brycht
For to defend thare cuntre, and thare richt
Be this armour grathyt, and thare gere
Th. braucht trumpet blawis, the brag of wire

The

The sloghorne ensenze, or the wache cry
Went for the battall, all suld be reddy
He pullis doun his sellat, quhare it hang
Sum dele affrait of the noyis, and thrang
He dryuis furth, the stampand hors on raw
Vnto the zoik, the chariotis to draw
He clethis him with his scheild, and semys bald
He claspis his gilt habirthonne, thrinfald
He in his breist plait, strang and his birnye
Ane sour swerd, beltis law doun by his thie.

The poet makis to goddis his prayere
Deuils to compt the follkis graithis, for this were.

ZE musis now sueit, goddis Itorne
Opin and vnschet, zour mouth of Elicone
Reuele the secretis, stand in zour mycht
Addres my stile, and stere my pen go richt
Intone my sang, and tyll endite me lere
Quhat kingis did remoue, furth to this were
Quhat routis follo wit euery prince in feld
With oistis brade, that dyd the plane ouer heild
With quhat maner of bai zeand men, sic wapis
The happy ground of Itale, flurist thay dapis
With quhat kin armouris, it inflammyt schane
Furth schaw thir aneient secretis, euery ane
Ze blissit wichtis, forsoth remembris wele
All sic thingis, and quhare zou list may reuele
Thocht skarslie, for the proces of lang zeris
Be smal rumour therof come till our eris

Invocacion.

A catha-log of the captanys of watre that follo-wit turnus Mezentius iaulus.

First from the land, and coist hait thirrene
Vnto the battell bounis, sterne and kene
Mezentius the king, that in his day
Contempnare cleppit was, of goddis ay
The gyder of hys army, and his rout
Was his son Iaulus, baldzeant and stout.

Thone

Aboue al vthir quhilk, was maist semely wicht
Except the persoun of Turnus, the gentil knicht
Quhilk was the flowre, of al the Laurentis
This lawsus wele, taucht at al degreis
To dant grete hors, and as him self arreist
Hunt and doun bet, the dere and ilk wild beist
Ane thousand men, he lat of his conuyne
From Cosire, the Ciete Agilline
Worthy he was, to reule ane great Empyre
And to be cummin, of sum happy sire
Than of mezentius, barist and inding
Bot to haue bene, sum Empriouris son of kyng
Laurentis

The lusty Auentynis, nixt in preis
Vuentinus
Him followis the son, of worthy Hercules
Throw grisly planis, his chare with palme ryall
Was rollit furth, by hors victorial
Quhilk in his musturis, schew in the feild
His faderis takinnis merkit, in his scheild
Ane hundreth edderis, and vthir snakis in sete
Lynkit about of larne, the serpent grete
Quham the Nun Rea, and woman diuyne
In the derne wod, of the mont Auentyne
Bare and brocht furth, vnto thys warldis licht
Ful priuely vnknaw, of any wicht
The woman mydlit, with the god went bound
Eftir this ilk Hercules, had brocht to the ground
And vincust Gerioun, with proude bodyis thre
Syne in the feild besyde, Laurent citie
Wes enterit as him list, to take his rest
His spanze ost in, quham him liket best
Did baithin and refresche, to make thaym clene
In Italie strandis, at the coist Thurrene
This Auentynus followis in thir werris
Bare in his handis lance, staffis, and burel speris

And dangeris kalchoums, in to the staikis of tre
With round stok swerdis, faucht they in melle
With poyntalis or with, stokkis sabylyne
Thare capitane this ilk strang, auentyne
Walkis on fute, his body, wymplit in
Ane felloun bullruous, ane grete lyoun skyn
Terribil and routh, with lokkerand tatty haris
The quhite tuskis, the hede and cluuys thare is
And on sic wyse, grym and awful to se
Within the kingis grete Palice, enteris he
Ouer his schulderis, hingand as said is plane
His saderis talbart cote, herculiane
Twa bzetherne, to thys batal followis syne
Furth of the wallit ciete, Tyburtyne
Leding thay pepil, naunyt ane and vthir
Fra Tyburtus, that was thare eldest bzother
And thay war clepit, the tane Catillus
The tother Chozas, strang and curagius
Stout zoung men, Greckis bozne of arge bayth twane
Befoze the fozmest oistis, in the plane
Amyd ane bus, of speris in rade thay
Generit of the cluddis, like to Centaures thay
Quham fra the montane top, of honolane
Or snawy ottrym hyl, doune to the plane
Myth felloun farde, and swift cours he and he
Gan to discend, leuand the holtis hie
The large wod makis placis to thare went
Buskis withdzawis, and bzanchis al to rent
Gan ratling and resound, of thare deray
To red thare renk, and rowmes thaym the way
Noz seculus was not absent, trauit me
The foundare of the cite pzeneste
Quham al eldis, reputis and schawis bis
Engenerit was, by the god vlcanus

And by the fyre fyde, fund ane 3oung kundling
Ouer landwart beistis, fyne wolf lord and kyng
Ane hale legioun, in ane rout follows hym
Of wyld wod men, quhilk dois thare catal3ym
Al thay pepil, one brede bayth he and he
That inhabit, the heigh toun Pzenefte
And that occuppit the grete feildis alfo
Of gayne quhitkis, ar dedicate to Iuno
And thay that duellis, langis the fchil ryuere
Of Anyen, and thay alfo in fere
Amang the dewy ftrandis, and craggis remanis
Of hernica, in the fabyne montanis
And thay alfo, that bred and fofterit be
In boundis riche, Anagania ciete
And eik thay pepil, duelling fare and bene
In Campanea, on the flude Amafene
Amangis al thir pepil, na brycht armyng
Wycht thou bere found, nor fcheild ouer fchuldir hyng
Nor car tis clattir, bot of thaym the maift parte
To fchute or caft, war perfyte in the art
With lede pellokis, from Fngynis of ftak flyng
Bydyntis bla, thare famen doun to ding
Sum doubil dartis, cafting in hendis bure
And for defence, to kepe thare hedis fure
Ane 3allow hat ware, of ane wolfis fkyn
For thay wald be lycht bodin, ay to ryn
Tare left fute, and al thare leg was bare
Ane rouch rilling, of raw hyde and of hare
The tothir fut, couerit wele and knyt
Neptunus fon, lift tho no langar fit
Hait Meſapus, bot bownis furth to gang
Danter he was of ftedis wyld and ftrang
Quham na man, with ſtele wappin forgit brycht
Nor birnand fyre, vnto his dede mycht dycht

Meſapus

Now haistelie, in armes callis he
The rowtis of the peppyl, and menze
Quhilkis lang to forze, diſuſit had in were
Wyth curage dolf, that ydill lay thare gere
Thare ſwerdis new, and byrnist glaurys gray
He made thame furth, to drawe and oft aſſay
Wyth hym thay folk, in fallowſchip led he
That inhabitis, kaſtmtum the ciete
And the iuſt pepil, clepit kaſtiſy
And thame that duellis, in carrate kaſt by
Ane ſtrang ciete, and hie ſituate
Unto the god, apollo dedicate
And thay that in ſtauinia, feildis duell
Or that wynnys beſyde, the laik or well
Of Crympnyk, vnder the montane bra
Or zit amang, the ſchawis of Capna
In gudly ordour, went thay, and array
And of thare kyng, ſang ballettis by the way
Sit wyle as ſum tyme, in the ſkyis hie
Throw the moiſt are dois, ſnaw quhyte ſwannis flie
Quhen thay fra paſture, of feding dois reſorte
To ſeik thare ſolace, and thare gyle to ſporte
Wele ſoundyng wyblis, throw thare throttis lang
Swouthing makis, in maner of ane ſang
That of that brute reſonndis, the ryuer
And al the laik of Aſia, fer and nere
So in likewyſe on the fer was, nane myght ken
That rout had bene, ane oiſt of armyt men
Bot of the ſouthand, ſwannys ſuld be wene
Ane ſope ſleand, in the arc thay had bene
Quhilk chaſit, or affrayit ſolely
Socht crowpyng, to the coiſt ſyde kaſt by

Zit romptis the poet/the chyftanys all and ſum
Agayns the tropanis/fall in werefare cum

LO clausus eik, that douchty wes and gude
Discendit of the ancient, Sabynis blude
Ane mekil rout leadis, furth to the were
As grete men wourthy, sic ane eist to stere
Fra quham the clan, and pepil Claudiane
Is cummyn euer al the boundis, Italiane
Eftir that Rome was geum, and made fre
To the Sabinis, as thare pzopir iete
Togiddir gan assembil, ane huge route
That fra the iete, amaterne slokkisoun
The ancient Sabinis, hait querites then
And of Enety, al the kenslabil men
Of mytilla, quhil now hecht tribule
Quhare growis of Oliue treis, grete plente
Al thay that duellis, in that moentyne
Or rolye feildis, beside the laik belyne
Or on the scharp craggy, rochis hie
Quhilk for harskines, ar clepit tetricye
With hir gand hewis, and mony sloukand bus
Thidder held the iete, of Calperia
Thay that inhabitis, ferales that toun
Or on the flude Hymella, vp and doun
Al thay that drinkys, of Tyber the riuere
Or Hauarus, that rynnys freische and clere
And that wynnys, in Nursia fa cald
And of Oztyne, the nauy grete and bald
The latyne pepil also, and al thay
Quhare the vnhappy flude of Allya
Flowis throw the boundis, and bedyis thare land
Als thik thay gadder, and flokkys fra hand to hand
As euer the fomy, bullerand wallys hie
Is seme welter, on the large libiane se
Quhen the stormy orion, his hede schroudis
In wynter vnder the blak wattry cloudis

Clausus with dyuers pepil of Italye cummis to warre.

Now haistelie, in armes callis he
The rowtis of the peppl, and menze
Quhilkis lang to foze, diſuſit had in were
Wyth curage dolf, that ydill lay thare gere
Thare ſwerdis new, and byrnist glauys gray
He made thame furth, to drawe and oft aſſay
Wyth hym thay folk, in fallouſchip led he
That inhabitis, kaſtntum the ciete
And the iuſt pepil, clepit kaliſiy
And thame that duellis, in carrate kaſt by
Ane ſtrang ciete, and hie ſituate
Unto the god, apollo dedicate
And thay that in ſlauinia, feildis duell
Or that wynnys beſyde, the laik or well
Of Crympnyk, vnder the montane bra
Or zit amang, the ſchawis of Capna
In gudly ordour, went thay, and array
And of thare kyng, ſang ballettis by the way
Sic wyſe as ſum tyme, in the ſkyis hie
Throw the moiſt are dois, ſmaw quhyte ſwannis flie
Quhen thay fra paſture, of feding dois reſorte
To ſeik thare ſolace, and thare gyſe to ſporte
Mele ſoumding wyblis, throw thare throttis lang
Swouthing makis, in maner of ane ſang
That of that brute reſonudis, the ryuer
And al the laik of Aſia, fer and nere
So in likewyſe on the fer was, nane myght ken
That rout had bene, ane oiſt of armyt men
Bot of the ſouthand, ſwannys ſuyd he wene
Ane ſope ſteand, in the arc thay had bene
Quhilk chaſit, or affrayit Jolely
Socht crowpyng, to the coiſt ſyde kaſt by

Thir rymys the poet/the chyftanys all and ſum
Agayns the tropanis/fall in werefare cum

LO clanius eik, that douchty was and gude
Discendit of the ancient, Sabynis blude
Ane mekil rout leadis, furth to the were
As grete men wourthy, sic ane oist to stere
Fra quham the clan, and pepil Claudiane
Is cummyn ouer al the boundis, Italiane
Eftir that Rome was geum, and made fre
To the Sabinis, as thare propir ciete
Togiddir gan assembil, ane huge route
That fra the ciete, amaterne flokkis tsout
The ancient Sabinis, hait querites then
And of Enety, al the fenssabil men
Of mytilla, quhil now hecht tribule
Quhare growis of Oliue treis, grete plente
Al thay that duellis, in that moentyne
Or rosye feildis, besyde the laik belyne
Or on the scharp craggy, rochis hie
Quhilk for harskines, ar clepit tetricye
With hir gand hewis, and mony floukand bus
Thidder held the ciete, of Casperia
Thay that inhabitis, ferales that toun
Or on the flude Hymella, vp and doun
Al thay that drinkys, of Tyber the riuere
Or Hauarus, that rynnys fresche and clere
And that wynnys, in Nursia fa cald
And of Ortyne, the nauy grete and bald
The latyne pepil also, and al thay
Quhare the vnhappy flude of Allya
Flowis throw the boundis, and bedyis thare land
Als thik thay gadder, and flokkys fra hand to hand
As euer the fomy, bullerand wallys hie
Is seme welter, on the large Ioiane se
Quhen the stormy orion, his hede schroudis
In wynter vnder the blak wattry cloudis

Clauius with dyuers pepil of Italye cummis to ware.

Or how keile etheris of Corn thik growyng
Wyth the new sonnys hete, birlilit dois hyng
Or hermy keildis, in the somer tyde
Or in ane zallow corne, flattis of lide
Alls monysche tildis clatteris, and Tergatis
That for dynnyng of thare fete, al the gatis
For stamping stedis, and for trumpis blast
The ground wor, al affrayit and agast
The Inemye to trotane name anone
Alesus The bastard son, of king Agamenone
Hecht Alesus, can with keirs mude acquarte
Adione his hors, for to draw his cart
And in the ayd of turnus, and supple
Ane thousand keirs folkis, allemblit he
The quhilkis with rakis, ouer turnis euery bra
Fertill of wynes, in the mont Mallita
Of thaym also duelland, in hillis he
Send from the auld faderis of Armyta citie
And thay that Duellis, hard on the bra
Belyde the cicte, of Sydytma
Or come fra Cales, into champany
Wyth al thay pepillis, into company
Inhabitant the schauld, slude Ulturnus
And frawart folkis hatt, Satticulus
Cogidder eik, with the haile multitude
Of ostores that pepil, sterne and rude
Thir bare in keildis, of wappannis in the stedis
Round castyng Dartis, or Macis with pykit hedis
Quhilk in thare lede, clepit is ane aclide
And so it mycht, the more surelie abide
Unto thare arme, it is knyt wyth ane teuch stryng
Quhare with thay do it, in thare face flyng
Ane balen pauis, coners thare left sydis
Wald of hart skynnis, and thick ortin hidis

And

And crukit swerdis, bowand like ane lyth
Thay bare at hand, reddy to draw ful swyth
Nor now Debalus, vnreknyt sal not wend Debalus.
By our matir but louing, and commende
Quham king Telon engendrit as thay say
On sabetrudes, the lusty Nymphe or may
That tyme quhen he regnit, as Lord and kyng
Quer cappreas, Ilis, and in the gouernyng
Led the pepil hait thelebees bald
Or than fer step in age, was he and ald
Bot his son o Debalus, in his entent
Of his kaderis boundis, stude not content
That lang afore, to his obeysance he
Subdewit had, the pepil sarreste
And al the large feildis, bonk and bus
Quhilk ar bedyt, with the riuer Sarnus
Thay that occupitt Rusa, and baculane
In champany riche, and strang townis twane
The planis eik, and sulze of Celene
Quhilk dedicat, ar vnto Junis Quene
And thay behaldis, the werely wallit ciete
Of Nola with his stalwart towris hie
Quhare grete plente, of appillis, orange growis
Quhilk peppl in thare werefare, had na dowis
Bot war accustomyt, for to thraw oft tyis
The castyng speris, one the Duch mens gyse
Quhais hedegere war of ful sour extent
Wade of the cork or bark, fra treis rent
Buklaris thay bare, with bos or plate of steil
And schynand swerdis of mettall burnist weile
Thay pepill eik, that clepit bene Nursinis Nurſini.
Quhilk is in the strait, and hie montanis remanis
Send to the feild, ane chektane of defence Ufens
Of wourthy fame, the renownit vfence

Happy in armys, and redoutit was he
Buſkuous aboue all wtheris, his mense
The peppil clepit, of Equyco'a
That hard furris had, telit mony da
And al enarmyt labour, thay thare land
Thay haut ful oft, hunting in woddis at hand
Euer lyke thame to cache, and dzaw away
The recent ſpzech and fre the, and callour pzay
And on ſpulze to leif, and on reppne
On to this battel bownis, the pzeiſt diuyne
Umbzo to name, the ſtrenthieſt ane man
Of al the peppl, in Warrubia clan
Send from the kyng, Archippus with his keris
As thare chiktane, and reullare in the weris
Hys helme arrayit, with ane garland ſchene
Plet of the Olyue, happy branchis grene
Ilk kynd of eddir, and hilland ſerpent fell
Wyth incantacioun, he couth gar ryſſe or ſwell
Or caſt a poun thame, ſleping with his ſong
And wyth charmes, and his herbys ſtrang
Thare wzath and vennom, couth he dant and meis
And hele thare ſtangis, and ſic hurtis to eis
Bot he couth kynd na curis, noz remede
To laik him fra the troyane, ſperis hede
Hys ſlepy charmes, had no foze no myght
Noz herbys gadderit, on marſis montis hicht
To help thay hurtis, he caucht in the melle
O ſouerane pzeiſt, quhat reuth was it of the
Of the, the woddis, wept al augitus
The criſtall ſtrandis, murnit of kuſkynus
The bewalit clere laikis, and ſpzyng wellis
Nymphis virginis matronis, and daumſellis
Furth to the battall eik, ſuld virbyus
The ſon maiſt ſemly, of hipolitus

The cheif maternale, ciete ful of mycht
Artia furth sent thys, wourthy knycht
In schawis schene, endlang the wattir bra
Of sude hymetes, by Egeria
That nymphe he fosterit, was ful tenderly
As quhare of manswete, Diane fast tharby
The altare eicht, for tyl appleis bystandis
Oft ful of sacrifyce, and fat offerandis
For many haldis, opinioun sayand thus
By commoun voce, and fame ypolytus
Efter that he slane was, and to dede dycht
By fals diffait, of his stepmoderis slycht
And he deik sufferit, by hys blude and breith
The cruel panys, of his faderis wreith
As to be harlit with hors, that caucht effray
And skeith it at ane merswyne, by the way
Yit neuertheles, for the luf of Diane
He was restorit, to his ilk lyf agane
And come to duel, vnder our heuin and are
That here aboue contenis, thir sternis fare
Quhilk cure was done, by Asculapius sle
Throw the mycht, of the rose plone
Than Jupiter, almichty fader he
Hauand dilsene, ony mortall suld be
Rasit to lyfe, or our warldis lycht
From the dyrknes, of the ucthir hellis nycht
The fyndare of this, crafty medicyne
Quhilk was beget, be the god appolyne
That is to knaw, this Asculapyus
Wyth thunderis dynt, baith fell and dangerus
Vnder the erth smat, doun for to remane
In hellis ground, and wattir stigiane
Bot than the thrimfald, Diane ful of bliys
In secrete place, ypolitus with this

The tale of hipolitus.

Hyd and betaucht, Agera the may
To be kepit in that ilk, forest gay
Quhare him allane, in woddis of Italy
Hys lyfe he led, vnknawin of any wy
And quhare he fyrst was, hate ypolitus
Changeit his name, yclepit virbyus
And be the self resoun, sit also
From the tempil, of Diane euermo
Thir horny hewit hors, bene debarrit
For samekyl as thay at the sey, monstour skarrit
And brak the cart, throw thare vndantit mycht
And furth swakkit, ypolitus gentyl knycht
Sit netheles, hir son virbyus
The ardent stedis feirs, and cheuelrus
Throw out the plane feild, drawis al in fere
And furth harlis, his chariot to the were

How turnus to this batall/bownis to ga
And als this wereyke/woman/Camilla

Turnus king of rutilians.

TVrnus him self, the cheif Capitane
Amyd princis, and grete chiftanis ilkane
Enarmed walkis, turnand to and fro
Wyth corpis of stature, elygant that so
Quhare as he went, out throw the routis on hye
Abuf thame all, his hede men mycht wele se
Quhare on his helme set, ful richely schane
Wyth creistis thre, lyke ane lokkerand mane
Thareon as tymbrall, standand Chimera
That wounderus monstour, wyth wyde chaftis bla
Furth blawand fyre, and flawme sulphurus
Lyke birnand Ethna, that mont perrellus
The mare wod wraith, and furius wox sche
Wyth sorowful fyre, blesis spoutand hie
Euer as the batel, wouthis mare cruel
Be effusioun of blude, and dyntis fel

Hys

Hys schynand scheild, was al of fyne gold bet
Quharin thare was, in stede of armes set
Jo the wenssche sum tyme, but hornis, now
Wyth hare ouer grow, transformyt in ane kow
Quhilk was grete argument, and probacioun
That he was of his blude, and gregioun
The kepare eik of thys, made Argus
Was portrait thare, and father Jnathus
Furth of ane paynit pyg, quhare as he stude
Ane grete ryuere defoundand, or ane flude
Ane oist of fute men, thik as the hale schour
Follewis this turnus, dryuand vp the stour
Wyth scheildis schrowdit, many huge rout
Thyk forgaderis, the large feildis about
Thay soungkeris, quhilkis of grekis war dyscend
The power of Armyta, thiddir send
The garnisouns also, of Rutulianis
And the ancient peppl, hait Sitanys
Of Sacrane, the army bald in feldis
The Libitanis, eik wyth thare paynitt scheildis
Quhilk telis on the bankis, tyber flude
Or zit eydlang, thy gresy brayis gude
Of Mintius now, hallowit fresche ryuere
And thay that with scharp, cultir teile or schere
Of rutuly the hylly, knollis hye
Of Camy ege, and holtis kare to se
That Cyrtheus, to surname clepit ar
Quhare aupurus, the berdles Jupiter
For patrons is hallowit, ouer the planis
And Juno eyis, ful ioyously remanis
In Feronia hir cuett, schaw aye grene
Nere by the blak lath, clepit saturayne
Quhar as the schyl ruer, hait vsens
Sekis with narrow passage, and discens

Amyd

A myd holl ba is his ren's and Asche
And hydis hym self wythin the tyttane se
Aboue al thir, the stout wenssche Camylla
Camylla Quene of amazons a nobil captane of wastc.
Of the kamyl, and kinrent of wolc a
Come led and armyt oistis, and sterne keildis
In birnyst plate, arrayit and schynand scheildis
For soith ane wourthy weryour was sche
Hir woman'ly handis, nowthir rok of tre
Ne spyndil wist, nor wrochis of Wynerue
Quhilk in the craft, of claith makyng serue
Bot sit this made was, wele accustumate
To suffar bargane doure, and hard debate
And throw the spede of fute, in hir rynnyng
The swift wyndis preuert, and bakwart dyng
Or than also so spedely, couth sche fle
Ouer the cornes, ouertred thare croppis hie
That with hir cours, na rede nor tendir stray
Was harmet ought, nor hurt by any way
And throw the boldnand fludis amyd the see
Borne soueralie, furth hald hir way mycht se
The swyft solis, of hir tendir feit
Not twichand onys, the water hir to weite
Al zoung folkis, on hir for to ferlie
Furth of hous and feildis, flokkis in hie
Litil chylder and matronus, awondring
On fer behaldis, hir stout pais in ane ring
So mankully, and baldly walkis sche
With spete abasit, thay gobir for to se
Quhat wyse, hir flekit schulderis war array
With kinglie purpoure, honorabil and gay
And how the hare was, of this dampcell
Knit with ane buttoun, in ane goldyn kell
And how ane quauir clois, sche bare Alsua
With groundyn dartys, wrocht in lycya

And

And ane hale ſyplyne, of ane grete myꝛ tre
Quhilk hirdis mycht, ouercheild with bewis hie
In manere of ane ſpere, in hand ſche bare
Pedit with koꝛgit ſteil, kul ſcharp and ſquare.

Finis.

The prologe of the eyght buke of Eneados

In this prolug he ſchawis the ſtaite of thys fals warld quhou all thyng is turnit fra vertue till vyce.

OF ꝛeutilling and ꝛeemes, quhat doith to endite
Foꝛ as I lenit in an ley, in Lent this laſt nycht
I ſlaid one ane ſwennyng, ſlomerand ane lite
And fone ane ſelkouth ſege, I ſaw to my ſycht
Swownand as he ſwelt wald, mare woful ane wycht
Was neuer wꝛacht in this warld, mare woful ane wicht
Ramand reſoun and rycht, ar rent be fals ryte
Frendſchip ſlemyt is in France, and faith has the ſticht
Leyis lurdanry and luſt, ar our laid ſterne
Pece is put, out of play
Welth and welefare away
Luf and lawte, bayth tway.

Lurkis ful derne

Langour lent is in land, al lichtnes is loiſt
Sturtin ſtudy has the ſtere, dyſtroy and our ſpoꝛt
Wuſing merris our myꝛth, half mangit almoiſt
So thochtis thꝛetis in thra, our bꝛeiſtis ouerthoꝛt
Balefu beſynes, bayth blis, and blythnes gan boiſt
Thare is na ſege, foꝛ na ſchame, that ſchynkis at ſchoꝛte
May he cum to hys caſt, be clokyng but coiſt
He rakkys nowthir, the richt, noꝛ rekles ꝛepoꝛt
All is wele done, god wate weild he his wyll
That berne is beſt, can not blyn
Wꝛang wis, gudis to wyn
Quhy ſuld he ſpare foꝛ ony ſyn

Hys luſt to fulfil.

The prologe

All ledis langis, in land to lauch, quhat thame leik is
Luffaris langis only, to lok in thare lace
Thare ladyis lukely, and louk but lett or releuis
Quha sportis tham one the spray, sparis for na space
The galzeard grume gruntschis, at games he greuis
The fillok hir deformyt, far, wald haue ane fare face
To mak hir maikles, of hir man at myster mycheik
The gude wyfe grusting, before god gretis eftir grace
The lard langis eftir land, to leik to his are
The preist for ane personage
The seruand eftir his wage Langis ful sare
The thrall to be of thirlage

The myllare mychis, the multure wyth ane metskant
For drouth had dronkin vp, his dam, in the dry zere
The cageare callis furth, his cappl wyth crakkis wele cant
Calland the colzeare ane knaif, and culroun full quere
Sum schipherd flais the lardis schepe, and sais he is anc sant
Sum grenis quhil the gers grow, for his gray mere
Sum sparis nowthir spirituall, spousit wyfe nor ant
Sum sellis folkis sustenance, as god sendis the fere
Sum glasteris and thay gang at, al for gate woll
Sum spendis on the auld vse
Sum makis ane tume ruse To fars his wame full
Sum greinys eftir ane guse

Wrechis. The wrache walis and wringis, for this warldis wrak
The mukerare murmys in his mynd, the meil gaif na pryce
The pirare peillis to peil, the peddir his pak
The hasartouris haldis, thame hatyit, hant thay not the dyse
The burges brmgis in his buith, the broun and the blak
Bryand belely and bane buge, leuer and ane byte
Sum ledis langis on the land, for luf or lak
The sembyl with thare chaftis, and set apoun syde

The

The ſchipman ſchrenkis the ſchour, and ſettes to the ſchore
The hine cryis the corne
The browſtare the bere ſchorne Couatis ful zore
The feiſt, the fidler to morne

The raiſtare reſkimmis na wourdis, bot ratlis furth ranys
Ful rude and ryot reſtouns, bayth roundalis and ryme
Sweyngeouris and ſkurriouris, ſwankyis and ſwanys
Geuis na cure to cun craft, nor comptis for na cryme
Wyth betrdis as beggaris, thocht byg be thare banys
Na labour liſt thay luke, tyl thare luſtis ar bierd lyme
Get ane biſmare ane barne, than al hyr blys gane is
Sche wyl not wyrk thocht ſche want, bot waiſtis hir tyme
In thiggin as it thryft war, and vthir vane thewis
And ſlepis quhen ſche ſuld ſpyn
Wyth na wyl, the warld to wyn And ſyc ſchire ſchrewis
This cuntre is ful of Cayn kyn

Quhat wykkitnes quhat wan, thryſt now in warld walkis
Bale has baniſt blythnes, boiſt grete brag blawis
Practis ar repute to policy, and perrellus paukis
Dygnite is lade doun, derth to the dur drawis
Of trattillis and of tragydyis, the text of al talk is
Lordis are left landles, be vnicle lawis
Burges bryngis hame the bage, to breid in thar bawgis
Knychtis ar Cowhubyis, and commouns plukkis crawis
Clerkis for vncunnandnes, myſknawis ilk wycht
Wyſtis wald hauf al thare wyl
Vneuch is not half fyl In erd haldin rycht
Is nowthir reſoun nor ſkyl

Sum ſatit Lattoun, but lay lepis in lawde lyte
Sum pynis furth ane pan boddoum, to pyent kals plakkis
Sum goukis quhil the glas, pyg grow al of gold zyt

Throw

Throw curie of quentaſſence, thocht clay muggis crakkis
Flemmiſtis Sum wernoure for this warldis wrak, wendis by hys wyt
Sum treitcheoure crynis the cunzie, and kepis cogne ſtakkis
Sum prig penny, ſum pyke thank, with preuy promit
Sum Jarris with ane ged ſtaff, to tag throw blak Jakkis
Quhat ſenzete fare, quhat flattry, and quhat fals talis
Quhat myſtery, is now in land
How many crakkit, cummand Nor ſelis qualis
For nowthir, aithis nor band

Kyrkmen Preiſtis ſuld be patteraris, and for the pepyl pray
Prieſtis To be papis of patrymone, and prelatis pretendis
Poppis perſonis Ten teyndis ar ane trumpe, bot gyf he tak ma
Wikkaris Ane kintrik of pariſch kyrkis, cuplit with commendis
Quha ar wirkaris of this were, quha walknaris of wa
Bot incompetabyl cleregy, that criſtindome offendis
Quha reiffis quha ar riotus, quha rekles bot thay
Quha quellis the pure commouns, bot kyrkmē wele kend is
Thare is na ſtate of thare ſtyle, that ſtandis content
Knycht, clerk, nor commoun
Burges, nor barroun Welterit the went
All wald haue vp that is doun

And as this leid at the laſt, liggand me ſeis
With ane luke vnluſſum, he lent me ſic wourdis
Quhat berne be thou in bed, with hede full of beis
Grauthit lyke ſum knappare, and as thy grace gurdis
Lurkand lyke ane longeoure, quod I, loume thou leis
Ya wald thou fecht, quod the freik, we haue bot few ſwerdis
Thare is ſic haiſt in thy hede, I hope thou wald neis
That bzangillis thus vi thi boiſt, quhen bernis vi the burdis
Quod I churle go chat the, and chide with ane vthir
Myſe the not ſo hie than
Gyf thou be, ane gentyl man Myne awin leif brother.
Or any curteſy can

I speik to the into sport spel me thys thyng
Quhat likis ledis, in land, quhat maist langis thou
Quod I smaik, lat me slepe, sym skynnar the hung
I wene thou buddis na bettir, bot I brek thy brow
To me is myrk myrrour, ilk mannis menyng
Sum wald be court man, sum clerk, and sum ane cath kow
Sum knicht, sum Capitane, sum caser sum king
Sum wald haue welth, at thare wil, and sum thar waime fow
Sum langis for the leuer ill, to lik, of ane quart
Sum for thar bontey, ar boune
Sum to se the new mone I rel the my pārt
I lang to hait, our buke done.

Thy buke is bot bribry said the, berne than
Bot I sall lere the ane lessoun to leis, al thy pāne
With that he raucht me ane roll, to rede I begane
The royetest ane ragment with mony rair, rime
Of all the mowis in this mold, sen god merkit man
The mouing of the mapamound, and how the mone schane
The pleuch and the poles, the planettis began
The son the seuin sternes, and the charle wan
The elwand, the elementis, and arthuris hufe
The horne, and the hand staffe
Water I hors, and portiaffe And kow weris cluke,
Quhy the corne, has the caffe

Thir romanis ar bot tryfis, quod I to that May
Reid lere ane bitir lessoun, this I the like
I persait syr persoun, thy purpois perfay
Quod he and drew one doun, derne in delf by ane dyke
Had me hard by the hand, quhare ane hurd lay
Than priuely the pennys, begouth vp to pike
Bot quhen I walknyt, al that welth was wirkit away
I fand not in all that feild in faith, ane be bike

For as I grunschit at that grume, and glisnyt about
I gryppit graithlie the gil
And every modywart hil Or penny come out
Bot I mycht pik thare my kyl.

Than wor I tene, that I tuke to sic ane truffuris tent
For swe winnys and for swyngeouris that slumberis not wele
Wony maruellus mater neuer merkit nor ment
Wil segeis se in thare slepe, and sentence but feal
War al sic sawis, suthfast with schame war I schent
This was bot kaynt kantasy, in faith that I feil
Neuer wourd in verite, bot al in vaist went
Throw riotnes and rauing, that made myne ene reil
Thus wysnyt I as losungere sic lewdnes to luke
Bot quhen I saw name vthir but
I spyent spedily on fute Begouth this aucht byke
And vnder ane tre tre rute

Finis
The aucht Buke.

How tyberynus god of the tyner
Wyl Eneas/in visioun gan appere.

As swyth as turnus, ouer the maister toure
Of Laurentum his bancre, quhite as floure
In signe of batel, did on hyede display
The trumphis blast, and hornis made deray
And sterne stedis stamping, for the dyn
The clamour clatteris fast, ilk man can tyn
Incontinent togidder, with myndis amout
Al Latyum, assemblit some contrauit
Ane conturatioun, or haistly conuyne
As in fereful effray, thare land to tyne
And wod wyth, wor thir zoungkeris he and he
With birnand hartis, feirs to the melle
The first christanis for assay, or defence

The grete meſapus, and the ſtrang Ufens
With mezentius, of goddis contemnare
The routis foꝛ ſupple, bayth nere and far
Compellis to aſſembil, with thare poweris
And large feildis, laid waiſt of laubozeis
And venulus, alſo was ſend an Greke
To grete Diomedes, ſtete to beſeik
Supple and help, and to ſchaw al and ſum
How Troianis war diſcendit, in latium
Enee with nauy arriuit, vp at hand
And bꝛocht his vinqueſt goddis, in thare land
Sayand at by the fatis, and deſtany
The thidder callet was, as king to be
And that he ſuld, eik to Diomedes ſchaw
That mony pepil, war adionit and dꝛaw
Unto this ilk foꝛſaid ſtrangear knycht
Foꝛ he was cummyn, of Dardanus the wicht
And wide quhare ouer al partis of Italye
His name begouth, to ſpꝛed and multiplie
And ſen he had begun, ſic thing on hand
Quhat ſyne he etlyt, mycht be vnderſtand
That is to knaw, gif foꝛtim war ſa heynd
Vy auenture of were, to be his freynd
Ware euidentlie, he couet to pꝛocede
Agains his ancient Jnemy Diomede
Than to ouerſet the ꝛoung knicht turnus
Oꝛ zit ouercum the auld king Latynus
As this conuine, and oꝛdinance was made
Of latynum thꝛow out the boundis bꝛade
Quhilk euery poynt, this troiane Loꝛd anone
Tummin of the hous, of king Leamedone
In heup curis flowand, all on flocht
Auiſingwele quhou al this thing was wꝛocht
And haſtely in mynd on euery ſydis

Venulus ſend as Ambaſatour to Diomedis foꝛ the vſeliane againis the Troyans.

Now for thys purpois, now for that prouidis
Eneas perturbit wyth gret thochtis. Now here now thare, reuisit in sondry partis
Now seirsis turnand, to and fro all Artis
Like as the radious sonnys bemes, bycht
Or than the glimmerand, monys schaddow lycht
Reflexit from the bralin veschell, we se
Fillit wyth wattir, to the cirkyl on hye
Ouer all the hous reboundis, and dois sprede
Schynand and seircheis, euery stede on brede
Quhill in the ayre vpgois, the twynkland lycht
Glitte rand on euery spar, and cuke on hicht
The nycht come, and all thing leuand ceist
Wery of werk bayth bryd, and brutel beist
Ouer all the landis, war at rest ilkane
The profound swouth, of slepe had thame ouertane
Quhen thys ilk prince, Eneas all on flocht
With mynd soupis in cure, and hewy thocht
And for this sorowfull, batel richt vnglaid
I poun the ryuer bank, him selfe doun laid
Under the cald fyrmament, for the nanys
And gaif schort rest, vnto his wery banys
Quham to the god, of that stede dyd appere
Tyberynus furth, of the still ruere
A myd the braunschis, of the poppil treis
As agit man semyng, him self vpheis
Ane lenze wattry, garmond did him wail
Of cullour fauth schape, like ane hempyn flail
And leifly redis dekkis, wele his haris
To meis Eneas thochtis, and hys sarys
Thus he be begouth, to speik and said but dyn
O gentyl gett cummyn, of the goddis kyn
Tyberi-nus oratis to Eneas teachinge hi by what Quhilk from thy fais, to vs with mekyl ioy
Has hydder brocht, the grete ciete of troy
And pargama the troyane, wallis wycht

Etarnally

Eternaly conſeruis, thrau thy mycht
Welyȝit mauſt of lang tyme, now welcum
Vnto the ground, and ſole of Laurentum
And all the kelidis, eik of latyne land
Here is thy ſikker, duellyng place at hand
And ſour kerne, habitacion for ay
Wythdraw the not, fra hyne pas not away
Nor drede na thyng, the boiſt of this batale
The rankour all, of goddis I the tell
And boldynand wyth, appeſit ar almaiſt
And ſo thou wene not, that my wordis be waiſt
Nor kenzet dremes, do to the appere
Vnder ſauch treis, by thir bankis nere
Anone thou ſall do kynd, ane mekyll ſwyne
Wyth thretty hede kerryit, of griſis kyne
Of cullour quhyte, thare lugeing on the ground
Hyr quhyte brodmell, about hyr pappis wound
That is the place, to ſet vp the ciete
Quhilk of our labour, ſouir reſt ſall be
Quhare that as thretty ȝeris, by rune and gane is
Alcaneus ſall do beild, of lyme and ſtanys
The ciete hat, fare Alba of delyte
Berand his name fra, the fare cullour quhyte
Thus I declare the, nane vncertane thing
Bot werray ſotthfaſt, taikynnys, and warnyng
Now harkis bot, ane lytyl I the pray
I ſall the lerne, in quhat wordis, quhat way
Thou may cum ſpede, and haue the hale ouerhand
Twichyng this inſtant, mater now at hand
Thare bene peppll, of Archade from thereȝe
Cummyn in this land, diſtend of pallas kyng
Quhilk with Euander, kyng in cumpany
Followand the ſignes, ſchaw has faſt hereby
Choſin ane ſtede, and beildit ane ciete

meanyr be ſchall begi hys warke

Amang the knollis round, of motis hie
Eftir thare forefader, of nobil fame
Pallas Palenteum, to name
Continuelly, thir folkis euery zere
Agane the latyne pepil, ledis were
Adione to thir, the hoist in kallouch ip
Do mak with thaim, aue lyig and bynd fren dschip
I sal my self conuoy the, the richt way
Betuix thir brayis, vp the fludis gray
So that agane the streme thou help of me
By airis routh, thidder caryit sal thou be
Haue done get vp thou son, of the goddes
First as the sternes, declines the addres
I mene into the dawing richt airly
Dewite to Juno, se thou sacrify
Hir wraith and, al sic manance til ouerfet
With deuote supplicationis, made of det
And quhen thou has, optenit victorie
To me thou sal do, wirschip by and by
I am god Tybris, wattry hewit and haw
Quhilk as thou seis, with mony iawp and iaw
Bettis thir brayis, schawing the bankis doun
And with ful flude, flowing fra toun to toun
Throw fertil feildis, schering thare and here
Under the lift, the maist gentyl Reuere
Here is my habitacioun, huge and grete
Of mychty cieteis, cheif and souerane sette
This beand sayd, this ilk god of the flude
Under the depe, can douk doun, quhare he flude
And socht vnto the wattir, ground an one
So dernlye hid, none wist quhare he was gone.

The tow wyth geyslis as tyberinus sade
Eneas hand and sacrifice has made

The

The nycht fled, and the slepe left Enee
On kute he stertes, and anon gan he se
Furth of the ostent, and bycht mornyng
The sonnis heuenlie beames, newly spryng
And in the holl luffis, of his handis quhare he stude
Dewly the wattir hint he fra the flude
Syne to the heum this wise his prayeris made
O nymphis al of fludis, blytht and glade
And ze holy nymphis, of laurentum land
Quham fra the freische riueris, and euery strand
That flowis rynnyng, as we do say clere
Has tharebegynnyng, furth of sowyllus sere
And o thou baly fader tyberyne
With tybris eik, thy bissit flude diuine
Resaue Eneas to zou vnbekend
And now at last, from all perillis defend
And gif thou takis, of our grete skauthis
Here I auow, and promittis with authis
Quhare euer thy louch, or fountane may be found
Quhare euer, so thi spryng, is in quhat ground
O flude maist plesand, the sal I ouer alquhare
Hallow with honorabill, offerandis euermare
Hornit ruere rynyand, as lord and kyng
Ouer al the fludis into the Italie tyng
Be in our help, now at last I requyre
Efter sa fell perrellis, and dangeris sere
Conforme thy promys, and drakill in hy
Quhen this was sayd, furth of all his nauy
Tua galeyis, did he cheis the ilk tyde
With doubill raw, of airis on athir syde
And for the rollyng wele, graithit thame has he
Syne for the were, instrukkit his menze
Bot lo in haist, before his ene he saw
Ane meruellus and wounders thyng to knaw

Sacra precationis

Ane mylk quhite ſow within the woddis lay
Apoun the grene watteris bank, and big way
With his littir new ferryit, in that ſtede
All of ane cullour, gryſis thretty hede
Quham the deuote Eneas, on this gyſe
Vnto gretest Juno, in ſacrifyce
Britnis and with hir flok, and followaris
Has ſet and offerit vp, on the altaris
Tyber hir ſwelland fludis of that mycht
How lang that euer it was, quhil dayis lycht
Stabillis and calmis at his awin wyl
The ſtreme bakwartis, vpflowis ſoft and ſtill
Of ſic wiſe meſand, his wattir that be
Ane ſtandand ſtank, ſemyd for to be
Or than a ſmoth pule, or dub loun, and fare
So that thy airis, mycht kindin na contrare
Therfor Eneas can, his tyme eſpy
And hailſis on this wayage beſely
Wyth proſper cours, and ſobir quhiſpering
The pikkit bargis, of fir, faſt can thring
And fludis throw the ſchaldis, ſtil and clere
The watter ferlies, of thare farde and bere
The foreſt not accuſtumate to ſe
Sic thyngis wounderis, quhat that thys ſuld be
As to behald, ſchynand ſcheildis on fer
On mennys ſchuldaris ay, cummand nere and nere
The payntit caruillis fleting throw the fluid
Bayth nycht and day, ilk man as thay war wount
Can ſpeid in rout, with irkſum labouring
The lang ſtremes, and welis round ſwirlyng
Ouer flyding faſt vpwartis the ryuere
Hid and ouerheild it with mony treis fere
Endlang the ſtyll fludis, calme and bene
Thay ſeik and ſchere, out throw the woddis grene

How

How Eneas with kyng Euander met
And bandis of kyndnes/has betuix thame knet.

The kyng son, be this ascendit euin
The myddil warld, and regioun of the heuin
That is to know, be than it was myd day
Quhen that on ker, the ciete wallis se thay
With towis, and the hous hedis on raw
Skatterit dispers, and bot ane few to knaw
Quhilk now the mychty power of rome town
Has vnto heuin, mad equale of renowne
The King Euander, of nobilis not mychty
Held for that tyme, bot sobir sengeory
In haist thidder, thare steuinnis can do skere
Eneas sort, and to the toun drew nere
This king Euander, borne was of Archade
Percase the self day, ane grete honour maid
Solempnit ferst, and ful hie sacrifice
Unto the grete Hercules, on thare gyse
That koster son was, vnto amphitrion
And to the vthir goddis, euery one
Before the ciete, in ane hallowit schaw
Pallas his son, was thidder also drawn
To gidder with the pyncipallis, of zounkeris
The sobir senatouris, and pure officiaris
All sampn kest ensence, and with ane skew
Besyde the altare, blude sched, and skalit neis
Beand lew warme, thare fulfast did reik
Bot zit als swyth, as thay persauit eik
The grete bargis slidand, thus on raw
And throw the derne woddis, fast thidder drawn
So stilly bendand, vp thare atris ilk wicht
Thay wourth affrayit, of that suddane sycht
And euery man, thay left the burdis in hye
Ou kute gan skirtyng, from the manzeie

Quhen

Quhen hardy pallas, did forebyd and dekend
Thare sacrifice to bzek, quhil it war end
He hynt ane wappin, with ane few menze
Thaym to recounter anone, furth haldis he
And zit wele fer, from ane hil or ane know
To thaym he callis, standzing men how

Pallas oracione to the troiās

Quhat caus has mouit zou, apoun sic way
Thir strang wentis vnknawin, to assay
Quhidder etil ze, or quhat kinrent ze be
Schaw quhens ze come, or quhilk is zour countrē
Quhidder ze do bzing, vnto oure boundis here
Bold wozde of peace, or cummys in fere of were

Eneas answere

Eneas tho, the fader of wourschip
Maid answere, fra the pulpit of the schip
And in his hand, straucht furth that he mycht se
In takin of pece, ane bzanche of Oliue tre
My freynd quod he, thou seis pepil of troy
To Latyne folkis, enemyis, man and boy
Quhilk flemyt of our realme newly agane
Thay ilk Latynis has socht, wyth pzoude bergane
Unto the king Euander, al seik we
Him to require, of succours and supple
Bare him this message, and declare him plane
That cholin men, discend from king Dardane
Bene hidder cummyn, beseking his freyndschip
To knyt vp band, in armes, and fallowschip
Pallas astonist, of sa hie ane name
As Dardanus, abasit wozth, for schame
Cum furth (quod he) quhat euer thou be berne bald
And say before my fader, quhat thou wald
And enter in our lugeing, the to rest
Quhare thou sal be rescauit, welcum gest
And furth anone, he hynt hym by the hand
Ane wele lang quhile, his rycht arme embzasand

Syne

Syne furth togidder, rakit thay on raw
The flude thay leik, and enteris on the schaw
Eneas tho, with freyndly commonyng
Spake curteslye, thus sayand to the kyng
O thou maist curtes, pryncc, and best in nede
That euer was byget, of grekis sede
Quham to fortonn wald I, suld cummin here
The lawlie to beseikin, and requere
And wald also I suld furth reik to the
Wippit with bendis, the branche of oliue tre
In takin that, of thy supple I nede
Forsoith I caucht, no maner fere nor drede
Thocht thou ane capitane, of the grekis be
Yborne also, of Archade the cuntre
Of blude conionit, to the Atrydes tway
I meane agamenone, and menelay
Bot myne aum vertew, and haly, or aktillis
Of the goddis, be diuyne myrakillis
And our forbearis, al of ane kinrede
Thy fame diuulgate, into euery stede
Has me fermly, adioynit vnto the
The fatis eik, tharto inducis me
That wilfully, I obey thare commaund
Schir dardanus, the king first in our land
That belt the cietie of troy, and Ilion
Our cheif fader, as grekis grantis ilkone
Borne of Alectra, Atlas douchter zing
Carvit by schip, come first to troyis ring
And this alectra, grete atlas begat
That on his schuldir beris, the heuynnis plat
Marcury is fader, to zour clan alsua
Quham the schene mayden, the fare fresche maye
Apoun the frosty hillis top, al bare
Quhilk Cillenus hate, in archada bare

Eneas oblation to Euander king declaryng his helpe.

And

And this Ilk maya, ſoithlie gif that we
Ony credence, to it we here or ſe
May gif, Atlas begat the ſamyn atlas
That rollis, the heuynlie ſperrit cumpas
So baith our kinrentis, ſchortlie to conclude
Diuidit ar furth, of ane ſtok and blude
Quharefor hauand confidence, in thir thingis
Nowthir by ambaſſiat meſſage, nor writingis
Nor vthir craft, thy frendſchip, firſt ſocht I
Bot my ſelf in perſoun, come in by
That vnto the, ſubmittit has my hede
And the to pray, ſocht latwlie to this ſtede
For the ilk pepil, vnder dawnis kingis
That the rutulianis, has in gouerning
Quhilk ledis were, aganis thy cuntre
With cruel batel, now perſewis me
And gif thay micht, expel vs of this land
Thay wene tharby, that not may thaym gane ſtand
Bot that thay ſal, vnder thare ſenzeory
Subdew all hale, in thirldome Italy
And occupy thay' boundis' ozientale
Quhare as the ouir ſe, flowis alhale
And eik thay weſtir partis, trauchis me
Quhilkis ar bedyit, with the nethir ſe
Reſtaue, and knit vp faith, and kerme cummand
Tak our promit, and gif vs faith, and band
Strang bodyis til abide bargane haue we
With hardy myndis, in batel or melle
Exercit in were, and expert in ſic nedis
In luſty zouth liklie, to do our dedis

The kingis gentyl anſwere to Eneas.

Thus ſaid Eneas, and Euander than
Fra tyme that he, firſt for to ſpeik began
His ene, his mouth, and al his body richt
Gan to behald, eſpying wyth his ſycht

Syn

Syne schortly made, his answere, thus agane
O thou, gladly, the maist forcy troyane
I do ressaue, as tendir freynd and kere
Full blythly now, I knaw and wele may here
The voce, the wordis, and the speche, but leis
Of thy fader, the gretest Anchises
And ful perfitly, now I draw to mynd
The village, of that wourthy knycht, maist kynd
Ful wele I do remember, lang tyme gone
How priame son, of kyng Leamedone
To wesy his systeris land, Hesyona
Socht to the ciete, hecht salamonya
And at the samyn tais, his vayage made
Throw the cald frosty boundis, of Archade
My grene zouth, tit at tyme and pylis zing
Fyrst cled my chyn, or berd, begouth to spryng
I toyit to se, tha troyane duzis Ilkone
And on the son, of kyng Leamedone
That is to say, this ilk zoung Priamus
For to behald, was maruell glorius
Bot thy fader Anchises, quhare he went
was hier ker, than al the remanent
My mind bryst of zouthede, throw desyre
To speik and commoun, with that lordly syre
To be acquentit, and tone hand in tyl hand
Couenand to knyt, and bynd forwart our band
To him I went, destrus of freinschip
And sped that samin, so in fallowschip
within the wallis, of phenes I him led
And he did depart, or thens him sped
Ane curtly qwauir, and ful curiously wrocht
wyth Arrowis made, in Lecia wantut nocht
Ane garment he me gaif, or knychtly wede
Purpurpyt and wouyn, ful of fyne gold threde

offeryngs hym bys, help in all thyngis.

Twa goldin bridillis eik, as he did pas
Quhilk now my son occupyis 3oung, pallas
Quharfor our allyance faith and, cycht hand
As 3e desire or ellis adiornt in, hand
Ane bene of auld confederatis, perfay
Quharfor to mone als sone, as the brycht day
Begynnis all lycht the landis, and the skye
With succoure, and with supple blithly I
Sal 3oue fra hyne one, to 3our army send
And with my gudis, and my moblis amend
And in the mene time, sen my freyndis dere
Unto our sacrifyce, 3e be cummin here
Quhilk 3erely vsyng, we as anniuersere
That bene vnlefull, to defer or tary
Tharfore with vs, do alhallow our hie feist
And with glaid semblant, blythly mayst and leist
Accustome 3ou from thens, and now instant
Our tablys, as 3our freyndly burdis hant
Quhen thys was said, mesis and cowpis tikane
Quhilk war away tak, bad he bring agane
And he him self, the tropane men fute hate
On sonkis of gersy scheraldis, has doun set
Thare principale capitane, syne Enee
Besyde him self, on deis resauus he
The benk ybeildit, of the grene holyne
With lokkerit lyoun skyn, ouer spred was syne
Than 3oung men walit, besy here and thare
And eik preistis, of Hercules altare
The rostit bullis flesche, set by and by
The bakin bryde of basketis, temys in hye
And wynis birlis, in to grete plente
Eneas samyn, with his tropane menze
Syd of perpetuall Ozin, fullatis eit
And purgit entrellis, clepit clengeng mete

Euander

¶ Euander tellys/to Eneas but bade
The verray cans/quhy this sacrifice was made

After that stancheit, was the hungeris rage
And appetite of men, begouth alluage
Said kyng Euander, na superstitiouns vane
Nor myn unawledge, of goddis anciane
This hye feist, and grete solempnite
Nor this banket, and meiis as ze se
Was institut, tyll vs and this altare
Of so excellent maieste, standyng here
Bot my dere freynd, and nobyl gest troyane
We preseruit, fra cruell perrellus pane
Hantis this seruyce, apoun this manere
As proper det, and obseruance ilk zere
Fyrst do behald, zone schozand henchis brow
Quhare all zone craggy rochis, hingis now
How the huge wechty brayis, bene doun cast
The holkit fowis, in the mont syde left wast
Quhare as the craggy quhynnys, doun declyne
Was drawin of the hyll, ane huge rewyne
Zone was ane cauerne, or caue in auld dayis
Wyth gousty entre, fer furth in all wayis
Ane grislie den and ane, forwozthin gap
Of Cacus that na mare had, bot the schap
Of mannis forme for skant half, man was he
Throw cruel dedis of iniquite
That in zone feyndlich hol, duelt him allane
Ane hellis byke, quhare sonnys bene neuer nane
Quhare the wyle fleure euer lew warme was spred
With retent slauchter, of the blude newlie schede
Before that tyrantis zet, of men that dede is
Affrit stude, mony doloruus hedis
With vilage blatknyt blude, berun and bla
The laithlie odoure of filth, full and ther fra

The tale of Cacus

Vnto

Unto this huttit monstoure, this Cacus
The god of fyre, was fader Vulcanus
And at his mouth, ane wounder thing to se
Hys faderis reky flamb, furth zeskis he
As to his body, quharso euer he passit
Of bustuous statur, like none vthir was it
Proces of tyme, at last has vs inspirit
And send vs help, as we ful lang desirit
Becummyn of the mychtful goddis, presence
For the dantaris of the monstouris, of defence
The maist redoutit Hercules, come at hand
Be auenture, vnto this Ilk land
New from the slanchter, into strang melle
Of Gerioun, the quhilk had hedis thre
With proude spulze, arrtuing triumphal
This conqueroure maid, thidder dryue and cal
His bullus, and his orin huge, and grete
And eik his ky, to pasture and to ete
Endlang zone wale, that is large and wyde
And tuk thare lugeing, on this riuer syde
Bot the vnbantit furius mynde, of this theif
Schrewit cacus, al way for mischeif
By his thrawart engyne, and sle consait
So that no manere of wikkitnes, nor dissait
Wicht be, that he ne durst not tak on hand
Ne vnassayit leif, out from that land
Foure semelie orin, of body grete and square
Als mony tendir quyes, excedand fare
Of al thay cattal, away with him drauk
And that thay tred, fuld na way be persaik
Unto his caue, ay bak wartis be the talis
To turne thare fute steppis, he thaym harlis and tralis
And thus his spreith, he had vnto his In
And with ane quhine slane, closit has the grn

Sic way he wrocht, that quhay thare tred hyt gois
Na talkynnis sund, conuoy thame to his coik
In the mene quhyle, as al the beistis war
Repaterit wele, eftir thaire nychtis lare
For hercules, depart from hens behuffit
Ar morow airly, first as thay remouit
The catal gan to rowting, cry and rare
The woddis rang, of thare sound ouer alquhare
And wyth thare noyis dynnyt, hyllis and knowis
Quhilk in the caue, as that ane quyok lowis
wyth loud voce squeland, in that gousty hald
Al Cacus traist reuylit scho, and tald
Bot tho in greif, this wourthy hercules
Alcius neuo, the douchty alcydes
That so oft syis, was clepit commonly
within his skyn, begouth to birn and fry
In hym furie, of his bittir gal
His wappynnis and his armour, hynt wythal
His wechty burdoun, and his knorry mase
And to the hillis heicht, held ane rase
Than was the first time, that ony in this erd
Of our peppl persauit, cacus efferd
within his hede trublyt, his ene tuay
Swift as the wynd, he fled and gat away
And to his caue, him sped with cry sprete
The drede adionit wyngis, to his feet
And fra he had him self, sesit tharein
Ane stane of huge wecht, for to cloys the gyn
He lete do fal, and with sic haist doun thrang
The chenzeis brak, quharewith it fessynnyt hang
That forgit war, by his faderis engyne
with grete irne slottis, schet the entre syne
Bot lo in haist, hercules come at hand
With furious mynd, carying ouer the land

Hallage and entre, seking besely
Now here his ene, now thare rolling in hte
Gnalling his teith, and birnand full of Ire
Of auentinis hill, thrys all the swyre
He sesis ouer, and thrys assayis he
To brek and rent, the craggy stone entre
Bot all for not, thocht he was neuer so wycht
So thrys irkit doun, from the hillis hicht
To rest him, as he to the vale is gone
Thare stude ane pynnakyll, of quhyn and flynt stone
Apoun the bak side, of this cauerne cald
That rais ane end, rycht hie for to be hald
For wilde foulis, of reif ane ganand stede
That rent raw flesche, of beistis bones dede
The craggis al about, this rolk was wone
With wedderis blast, to holsit and to schone
And as it stude on schore, sweyand that tyde
Doun with the bank, towart the wattir syde
Hercules it smytis, with ane mychty touk
Apoun the richt halk, for to mak it louk
Inforsing him, to weltit ouer the brs
And sa rudely, it brangillis to and fra
That from the rutis, he it lousit and rent
And tumblit doun, fra thyne or he wald stent
The large are, did reirding with the ruschc
The brayis dynlit, and all doun can dusche
The riuere wor affrayit, with the rak
And demmyt with the rolkis, ran abak
Than this grete caue of Cacus, full rial
Was discouerit, his inwart cauernis all
Mount to be dirk, worth patent now and knaw
None vthir wyse, than quhen the erd ouerthraw
Befoire of thunder, or erdquaik with clap
Ryuis vp ane terribill lenth, or grisly gap

Oppynnand the hellis mansioun, infernale
And vncloikis, that dirk regioun pale
Quhilk of the goddis, all abuk is hate
Or that the hellis bisnue, in sic estate
war oppynnyt, that his boddum semen mychi
And dampnit saulis, effrayit of new licht
Quharfore this wourthy, stalwart hercules
That on this wise, had Cacus set in pres
And kand vnwarnist, by this licht suddane
Quhare he was cloist, in ane caue of stane
Fast rummesand apoune, ane strange manere
This campioun, with dartis kel of were
Gan doun to bet, and in his wod fury
Ektit al kynd, of wappinnis can do cry
With branchis rent of treis, and quarel stanys
Of huge weicht, doun warpand all atanys
Bot this ilk Cacus, quhen that he did se
Fra this dangere, thare was na way to fle
Furth of his throt, ane wounderus thing to tell
Ane laithlie smok, he zeiskis blak as hell
And all the hous, inuoluit with dirk myst
That sone the licht vanyst, or ony wist
And reky nycht, within ane litil thraw
Gan thikk in euer al, the cauerne and euer blaw
And with the mirknes, mydlit sparkis of fire
The hie curage of hercules, lordlie sire
Wycht this no langar suffir, bot in the gap
With haisty flert, amyd the fyre he lap
And thare, as maist habowdit smokkis dirk
With huge sop of reik, and flambis myrk
So tha the caue, did gleum of the hete
Thare has he hynt Cacus, that wlakit spete
That al in vane, his hatt kendling furth gaspit
For as ane bal, he hym in armes claspit

Vermenda cyon of Hercules.

And ſo ſtrenzeit his thzott, furth chirt his ene
His hals wozth dzy of bludе, than mycht be ſene
This myrk doungeoun, and vnſemely hald
The entre oppynnyt, Hercules the bald
Bet doun the cloſeris, and ſyne bzocht to lycht
His oxin fra him reft, be ſubtill ſlicht
And by the fete, furth harlit was anone
Of Cacus, the dekozmyt caryon
The hartis than, and myndis of oure menze
Mycht not be ſatiſfyit on him, to luke and ſe
As to behald, his ouglie ene twane
His teribill viſage, and his grillie gáne
The rouch bzillis, on the bzeiſt and treiſt
Of that monſtouris, halk dele wylde beiſt
And in his gozge, ſtikkand the ſloknyt fyze
Euer ſen that tyme, to Herculus the grete ſyze
Oxe haue this honoure maid, and ſacrifice
All our of ſpzing, and zoung men on this wiſe
This day kepis, euer ſolemnytye
Paticius, firſt maiſter here with me
Hercules preſtis. And the kamel of pynaria, the bald
The cheif keparis of herculis, hallowit hald
Zone altare in this cuchil, did vpbeild
That vnto was, in euery time of eild
Is clepit maiſt ſolempnit, and hie altare
And ſal be repute, greteſt euermare
Tharekoze haue done, now zoung gallandis in hy
In wourſchip of this feiſt, and mantozy
Of grene bzanchis, plet koz zour hede garlandis
Do waucht, and dzink, bzing coupis full in handis
Call on our patroun, commoun god diuyne is
And with gude will, do ſkynk birll the wynis
Thus ſayand, the party popil, grane
Heiſdit his hede, with ſkug hermiane

The leuis from the plettis, doun bingand
Ane haly coup, fallut in his rycht hand
Than ilk man smertlie, castis the wyne at tabil
Prayand thare goddis to be aggreabil

¶ In louing of the douchty hercules
The peppll singis his werkis mare and les

IN the mene sessoun, helperus dreiwnerc
The declynyng, of the heuinly spere
Thare with the preistis, of the sacrifice
Girdit in skynnys, eftir the auld gyse
Gan trasyng furth, to gidder in ane rout
And formest went, potitius the stoute
All do thay bere, the birnand hait fyre brandis
All to renew, the banket with thare handis
Full deliget deynteis, for the secund mete
Thay dres anone, and furth of platis grete
With payst flesche, plenyst the altaris large
Tharon bestowing, in hepis meny ane charge
Syne the menstrallis, singaris and dansaris
To sing and play, with soundis as efferis
About the kendlit altaris, quhill thay brynt
Assemblit are full swith, and wald not stynt
With popill tre hattis, buklit on thare hede
The sounkeris soundir, in ane vthir stede
Led roundis, dancis, and fresche karelling
Vthir agit personns, addressit thame to sing
In ympnis ballettis, and layis, throw the preis
The louabill gestis, of mychty hercules
How the first monstres, of his stepmoder sle
Lugeing ane bab in creddil, stranglit he
That is to say, twa grete serpentes perfay
The quhilk he weryit, with his handis tway
And how this ilk Hercules of renoune
The riall cieteis assegeis, and bet doune

Ane schort historyc of Hercules waxeand bidis.

Of troy, and eik the strang Ethallis
Ane thousand hard Journayis, suffering alsua
Under the king clepit, Eurestius
By Junois thrawart will, maist enuyus
And thus sang, mutncibil werroure
That bare of strenth, and hardiment the floure
The strang Centauries, thou slew and doun bet
Doubill of forme, and on the cloude beget
Thou brytnys eik, and with thy handis bas slane
Pholus and Helyus, stalwart gyandis twane
Of crete the monstouris, dantis thou at full
The sauage beistis, as wyde bare and bul
Under ane rolk Nemee, forest within
Thou slew and rent, the hiddeous lioums skyn
The lark of Stix, trymlit for drede of the
The grisly portare, of the hellis se
Lugeing in caue on dede, banys half gnaw
Wid quaik for feire, quhen he thi village saw
Na kynd of bysning figure, did the grise
Nor byg Typheus, that agane Jouy oft syis
Mout battell, with wappynnys fell in hand
Wycht the affray, nor thy grete strenth gane stand
Nor the serpent of lerne, thou put to dede
Fand the want nouthir wisdome, nor manheid
Thocht fecho of hedis, with hir mekill rout
Did the assale, and vnbeset about
Hale verray child of Jouy, hale honour hye
Adonit to the goddis, in maiestye
Baith vs, and eik thy sacrifice in fere
We pray the bely, that thou may cum here
With prosper presence, and full happy fute
In our helping, for til be our bute
In sic fangis thare feist, and sacrify
And hercules hie louing, syng and cry

Constitutio

Bot principally, and of the laik
Thay maid mentioun, of Cacus clane in caik
And how that he the ſtambis, furth did blaw
The wod reſoundis ſchil, and euiry ſchaw
Schoutis agane of thare clamour, and dyn
The hillis reirdis quhill dynis roke, and quhyne
Syne quhen diuyne ſeruice, was at end
To the ciete bownis, Ilk man to wend
Furth held the king vnweildy, in auld zeris
Fast by him haldand, as his freyndis and feris
The prince Eneas, and his zoung ſon Pallas
And quhill thay thus towart, the ciete pas
With ſundry ſermons ſchortis, he the way
Eneas awounderis, of that he did ſay
And keſt his ene about, deliuerly
Thay ſtedis all, to ſercheing and eſpy
Sa fare placis to ſe, and vely tyte
This ſtrange knycht caucht pleſance and delite
And gladlye can, inquiringe euery thing
And hard the anſuere, of the agit king
Quhilk teiching him perqrdour, to him tald
Memoriallis of fere, forefaderis auld.

¶ How king Euander/reherſis to Enee
In eidaris days the reule/of that countrey

THis king Euandrus, than the firſt foundare
Of Romes burgh, or palice can declare
And did reherſ, vnto his geſt Enee
Thir woddis and thir ſchawis all, quod he
Sum time inhabit, wat and occuppit
With nymphis, and faunis and apoun euery ſyde
Quhilk farefolkis, or than elfis clepin we
That engendrit, in the ſampn cuntre
And with ane kynd of men, yborne but leis
Furth of auld ſtokkis, and hard rutis of treis

Quhilkis

Quhilkis nouther mäneris had, nor policy
Ne couth thay ere, the ground, nor occupy
The plewis, nor the orin zork in fere
Nor zit had craft to conquest, nor wyn gere
Nor kepe thare moblis, quhen it gaddert was
Bot as thir beistis, or the duilit as
Thare fude of treis, did in woddis fet
Or of the wylde, venyoum scharp to get
First from the heuynnys in to this land
Saturnus come fleand, grete Jouyis brand
His realme reft, and banist eik was he
Bot thay vncouth pepil, of this cuntrre
That skatterit duelt, in hie hillis grene
He maid forgaddir togidder, and conuene
Gaif thame lawis, and statutes thame to lede
And wald also this region, euery stede
Was callit latyum, and clepit to his name
For that he surelie lurkit in the same
And as thay tell, and redis in many ryme
Of gold the warld was, in that kingis time
Sa lyk andle in peace, and libertie
At eis his commoun pepill, gouernit he
Quhill pece and pece, the euil syne war and war
Begouth to war, the cullour fading far
And in stede of peace, the rage of wer
Begouth succede, and couatice of gere
Syne the pissante come of Ausonia
And the pepil, Scany hait alsua
Be quhem the land of Saturne war, and wise
Was left and changeit, his auld name oft syse
Syne kingis come amangis quhom for the nones
Sterne Tybris regnit, ane man big of bones
Fra quham ay syne, all the Italiane blude
Thare grete ryuer was clepit, Tybris flude

Thus

Thus albula his awin trew name has lost
And me also to duell within this coist
Banist and flemyt of my native land
Strang destany quhilk may not bene ganestand
And foroun eik clepit omnipotent
Throw al extremes of sey has hiddir sent
The reuerend als and dredeful mony singis
Of carmentes my moder in mony thingis
Expert as nymphe and prophetes deuyne
And the auctorite of god Apollyne
Has me constrenit to duel in this hald
Quhar has Euander all thir wordis tald
Quhen walkin thens furth bot ane litill space
He gan do schaw the altare and the place
Quhilk in the langage remanerit sans fale
Is to this day clepit port Carmentale
Quarby remembrance is in ilk toune
This auld carmentis wourschip and renoune
Quhilk has bauth nymphe and fatale prophetes
That first declarit in hir sawis expores
The grete Princis for to cum of Enee
And of pallenteum the nobilite
The king syne schew to him the haly schaw
Quhilk strang roumlus did reduce and draw
In manere of franchis or of sanctuary
He schew him eik but ony langar tary
Under the frosty bra the coif was call
Full mony yeris in thare lede lupercall
Efter thare gyse of Archady and estate
The pan the god of litee consecrate
He schew also the wed hate Argilete
That to the man of arge thare loist the strete
Was dedicat and drew to witnes that stede
That he was neuer culpabyl of his dede

And

And can to him declare, the manere plane
Quhat wyse his geſt, this man of arge was ſlane
Fra thyne to mont tarpeya, he him kend
And beiknyt to that ſtede, fra end to end
Quhare now ſtandis, the goldin capitole
Umquhile of wylde buſkis, routh ſtrokky knoll
Thocht the ilk tyme yit, of that dredful place
Ane ferefull reuerent, religioun percace
The ery rurall, pepyll dyd affray
So that this crag, and ſtroggis wourſchippit thay
In zons ſchaw on thys, woddy hillis top
That ſkuggit is, wyth mony buſkis crop
Quod Euander, tharon ane god dois dwel
Bot quhat god that he be, can na man tell
Wy pepyl that bene, cummyn fra Archade
Wemys thay ſaw zounder, as thay me ſaid
Grete Joue hymſelf, as he ful oft at large
Did ſchaik hys talbart, or his beknyt targe
And wyth hys rycht hand, dyd aſſemble and ſtere
The wattry cloudis, that makis thunderis here
And forthir eik, he ſayd vntyl Enee
Zone twa toun ſtedis, thou behaldis quod he
Wyth barmkin doun bet, and euery wal
Of forefaderis thay beue, memoryall
Thys ciete beildit, our auld fader Janus
And zounder ciete foundit, Saturnus
Janiculum thys hecht myne, awin leif brother
And Saturna clepit, was that vthir
Amangis thame, with ſic carpyng and talke
Towart Euandrus, pure lugeyng thay ſtalke
The cattel eik beheld, thay rak on raw
And in that ſtede thare, paſturand thay ſaw
Quhare now in rome is, the cheif mackyt placis
Bayth ſqueil and low, in thay ilk plentyous gatis

Quhill

Quhilk kuntryme hecht, Carryme fare and large
Quhare the hous war like, ane tozned barge
And quhen thay cummyn, to the palice kere
Quod Euander, at thir ilk zettis here
The conquerour enterit, douchty Hercules
This sobir manys, resauit him but leis
My gentill gest, enfozce and addres
To leirne to d cempteme welth, and riches
And do thy selfe tempone, and schaw in dede
In goddis stede, wourthy to succede
And theme equale reskauit, in sic herbrye
Amang smale gere, now enteris bousumye
And sayand this, the mychty grete Enee
within his narrow chymmes ledis he
And made sitting doun, apoun ane bed
That stuffit was with leuis, and ouer spred
with the rouch skyn, of ane busious wylde bere
In affrik bred before, mony ane zere

The kyng gewes a gud counsal to Eneas to constene all wardly tyches/and to follow vertew quhilk ledis to hys honour.

¶ Untill Eneas/venus armour requiris
Fra Vulcanus/quhilk grantis hir deliris.

The nycht appzo.his, with hir wingis gray
Ouer spred the erde, and put all licht away
Quhen venus moder, til Enee efterde
And not but cauis leand the felloun rerd
The dredful boist, and assemblay attanis
Aganis hir son, of pepil laurentanis
To Volcanus hir husband, and gudeman
within his goldin chalmer, scho began
Thus fozto to speik, and with hyz wourdis the eyze
Of diuyne luk, can towartis him inspire
Quhod sche, quhil that the kingis of greee and arge
Bet doun the troianis wallis, wide and large
That destinat war, baith tour towne and wal
Of Inemyis, be flawmes to doun fall.

Venus oration tyll Vulcanus desyring armour for hir son Eneas.

Na help vnto thay wrachit folkis I socht
Na armour askit, nor thy crakt besocht
Nor the my derest spous, exerce bad I
Thy crakt nor werk, in vane wald occupy
Albeit that to chyldren, of Nyame kyng
I was bedettit, in to mekyll thyng
And the vntollerabyll, labour of Enee
Bewalit oft wepand, ful sare quod sche
Quhilk now by Jouis, power stad remanis
Wythin the bonndis, of Rutulianis
Quharfore this tyme, I thy ilk spous, and wyfe
Thy blissit godhede, derrest to me on lyfe
Cummys lauly to beseik, and requere
For wappinnys harnes, armoure and syc gere
For my dere son, I moder prayis the
Sen Nereus dochter, Thetes mycht quod sche
Induce the tyl enarme, hir son Achill
And eik Tythonus spous, at hir awin will
Aurora with hir teres, so the brak
For tyl enarme hir child, Menon the blak
Behald quhat peppyl, to assemblit bene
Quhat wallit townis, wich zettis closit in tene
Gryndis thare wappynnis, aganis me and myne
To bryng vs to distruction, and rewyne
Thus said the godd:s, and in hir mylk quhyte armes
Full tendirly belappis, him and warmys
Quhyl that he mutis so, that hait fyre fle
Of luk bekynd, anone reflaut he
The naturell hete, in to the merch did glide
Perfand his banes, maid soft on euery syde
Nane vthir wyse, than as sum tyme we se
The schynand brokin, thunderis lichtnyng fle
Wyth subtel fyry stremes, throw ane rift
Perfand the wattry, cloudis in the lift

Venus

Venus his ſpous conſydyng in hir beutie
Full glaid perſauis that, him claucht had ſche
The fader than Vulcanus, god aboue
Lokkit in eternale, chene of loue
Anſwerit and ſaid, quharfor myne alwin hart dere
Sa fer about, thou glolis the mattere
Quhy artis thou not planelie, thy deſire
Quhidder is becummyn, of me thy lord and ſyre
The ferme confidence, thou ſuld haue goddes
Quhat nedis more, bot ſchaw thy mynd expres
Gif ſiclike curis, and deſire had bene
In to thy mynd, that ſamyn tyme I mene
During the ſubuerſioun, of troyis ring
To vs it had bene, bot a leſum thing
Troianis til haue enarmyt, at thy requeſt
Nouthir the fader almychty, at the leiſt
Nezit the fatis contrary, did gane ſtand
Bot troyis ciete mycht, haue langar ſtand
So that kung priamus ring, by our power
Mycht haif remanit fullely, vthir tenzere
And now gif thou thy grathis, for to fecht
And thare to be thy mynd, ſet I the hecht
All manere thing, with ſoliſt diligence
That may be wrocht, in my craft and ſcience
Nezit may be forgit, in Irne or ſtele
Nor moltin mettell graue, and burniſt wele
Sa fer as fyre and wynd, and hie engyne
In to our art may compas, or deuyne
Tharfor deſiſt of thy ſtrenth, to haue drede
Or me to pray in ocht, that thou has nede
For in ſic cauſis, thare nedis na requeiſt
Am I not reddy to fulfill, thy beheiſt
Thir wourdis being ſaid, this hate fire
Can hir enbraſing, all at his deſire

Vulcanus louing anſuer to his wyfe Venus.

And

And lappit to his ſpouſis, breſt in armes
The pleſand naturall, ſlepe to bete his harmes
And eis his wery membrys, can he tak
Sine as he had ſlummerit, bot ane ſwak
Quhen the fyrſt ſilence, of the quyet nycht
His myddell cours, and cyrkyl run had rycht
Prouokyng folk, of the fyrſt ſlepe awaik
Lyke as the pure wyfe, quhilk at euin had raik
Hyr mygyll, riſis for to bet hir fyre
As ſche that has nane, vthir rent nor hyre
Bot wyth hyr rok, and ſpynnyng for to thryfe
And therwyth all ſuſtene, hir empty lyfe
Hir day werk to encres, or ſche may ſe
Thartyll ane part, of the nycht ekis ſche
And at the candyl lycht, hir handis tway
And eik hir pure dameſellis, as ſche may
Naitbly exercis, for to wirk the lyne
To ſnoik the ſpyndyll, and lang thredes twyne
Quharby ſche micht, ſuſtene hir powerte
Kepe chaiſt hir ſpouſis bed, in honeſte
And therwyth eik foſtir, hir childir lyte
The michty god of fyre, this tyme als tyte
And no ſla war, bot on the ſamyn manere
Furth of his bed ſteris, and hint his gere
And to his ſmedy craft, and forge hym ſpedis
Thare ſtandis ane Ile, wyth reky ſtanys as gledis
Vpſtrecking hie betuix, the coaſt Sicille
And Liparen god Eolus, wyndy yle
Vnder the quhilk, big Iland in the ſe
Ane coik thare is, and hirnes fele that be
Lyke tyl Ethna, bolk it on the mont
Wy the ciclopes furnes, worne or bront
That makis rumbling, as quha dyd thunder heir
The buſtuous dyntis, on the ſtudyes ſeirs

Compar-
ſon.

Ane huge dyn and noyis, the stràk did make
The Irne lumpis, in to the cauis blak
Can bylle and quhillill, and the hate fire
Wolth fut and blaw, in bleiss birnand schyre
Quhilk forgis bene Vulcanus duelling call
And eftir Vulcane, that cuntre nawyt all
The mychty god of fyre, doun from the heuin
In to this forest aid Ile, descendig euin
Quhare as in til his large, and goustly caue
The hidduous Ciclopes, forgit furth and draue
Brontes storopes, and nakit piragmon
The glowand Irne to wel, and poyne anone
The fyre slaucht sit, not formyt perfytlie
Quhylk the fader of goddis oft throw the skye
From euery art doun, in the erde dois cast
Thay had in to thare handis, wirkand fast
That ane parte polist burnist, wele and dycht
Thare vthir party, not parfitt richt
Thre rawis wel, thay of the frosin hale schoure
Thre of the wattre cloude, to eik the stoure
Thre bleiss of the birnand, fyris bricht
With thre blasttis, of the south wyndis bricht
Syne to thare werk, in manere of gun pouder
Thay mydlyt and thay mixt, this fereful souder
Ane grisly sound grete dreid, and goddis Ire
Quham followis ay, the fel flambis of fyre
Ane vthir sorte ful beselie to marte
The rynnyng quheilis forgeis, and were cart
Quhare with the men, to battel dois he stere
And mouis cieteis, to raise mortal were
Thay dicht and polist, egirlie alsua
The horribil tergate, bustuous Egida
Quhilk is the gretit pallas, grisly schetild
With serpent skalis, poudderis in goldin feild

The ar-
mour of
wyldom.

To

Togidder lynkyn, lowpit edderis tuay
And in the breist of the goddis, graik thay
Gorgonis hede, that monstour of grete wounder
Wyth ene wauland, and nek bane, hak in sounder
Away wyth this, ze Ethnie Cyclopes

Vlcanus commaundis his seruandis to make a gudly armour for Eneas.

Quod Vlcanus, and all sic werkis ceis
And that I saw impreintis, in zour thocht
Vnto ane forgy man, ar to be wrocht
Harneis and armour, now nedis quod he
zour strenth exerce, and Pythus schaw let se
Quhay nymbyest, can cum and turn thare handis
Now on al maisteris poynt, of craft it standis
Do put away in haist, al manere delay
Na marc he said, but wounder frakly thay
Vnto thare labour, can thame al addres
Assignand euery man, his part expres
The irne, the metal throw conduttis flowis
The moltyn gold, and weriike stele hate glowis
And furth of gouffy furnes, found it ran
Baist craftely to forgin, thay began
Ane huge grete semely, targane or ane scheild
Quhilk onlie micht, resisting into the feild
Agane the dynt of latyn wappinnis all
In euery place, seuen ply thay well and cal
Sum can ressaue the glowand hate, sum wynd
Wyth blawand bellyis, bet the fire behynd
Sum of the trouch, apoun the sperkland gledis
The bissand watteris, trinklis and ouerspredis
The huge coue, and al the mont wythin
For straik of studyis, gan resound and din
Amang thame selfe, thay grisly smethis grete
Wyth mekle force, did forge peyne and bete
And can thare armes heising by and doun
In nowmer, and in dew proporcioun

And

And wyth the gryppand,turkes oft alsó
The gloumd,thay turnit to and fro

Euander tellis and Eneas/thynges fere
Vulcanus armour/did in the skye appere

Quhill that the faderis,of Lemnos vulcanus
Wythin the boundis,of wyndy Eolus
To werk this gere,haistis on euery syde
The blyskful licht airly,at morow tyde
And myrthful sangis,of the birdis bay
The swallo singis,on the ruke hir lay
I walkynnyt kyng Euander,and maid ryse
Wythin his sobyr chymes,quhare he lyis
Upstert the auld and,cled him in his cote
Apoun his fete hys,mete schois hote
War buklit on the wyse,of Tuskany
Syne ouer his schulderis,doun his myddil by
Hyngis buklit his,crafty swerde Archade
From his left arme,about his richt syde laid
Ywomplit was the spottis,Pantheris skyn
Hys twa keparis,can kurth by hym ryn
From the hie palyce,bustuous houndis two
That haldis thare lordis,pais quhare euer he gó
Furth held this here,the secrete privy way
Towart the stede quhare,that Eneas lay
Hys troyane gest,remembryng all at ryght
His help and promys,grantit zester nycht
One the same wise,at morow full arely
Eneas haistis hy,and mycht not ly
The kyng onlie,bot with his son Pallas
Achates with Eneas,accumpanyit was
Thay Joned handis sone,as thay wer met
And syne I myd the chawmer,doun thame set
Quhare fynaly,thay fell in commonyng
Of secrete materis,and autentyk thing

King Eneas oration to Eneas/ schawynge hym the way to begin his warre.

The king begouth, and said first to Enee
Maist souerane ledar, of troyane cumpany
Quhay beand on life, neuer grant I sal
Troy is distroyit noȝ castyn doun the wal
Noȝ ȝit the troiane powar, put at vnder
ȝe haue bot lobir pullence, and no wounder
To help in battell, and to make supple
Unto so hie excellent maieste
On this half closit, with the tuscane flude
On ȝounder syde, as the rutulians rude
Nidderis our boundis, as ful oft befallis
With thare harnes clattering, about our wallis
Bot I purpois, adione to the anone
Ane huge pepil, and landis mony one
Distis of fertil realmes, nere fast by
O foȝtun oȝ wȝ wist, sa happelie
Thou schawis the in our help and supple
And o maist douchty, campioun Ene
Desirit of the destany, and fatis
Here ȝe be wele arryuit mony gatis
Foundit of auld stanys, not hyne
Inhabit stude, the ciete agillyne
Quhare that the wourthy pepil Lidiane
Vailȝeand in batal duellis, and dois remane
Apoun the egge of the, herulcane hills
This folkis ar in likyng at thare willis
This land inhabitis vale mont and swyre
Quhill fynalie ful pride, in his empire
Mezentus begouth, thare to be king
And in grete force of armes, thare on ring
Suld I rehers, the vntollerabil mischeif
The cruel dedis slauchter and huge greif
Of that tirrant, quhilk ȝit the goddis dung
Apoun his hede, restruis, and of sprung

For

For he beſyde, his vthir wikkit dede
The quyk bodyis, ſpeldit furth on brede
Adionit to the corpis, and carioun dede
Layd hand to hand, bayth face, to face and hede
Quhilk quyk mouthis, did dede mouthis kys
O quhat manere of torment, cal ze thys
Droppand on worſum, and fylth laythlie to ſe
So miſerabil embracing, thus wile he
Be lang proces of dede, can thaym ſla
Quhil at the laſt, of this ennoye and wa
His cietezanis irkit ſyne, in ane route
Enarmyt vmbeſet, his manys about
Him al enragit, on his wilde manére
Beſegeit thay and of his complicis ſere
Has ſlane anone, and all in pecis hakkit
And fyre bleſis in his bie biggyngis ſwalkit
Amyd the ſlauchter, on cais eſchapit hie
And to the feildis, rutuliane can ſle
Quhare in til armes, be turnus and his oſt
He him begouth, defend apoun that coaſt
Quharfor hethruria, al fulfullye
Aggreuit rais, in armes by and by
Vnto punytyoun, and al tormentis ſere
Thare king to aſk, and ſeik in fere of were
To thir mony thouſand, pepil quod he
Souerane ledar, I ſal the Jone Enee
For now thare ſchippis, full thik reddy ſtandis
Brayand endlang, the coaſtis on thir landis
Thay bid diſplay thare banaris, out of faldis
Bot ane anciant diuinour, thaym withhaldis
Schawand the fatal godlie deſtany
O ze maiſt bailzeand, zoung galland quod he
And pepil cummyn, from meonea
Ze that be flour of cheualrie, alſua

The verte Jand the ſtrenth, of vaſſalage
Of anceſtry and men of zour lynnage
Quhom Juſt dolour, ſteris on this wyſe
Baldlie agains zour Jnemyis to riſe
Al thocht Mezentius, to his hie myſcheif
Has wele deſeruit, againis him zour greif
Thus in commotioun, for to rais and ſtere
zit neuertheles beleuis out of were
So grete ane pepil, as vnder Turnus king
And Latinis leyndis, for to doun thring
Unleſum is to ony Jtaliane
zow behuffis, to ſeik ane ſtrang chiftane
Of hethuria the oſtis vnder ſchild
Quith that lord ſtoppit in the lamyn feild
Of the goddis admonuſſing, al affrayit
Tharchone him ſelf, thare duke iſſ not delayit
Bot to me ſend ambaſſiatouris all boun
Offerand to me, the ſcepture and the croun
And all thare realme, and thare enſenzis bzocht
Requiring me, that Jreſuſit nocht
To cum and be chiftane, to thare armye
The realme Tirrehene, eik to reſſaue in hie
Bot my febil, and ſlaw vnweildy age
The dalit blude, gan fer by the hate rage
Quith force faitzeit, to haut the ſtrang weris
Oz than the outwozne dait, of monyzeris
Enuy s that Jſuld Jois, oz bruke empire
My ſon Pallas this zoung luſty ſyre
Exhozt Jwald, to tak the ſtere on hand
Ne war that of the blude, of this ilk land
Admyxt ſtandis he, takand ſum ſtrynd
Apoun his moderis ſyde of Sabyne kynd
Bot thou quham bayth, thy zeris and thy blude
The fatis fauouris, and is ſo to conclude

By the goddis aboue,as out of were
To be callit,and sharpe for this matere
Go to the batal campioun,maist forcy
To troianis bath,and Italianis to gy
And for thir eik the samyn,young pallas
Our son our hope,our comfort and our solace
Sal adione,in felowschip quod he
As his maister,to exerce vnder the
And lerne the fate,of knychtlie cheualrye
Hard marcial dedis hanting,by and by
To be accustumate,and behald thy feris
For wounder following,the werkis in young yeris
Twa hundreth walit horsmen,wicht and sterne
Of Archade sal I gif,vnto that berne
And of his awin behalf,to thy supple
Als mony Pallas,sall promyt to the
Quhilk in the hale,may wele foure hundreth bene
Skant was this said,quhen rallyn doun his ene
Traist Achates,and Inchises son Enee
Sat starand on the ground,baith he and he
And in thare hartis,did full oft cumpas
Ful mony hard aduersite,and cais
With dyery chere,and myndis sad beyth twa
Ne war Uenus,lady Cytherea
Doun from the heuin,of comfort to thaym sent
Ane optin takin,clere and euydent
For suddanlie thay se,or thay be war
The fyrefiaucht beting,from the lyft on fer
Cum with the thunderis,hidduous rumling blast
Semyng the heuin suld fall,and all doun cast
The arc anone gan dynnyng,vp and doun
Wyth brag of were,and tirchene trumpis soun
Thay listnyng to persane,and here the dyn
Ay mare and mare,agane it begyn

The king sendis his welbelouid sonne Pallas in cõpany wyth Eneas.

To rerd and rattil apoun, the kereful wyfe
Nuhil at the laſt thay ſe, and al eſpyes
Throw the clere ſky, and regioun of the heuin
Amang the cluddis bycht, as fyre leuin
The glitterand armour, dirnift lemand ſchene
And as thay ſchuke, thare rais thunder bedene
Ibaſit in thare myndis, wozth the lauk
Bot this lozd trotane, knew and did perſaik
Ful wele the ſound, and al the caſe expres
By promys of hys moder, the goddes
Syne can rehers it plane, and thus gate ſaid
Fozloith, fozloyth my gentil ayſt be glad
The nedis not to ake, nozzit to ſpare
Quhat ſignifyis, thir wounders did appere
Foz I am callit to the heuin quod he
The haly moder my genitrice ſchew me
That ſic ane takin ſuld be ſend ſche ſaid
Gif eny wald, with batal vs inuaid
And in my helping, heich doun from the are
To ſend vulcanus armour, gude and fare
Allace how fell ſlauchter now apperis
To wrechit latynis, in thir mozral weris
By me, turnus, quhat panys ſal thou dze
Of tyber fare that rynnis in the ſe
How mony helmes ſcheildis, and ſterne body
Wonder the ſludis, warpit law ſal ly
Lat thaym array thare, oiſtis now lat ſe
And baldlie bzek, thare freyndſchip wade with me.

Euander ſendys his ſon to young pallas,
Wyth hys army in help of Eneas.

FRa this was layd, from the hie fete he ſtert
And furth the ſlokynnyt fyris has he gart
The rakit harthis, and Inglı zeſterne nycht
On hercules alcare, bet and kyndil bzicht

And

And gladlie went to wourschip and to
Sobir penates, goddis domestical
And walit thynteris, eftir the auld gise
He slew and bzittyt vnto sacrifice
Quith him Euander, eik and al his feris
Of troiane menze, lusty fresche zoumeris
Syne doun in haist, he went vnto his schippis
His folkis he wesyit, and his fallow schippis
Of quhais nowmer, he has walit out
Ane certane the mayst liklie, bald and stout
Quhilk sculd him follow, into euery place
The ramanent tuke beseitie thare rais
Doune by the wattir, on the flowand flude
Dilsendand slawlie, to bere message gude
Sone eftir this, vnto Astaneus sing
Twichand his fader, and of euery thynge
The hoztis syne war, geuin and furth bzocht
To the troianis, that vnto tuskanis socht
And till Eneas led, anone they gayt
Ane gentil stede arsedand, al the lait
On quhom at al partis, war ouer spzed and fold
Ane dyn Lyoun skyn, with nalis of gold
Than throw the litil ciete, al on raw
The fame anone dibulgate, swiftlie flaw
How that the hozs men spedis, thayme bedene
To go vnto the land, and coyst tirrhene
The wyffis and auowis, than foz fere
Bywomen, and the matrouns doublit were
Moze grew the dzede, the nerrare grew dangere
Now martis ymage, semes wapin mare
The fader than Euander, as they departe
By the rycht hand, thayin grippit with sad hart
His son embzasin, and ful tendirly
Apoun him hyngis, wepand vnfellably

Euandris oration to his son Pallas

And thus he said o son, omnipotent
Gyfe Jupiter my zing, zeris bewent
Wald me restore, in sic strenthis and eild
So as I was quhen first, in battell feild
The armes of the oistis, dotm I dang
Of pyrenest, vnder the wallis strang
And victour of myne, Inemy is as proud syre
Hail hepis of thare scheildis, brynt in fyre
Mubarc with this sammyn, rycht hand quellit and slane
Under the hellis ground, Tartareane
Kyng Hertius was, sent to duell for ay
Muham tyl his moder, Feronia the gay
In to the time, of hys natiuite
Grysly to say, had geuin saulis thre
And that he suld bere, armour thryis in fecht
And thryis behuffit, to the dede be dicht
Fra quhan that tyme, this rycht hand not the les
Thay saulis al bereft, and thare expres
Of als mony enarmouris, of spulze clene
Gyf so war now with me, as than has bene
Ne suld I neuer depart, my awin child dere
From thy maist sweit, embzacing for na were
Nor our nychbour Mezentius, in his spede
Suld na wyfe mokand, at this hasard hede
By swerd haif kelit, sa fele corpis as slane is
Nor this burgh, of sa mony citezanis
Left desolate, and deundit quod he
Bot o ze goddis aboue, and Joue moist hie
The geuernour, of heumly wichtis all
On zou I cry, on zou I clepe and call
Begin to haue compacience, and pitte
Of zour awin wofull kyng, of Archade
Opyn and inclyne zoure diuine godly eris
To here and resaue, the faderis meik prayeris

Gif it be ſo,zour godhede and grete mychtis
Be preſence prouide,bas and kepelichtis
Pallas my ſon,in ſaufte hale and fere
Gyf the fatis preſeruis,him of dangere
Sa oncs in my lyfe,I may him ſe
Ygane togidder,alleuerlit I and he
I zou beſeik my febyl lyfe,to reſpite
That I mycht leif,and endure zit ane lyte
All pane and labour,that zou lift me ſend
Bot O fant fortoun,gyf thou dois pretend
And mannaſſis,ony myſcheuous caſe
Now now furthwith,in to this ſamyn place
Sukkir me ſwelt,and end this cruel lyfe
Quhill doutſum is that all,ſyc ſturt and ſtrife
Quhil hope vncertane,is of ony thyng to cum
And quhil I thus my dere child,all and ſum
Wy luſtis preſand,and my laſt wetifare
The in my armes embrais,but diſpare
So that eftir,no ſorouful meſſingere
Wyth ſmert enuoyc,hurt neuir my agit ere
The fader Euander,with ful ſory hart
At lattir poynt,quhen thay war to depart
Thir wourdis ſpak,ſyne fell in ſwoun rycht thare
Hys men him hint,and to his chawmer bare
Be thes the rout of horſmen,ſtrang in fycht
War Iſchit at the portis,euery wycht
Ypangis the formeſt,the duke Eneas
And eik the traiſt,Achates furth can pas
Syne vthir nobillis,of the troyans ſtout
The zoung Pallas,riding amyd the rout
So farrand,and ſo luſky perſonage
Cled in ane mantyll,in tyl his tender age
Quhilk did ouerheild,his birniſt armour bryght
One him to luke,was ane mare gudlie ſycht

A fatherly affectyon.

The

Euādrus oratione to his son Pallas

And thus he said o son, ommipotent
Gyfe Jupiter my zing, zeris bewent
Wald me restore, in sic strenthis and eild
So as I was quhen first, in battell feild
The armes of the oistis, doun I dang
Of preneſt, vnder the wallis strang
And victour of myne, inemyis as proud syre
Hail hepis of thare scheildis, brynt in fyre
Quhare with this samyn, eycht hand quellit and slane
Under the hellis ground, Tartareane
Kyng Hertilus was, sent to duell for ay
Quham tyl his moder, Feronia the gay
In to the time, of hys natiuite
Grysly to say, had geuin saulis thre
And that he suld bere, armour thrys in fecht
And thrys behuffit, to the dede be dicht
Fra quhan that tyme, this richt hand not the les
Thay saulis al bereft, and thare erpres
Of als mony enarmouris, of spulze clene
Gyf so war now with me, as than has bene
Ne suld I neuer depart, my awin child dere
From thy maist sweit, embracing for na were
Nor our nychbour Mezentius, in his spede
Suld na wyfe mokand, at this hasard hede
By swerd haif kelit, sa fele corpis as slane is
Nor this burgh, of sa mony citezanis
Left desolate, and deundit quod he
Bot o ze goddis aboue, and Joue moist hie
The geuernour, of heumly wichtis all
On zou I cry, on zou I clepe and call
Begin to haue compacience, and piete
Of zour awin wofull kyng, of Archade
Opyn and inclyne, zoure diuine godly eris
To here and resaue, the faderis meik prayeris

Gif it be so, zour godhede and grete mychtis
Be presence prouide, bas and forefichtis
Pallas my son, in saufte hale and fere
Fatherly affectyon.
Fyt the fatis preseruis, him of dangere
Sa oncs in my lyfe, I may him se
Agane togidder, alleuerlit I and he
I zou beseik my febyl lyfe, to respite
That I mycht leif, and endure zit ane lyte
All pane and labour, that zou list me send
Bot O fant fortoun, fyk thou dois pretend
And mannassis, ony myscheuous case
Now now furthwith, in to this samyn place
Suffir me swelt, and end this cruel lyfe
Quhill doutsum is that all, syc sturt and strife
Quhil hope vncertane, is of ony thyng to cum
And quhil I thus my dere child, all and sum
Wy lustis presand, and my last wetifare
The in my armes embrasis, but dispare
So that eftir, no sorouful messingere
Wyth smert enuoyc, hurt neuir my agit ere
The fader Euander, with ful sory hart
At lattir poynt, quhen thay war to depart
Thir wourdis spak, syne fell in swoun rycht thare
Hys men him hint, and to his chawmer bare
Be thes the rout of horsmen, strang in fycht
War Isshit at the portis, euery wycht
Amangis the formest, the duke Eneas
And eik the traist, Achates furth can pas
Syne vthir nobillis, of the troyans stout
The zoung Pallas, riding amyd the rout
So farrand, and so lusty personage
Cled in ane mantyll, in tyl his tender age
Quhilk did ouerheild, his birnist armour brycht
Qne him to luke, was ane mare gudlie sycht

The

Than on the day sterne, quhilk at morne arely
Bachit in the ocitane, risis in the skye
Quhois furie bemes, venus in spertall
Cholis aboue al sternes, grete and small
Hye in the heuyn, lifting his vysage schene
To chace away the myrknes, with his ene
The wofull moderis, quakyng for cald drede
Stude on the wall, behaldand quhare thay zede
And did conuoy, or follow with thare sicht
The dusty sope, quhareso the rak went richt
Gowand apoun thare, brycht armoure that schane
So fer as that thare luke, mycht thame attane
The cumpany al sampyn, held away
Throw scroggit buskis, furth the nerrest way
Enarmed ridyng thiddir, as thay wald
The brute and dyn, from thame vpsprang thik sald
The horny huffit hors, with four fete
Stampand and trottand, on the dusty strete

How that venus / vntyl Eneas brocht
The godly armour / be Vulcanus wrocht

THare growis ane grete schaw throw the chyl ryuere
Quhilk that flowis, with his frosty stremes clere
Doun by the ciete, of Agillina
That vthir wyse, is clepit Cereta
Quhilk is in wourschip, haldin and in drede
By faderis auld, the large boundis on brede
As sanctuare, and with depe clenthis wyde
This schaw is closit, apoun euery syde
Ane thik aik wod, and skuggy fyrris stout
Belappis al the said, cuchil about
The fame is that, the grekis anciane
Quhilk clepit bene, to surname Pelasgane
That quhilum langtyme, in the formest eildis
The latyne boundis, occupyit and feildis

Tyl

Tyl siluanus fyrst, dedicate this schaw
The god of beistis, and of keildis kaw
And constitute to him, solempnit feist
Duke Tarchone, and the tuskanis maist and leist
Not fer from theus, in tyl an strenthy place
Thare Pallionus, al had stentit apoun case
That from the top, of the hillis hicht
The army all thay mycht se, at ane sycht
wyth tentis tentit, strek and to the plane
Thidder held Eneas, the souerane troiane
And al the bernes, of his riall rout
Cholm for the batell, lusty sterne and stout
And wery of thare trawell, thocht thame bet
Thame selfe on hors, to refresche and rest
Bot than Venus, the fresche goddis bedene
Amang the heuinly skyes, bryght and schene
Berand with hir, the diuine armour clere
To make tharof ane present, can draw nere
And as on fer hir son, sche can behald
Secrete allone, by the chil ryuere cauld
Amyd ane holl cleuch, or ane derne valee
Of hyr fre wyll, to him apperis sche
And wyth sic wourdis, to him spak saying
Lo my reward here, and my promysing
Fulfyllit iustly, be mine husbandis werk
So that my son, now art thou sour and sterk
That the not nedis, to haue ony fere
For to resist the proude, Latinis in were
Nor zit the strang, turnus tyll assale
Hym to prouoke, or challance for battale
Thus said the schene, Citheria fare of fare
And wyth that word, can hir dere son embrace
And thare the schynand, armour forgane his sicht
Under ane bowan haik, laid doun ful rycht

Venus gi-
vis hyr
sone ene
as hys ar-
moure.

Send

Sheand sic giftis, of this traist goddes
This gentyl knycht, reioyst wor Iges
Glaid that sa grete honour, sellaut he
That skarslie, couth be satisfyit be
For to behald, thir armour bricht and schene
On euery pece to wely kest his ene
Thareon wounderand, betuix his handis twa
And big armes, thaym turnes to and fra
The grisly creistit helme, he can behald
On ferefull wyse, spoutand the fyre thik sald
The fatal swerd, dedelie to many ane
The stik hawbrek, of steile ybirnist schane
Of huge wecht, and bludy sanguyne hewe
That sic ane glance, or variand cullour schew
As quhen the birnand sonnys, bemes bricht
The wattery cloud, persand with his licht
Scynand on fer, forgane the skyes howe
Schapis the figure, of the quent ran bow
The licht leg harnes, on that vthir syde
With gold and birnist, lattoun purifyit
Grauithit and polist, wele he did espy
The spere and eik the scheild, so subtelly
Forgit that it was ane vntellabil thyng
For Vulcanus of fyre, the lord and kyng
Knawand ful wele, the art of Prophecy
Of sundry thyngis, to cum, eik by and by

The vailzeand dedis, of Italiants
The grete tryumphis, als of the romanis
And of Alcaneus stok, al nobil knychtis
Thare batellis al perfordour, were and fychtis
Had thare Imposturate, propirly and graue
Amang al vtheris, in martis grefly caue
The sowking wolf, furth strekyng breist and vdyr
About hir palpis, but fere as thare modyr

The

S schorte discrypti of the romane histo ryis.

The twa twynnys, small men childer zing
Spoztand ful tate, gan do wzabil and hing
And sche hir lang round nek bane, bowand raith
To gif thaym souch, can thaym cuize bayth
Semand sche suld thare bodyis by and by
Like with hir toung, and clenge ful tenderly
Not ker from thens, rome cite ekit he
Quharby ane new Intentioun wounder fle
Sittand into ane holl vail oz slak
within the listis, foz the triumphe mak
war sabyne virginis, reuist by romanis
As that thay war, assemblit foz the nanys
The grete gammis, Circensis foz to se
Quhilk Justing, oz than turnament clepe we
with hesty sterage, thare moist thou behald
The wetis rasit, amang the romanis bald
By agit Tatius, and keill curitanis
Syne the ilk pzinces, and the said romanis
The wetis sesit, sampn al in fere
Enarmed stude, befoze Jouis altare
with coupis ful in hand, foz sacrifice
Thare mycht thou se thaym, eftir the auld gyse
The swyne slikkit bzitnyt sone and slane
Conferme thare trewis and mak peace agayne

How that Vulcanus thare amang the layt
Stozms to cum dyd in the armoure grayt

FRa thyne not ker, the chariot thou mycht dzaw
Wetus suffictius in fere pecis dzaw
Albeit thou thocht this cruelte king Albane
Quhy wald thou not, at thy pzomys remane
Quhy list thou not, obserue thy faith and saw
This faithles wichtis entrellis, war furth dzaw
By command of Tullus hostilius
And thzow the woddis harlyt euery bus

Quhil

Quhill that the tharmys, and the bowellis rent
Skroggis and bzeris, all wyth blud bylpzent
Tarquinius. Thare mycht thou se, Tarquinius in exile
Furth cast of reme, and syne within schozt quhile
By kyng Persenna, in to batall plane
Commaundit foz to be, reisaut agane
With that ane fellown, sege all rome about
Dyd vmbeset, and closit with hys rout
The romanis than, discendit from Enee
Rusche vnto wappynnis, foz thare lyberte
Thou micht behaldin, eik this ilk persen
Lyke has he had despyte, and boistyt men
Cocles. Foz that the hardy Cocles, derf and bald
Durst bzek the bzyg, that he purposit to hald
And eik the vyrgyne Thelia, quhare sche stude
Hyr bandis bzasit, and swam ouer tiber flude
Manlius. Manlius the knycht, aboue into the schield
In the defence foz Jouis, tempil beild
Kepand the strenth, and castell Tarpea
And haldand the hicht, capitoll alsua
Stude pozturate, nere the chimnis calendare
Quhais ruffis laithly, kul rouch thekit war
With stra oz gloy, by Romulus the wycht
Thare was also ingrauit, all at rycht
The siluer ganer, sichlerand with loud skry
Warnand al reddy, the gilt entre by
How that the gaulis, did the zet assale
Thare mycht thou se, the frensche armye alhale
Haist thzow the bussis, to the Capitoll
Sum vndermyndand, the ground with ane holl
Sa that almaist, thay wan the foztres
Crete help thame maid, the clois nychtis myrknes
Thare haris schane, as doz the bzycht gold wyre
And all of gold wrocht, was thare riche attyre

Thar

Thar purpoure robbis, begarit schynand brycht
And in thare hand, withhaldand euery knycht
Twa Jawilling speris, gissarne stauis
Forgit in the montanis, al syc manere glauis
Thare bodyis al with lang, targis ouerheild
Syne sounder mare was, schappin in ane feild
The danand preistis, clepit Salii
Hoppand and singand, wounder merely
And panos preistis, nakit Lupertants
The toppit hattis, quhare the wole threde remanis
And bowit bullavis, falland from the sky
Thare mycht be sene, forgit maist craftely
The chaist matrouns, throw the ciete all
In soft charis, thare gemmys festuall
Ledand and playand, wyth myrthis and solace
Ane fer way hens, ful wele ingraint was
The vglie hellis sete, tartareane
The depe doungeoun, quhare pluto dois remane
And of the wikkit pepil, al the pyne
Thare war thou merkit, cursit Catilyne
Hyngand out ouer ane scherand heuch or bra
And trymland, for the kereful drede and wa
To se the furious grisly sister fatis
That with thare scourgis, wikkit pepil chasis
The rychtwis folkis, that leuit deuotlie
Fra thaym war partit, in ane place fer by
And the wise man C nsorius Cato
Geuand thare Justi rewardis, til al tho
Wydway betuix the vtheris forries sere
The swelland seis figure, of gold clere
Went flowand, but the lopperand wallis quhite
War pouderit ful of fomy frouth mylk quhite
The Dalphyne fischis, wrocht of siluer schene
In sirkill swepand, kast throw fludis grene

Catilin,

Cato.

Sowchand

Sowchand swiftly, salt streames quhare thay fare
Vpstraik thare talis, the stoure here and thare

ENeas meruellis/of the boyes sere
wroght by vulcanus/in hys armour clere

AWyd the seyis, micht be persaut wele
The werely schyppis, with thare snowtis of stele
The anciant battellis, seming as quha did se
The mont Lucreta, standand by the se
For ostis arrayit glowand as the glede
Of glitter and gold, schane all the flude on brede
On that ane party thou, mycht thare behald
Tesare Auguist, Octauiane the bald
Vuguſtus Cesar. Mouand the battall, the Italianis
With sum sanctuaris, and wourthy pepil romanis
And goddis domestic, quhilk Penates hate
With all the grete goddis, of mare estate
Heich in the fore stam stand, he micht be sene
For his blyith browis, brent and athir ene
The fyre twynkling, and his faderis star
Agrippa. Schew from his helmes, top schynand on far
The big and stout Agrippa, his freynd dere
Hys nauy led at hand, wele by ncre
As he that in his help, and succouris fundis
The prosper fawouris, baith of goddis & wyndis
quhais forehede schane, of ane proud sung of weris
Ane croun with stamis, sic as schippis beris
Vuthonius Marcus Anthonius, cummis thame agains
With hale supple, of Bachiaranis
As nobyll byctoure, and cheif conquerour
Caryand wyth hym, of orient the hour
Dyuers armyis, and peppil for melle
From Peirs, Egypt, and coistes of the red se
Che power al assemblit in his flote
Ane huge rout, and multitude god wote

The zoundermeſt pepill, clepit byattan is
Quhilkis nere the Caſtle part, of the woꝛld remanis
Him followis to the feild, ane ſchame to ſa
His ſpous Egiptiane, quene Cleopatra
Thay ſemyt ſamyn, rulchit all togiddir
Quhill all the ſey vpſtouris, with ane quhidder
Quer weltit with the beneſell, of the arts
Faſt fra the foꝛeſtammes, the flude ſouchis and carts
As thay togidder, machit on the depe
Thou ſuld haif wenyt, quhay therto tuke kepe
The grete yландis, Cyclades hale vprent
Apoun the ſey fletand, quhare thay went
Quer huge hie hillis, concurrand all atanys
Togidder rulche, and mete with vthir montanys
On athir hand, with ſa grete foꝛce and wecht
The men aſſaltis in ſchip, of toure to fecht
Thay warp at vthir bricht, bleſis of fyre
The kendillit lynt, and hardis birnand ſchyre
The dartis caſting fra hand, to hand lete flete
Slang gaddis of Jrn, eand flane caſt grete plente
Neptunus feildis, all the large flude
Foꝛ new ſlauchter wolꝛ blandit, rede of blude
Amyd the oſtis Cleopatra, quene
The routis did aſſembill, to fecht bedene
With tempane ſound, in gyſe of hir cuntre
Prouokand thame to moue in the melle
Noꝛzit beheld ſcho not, thir edderis twane
Behind hir bak, that ektir has hir ſlane
The monſtruous goddis, figure of al kynd
That honoꝛit ar, in Egipt oꝛ in ynd
And eik the barkand, ſtatew anubis
Agane Neptune, agane venus Jwys
And als agane mynerua, poꝛturit ſtandis
In that bargane with wappinnis, in thare handis

Amyd the feild, stude Mars that fell oftin fyre
In place and stale, wod bryn as ony fyre
The sorowful furies, from the firmament
By the goddis to tak, vengeance war sent
Inuent discord, ioyus of that Iourne
With mantil rent, and schorne men micht hir se
Quham kollowit, bellona of batall
With hir kynd cousing, the scharp scurgis kell
Actius Appollo, seand in the skye
Of this melle, the doutsum victorie
His bow aboue thare hedis, has he bent
Like for to schute his dartis, and doun sent
For drede of quham, al the Egipcianis
Al thay of ynde, and the arrabianis
And thay of Saupe, turnit bak to fle
Cleopatra the quene, thare mycht thou se
Wynd sale about, and gang befor the wynd
Ay mare and mare, dredand persute behynd
Slakand schetis, and haldand roume at large
With purpure sale, aboue hir pantit barge
The mychty god of fyre, hir wrocht and made
Ful pale of hew, sorowful and not glad
In sing to cum, of hir smert haisty dede
Amang dede corps, now of slaucheer rede
And wyth the west wynd, and the wallis haw
Fra wart the flude of nyle, ouer stremes blaw
Quhilk nylus ryuer, murnand for thare diseis
His large skirt on brede, spred thame to pleis
Iulys Cesar with al his habit, oppynyt thame to cal
As thocht him lyst, resaue the vincust all
Within his wattry bosum, large and rude
And hid in secrete, conduct of his flude
Within the wallis sene of Romes ciete
Cesare resaut wyth, tryumphys thre

Thou

Thou mycht behald, thare offerand on his gise
Till Italie goddis, in mortall sacrifice
Ouer all the ciete, in maist singulare ioy
The bliskfull keist, thay making man and boy
So that thre hundreth, rial temple is dyng
Of riot rippet, and of reuelling
Ryngis and of the mythfull, sportis lere
The stretis sounding, on solacius maneris
At euery sanctuary, and altare vpsent
In karrolling the lusty, ladyis went
Befoire the altaris eik, in cirkill round
The bryntyt beistis, strouit all the ground
Cesare him selfe sesit, in sett riall
Within the snaw quhite, statelie marbill wall
At god Phebus tempil, thare as he sat
Ueliand the pepil giftis, this and that
And on the proude pillaris in taikynnyng
Of his triumphe maid, thare be vphing
The pepil by him vincust, mycht thou knaw
Befoire him pasland, per ordour all on raw
In langkum cryme, and how fele kyndis lere
Of toungis and of langage, men mycht here
Als mony diuers habitis, war thay strange
Als feile sortis of armouris, did thay change
Vulcanus here the battellis, Mumydanis
And thay folkis, that affric remanis
Had grauin wele, and zonder porturat was
The Leleganis, and pepil of Carras
And gelones the pepil, of Cithea
In archery, the quhilk ar wounder tha
The mikle flude, Eufratis fast by
With strenyt now, semyt flow mare sobirly
The moryne pepil eik, fast by the se
Of men repute, the last extremite

The forkit ſtude, of reyne eik payntit was
And the vndantit danys, thare did pas
The ſtud arar, of armony alſo
Hauand diſdene ane vrig, ouer it ſuld go
Eneas of his moderis gift woundering
Ouer all Vulcanus ſcheild, ſa mony ane ſing
Wrocht on ſic wys, not knawand the mater
To ſe the figuris, of thir ſtoryis ſere
Reioſit wor, and ſyne deliuerly
Apoun his ſchulderis hyntis, vp in hy
The famous honoure, and hie renoune
Or glorius geiſtis of his poſterite.

Finis.

The prologe of the. ix. booke

Vertue is the richt way to honor quhilk has euer this rewill with hyr. do as thou wald be done to/ vice cotrar is the way to all myſcheif myr forſoun quhilk is groundit on falſet & leſingis

Hir luſty verſis, of hie nobilite
Agilite did write, of luſty clerkis
And thareon merkis wiſdome, vtilite
Na vilite, no ſic vnwourthy werkis
Scurilite is bot for doggis, that barkis
Quhay thareto harkis, fallis in fragilite

Honeſte is the way, to wourthynes
Vertew doutles, the perfite gate to blys
Thou do na nys, and eſcheu ydelnes
Perſew proues, hald na thing that is hys
Be not rakles, to ſa ſone za I wys
And ſyne of this the contrare, wirk expres

Do to ilk wicht, as done to, thou wald be
Be neuer ſle, and doubill, na zit ouer licht
Uſe not thy mycht, aboue thyne awin degre
Clym not ouer hie, nor zit ouerlaw to lycht
Wirk ya magre, thoch thou be neuer ſo wicht

Hald with the richt, and preis the neuer to le
Aneuch of this, bs nedis preich no moze
Bot accozding the purpois said befoze
The riall stile clepit Heroicall
Full of wourschip, and nobilnes ouer all
Suld be compilit, but tenchis oz bode wourde
Kepand honest wise spoztis quhare euer thay burde
All louis langage, and lichtnes lattand be
Obseruand bewtie sentence, and grauite
The sayand eik, suld wele consider this
His mater and quham to it, intitillit is
Eftir myne autouris, wourdis we suld tak tent
That baith accozd, and bene conuenient
The man the sentence, and the knychtlie style
Sen we mon carp of vassalege, ane quhile
Gif we discriue the woddis, the treis quod he
Suld conformme, to that mannis dignite
Quham to our werk, we direct and indite
Quhat helpis it full litill, it wald delite
To write of scroggis, brome hadder oz rammell
The laurer cedir, oz the palme triumphale
Ar mare ganand, foz nobillis of estate
The muse suld with, the persoun aggree algate
Stra foz to speik of gate, to gentill wicht
Ane hound ane stede mare, langis foz ane knicht
Quhom to efferis, hant na rebald dale
There suld na knicht, rede bot ane knichtly tale
Quhat fozcis him, the bussart oz the brere
Set wele him semes, the falcone hereoner
He comptis na mare gled, noz the fewlume
Thocht wele him likis, the gotschalk glaid of plume
The cur oz mastis, he haldis at smale auale
And culzis spanzeartis, to chace partrik oz quale
Ne bid I not, into my stile foz thy

Euery mā
to glaid; de
lytys mest
of that
thig quhat
to he is gif
fyn by na-
ture oz edu
cacion
sum to re-
wil cōmon
welthis/ sā
to letyng/
and sum to
his awin
plesoz with
out ony re
spect of
vert ew oz
wisdom.

To speke of truffis, nor nane harlottry
Sen that myne auchor, with sic eloquence
His bukis illuminate has, and he sentence
Sa fresche enditit, and sang poetical
That it is clepit the werk, imperiall
Endyte vnto the grete, Octauiane
The emprour excellent and maist souerane
By quham the gospell, makis mencioun
The hale warld, put was to discriptioun
To nowmer al the pepil, tharin suld be
So but rebellioun, alquhare obeyit was he
Bot sen that Virgil, standis but compare
Thocht in our leid, his sayingis to declare
I haue in ryme, thus fer furth tane the cure
Now war I laith, my lang labour mifkure
Althocht my termes, be not polist a way
His sentence sall I hald, as that I may
Gif ocht be wele, thank Virgil and not me
Quhare ocht is bot gats, mys or out of gre
My lewitnes I grant, has all the wyte
Couth not ensewe, his ornate freschе endite
Bot with ful hardy curage, malapart
Schupe to interprete, and did perchance peruart
This maist renowned, prince of poetry
Quher I sa did, mea culpa I cry
Thesautho rys meyk- nes and humylyte
zit by my selfe, I fynd this prouerbe perfyte
The blak craw thinkis, hir awin birdis quhyte
Sa faris with me, be w schirris wil ze herk
Can not persaif ane falt, in al my werk
Affectioun sa fer, my resloun blyndis
Quhare I misknaw myne errour, quha it findis
For charite amendis, it gentil wicht
Syne perdoun me sat sa, fer in my lycht
And I sal help to smoze, zour falt leif brother

Thus bāilze quod bailze, ilk gude helpis bhit
And for I haue my werk, addzeſſit and dycht
I dar ſa baith to gentil, barroun and knycht
Quhais name aboue, I haik done noteſy.
And now of pzoues, and hie cheuelrie
Behuffis me to wzite, and carpe ane quhile
The moze glaidlie I ſal inforze my ſtyle
And for his ſaik do ſcharp, my pen al ne in
My maiſt renownit auctor, I enſew
That thare ſalbe, wil god litil offence
Saukand our buſtuous bulgare difference
No moze as now, in pzeambil me liſt expone
The nynte buke thus begynneth, of Eneadone

Finis.

The nynth buk of Eneados

Juno to Turnus/in meſſage Iris ſent
To leze the troianis Eneas, tho ablent

QUhill on this wyſe, as I haik layd or this
Sic ordinance, and materis wirkand is
In diuers placis, ſet full fer ytwyn
Saturnus get Juno, that lyſt not blyn
Of hir auld malyce, and iniquite
Hir madin Iris, from heuyne ſendis ſche
To the bald Turnus, malapart and ſtout
Quhilk for the tyme, was wyth al his rout
Amyd ane vale wounder, lowne and law
Sittand at eis, within the hallowit ſchaw
Of god Ylumnus, his pzogenitore
Thamantis dochter, knelis bum befoze
I mene Iris, thys ilk foznemyt maide
And wyth hir roſy lippis, thus him ſaid
Turnus beheld on cais, reuoluit the day
And of his fre wyl, ſendis the perfay

Hic aduantage, and opoztunite
Iris exhoz tacione to turnus kyng of rutilianis to make war with the troia nys. And let thou wald hef, askit it quod sche
Thare was neuer ane, of al the goddis ding
Quhilk durst haue the promittit, sic ane thyng
Eneas desolate, leuand this ciete
His nauy ek, his feris and hale meyne
Is til Euander socht, and palentyne
That burgh, bot not yneuch foz fozthir syne
To the extreme cities, of tuskany
In mont tozychus, haldis he in hy
And dois assembil, the wyld labozeris
That quhiluin com tra lide, to armes in weris
Quhat dzedis thou, now tyme is to pzik bozs
Now tyme foz til assayzone cartis and fozs
Haue done, mak na mare tary noz delay
Set on thare strenthis sone, gif thaime affray
Quod scho, and thare with in his presence euyn
With equale wingis, flaw vp to the heuin
Under the cluddis, schapand quhare scho went
Ane grete rane bow, of diuers hewis ment
The zoung man knew, hir wele and haistelie
Vp baith his handis heuis to the skye
With sic wourdis followand, oz sche did fle
Turnus answer obeyng Iris petitey on. Iris thou bewtie, of the heuynnys hie
Throw al the cluddis, and the skies bzoun
Quha has the send to me, in erth adoun
How is becum, on this wise quod he
Sa bzicht wedder, and clere serenite
I se the heuynnys oppynit and diuide
And mouand sternis, in the liftis syde
So grete takynnys, and reuelacionis schaw
I sal persaik, and follow quhat befaw
Quhat euer thou be, that callis to the weris
Thy command, I sal obey as efferis

And thãt withal, with wordis augural
Eftir thare ſpayng ceremonis diuinal
Vnto the flude, anone furth ſteppis he
And of the ſternis, crop ane litil we
The wattir liftis vp, into his handis
Ful gretumlie, the goddis quhare he ſtandis
Beſekand til attend, til his prayer
The beummys chargeing, with fele auowis ſere

With this the oſtis, al in the plane feild
Held furth arrayit, ſchinand vnder ſcheild
Men mycht behald, ful mony rial ſtedis
Ful mony paynttit targe, and werelike wedis
Of giltin gere, did glitter bank and bus
The formeſt battel, ledis Meſapus
The hindmeſt oſtis, had in gouerning
Of Thirrins the ſonnis, and childer zing
Turnus thare duke, reulis the middil oſt
With glaue in hand, maid awful fere and boiſt
Thame til array, rade turnand to and fro
And be the hede athale, quhare he dyd go
Hyer than al the rout, men mycht him ſe
In ſic ordour furthaldis his menze
Lyke as ſum tyme gangis, the flude indane
Seuyn ſwelland riueris, eftir ſpace of rane
Reſſauit in hys large boſum in hye
In hys depe trough, nolv flowand eſely
Or as vmquhyle, the fatyl flude Nylus
Ouerflctand, al the feildis bank and bus
Syne eftir the grete fludys, waters rage
Returnis ſwagent, tyl thare auld paſſage

The oſtis cummys to dwarte arrayit in battell.
The van gard.
The reyr gard.
The grete armys

Turnus ſegeis the troianis/in grete yre
And al theris ſchyppis and nauy/ſet in fyre

BE this the troianis, in thare new ciete
Ane dusty sop vprisand, gan do se
Full thik of stoure vp thrungand, in the are
And all the feildis myrknyt mare and mare
Caycus first cryis, as he war wod
Doun from the hee garrot, quhare he stude,
O cietezanis, how grete ane oist quod he
Is lappit in zone dusty stew I se
Swyth zour armour tak, zour wappinnis all
Bring hiddir dartis fete, apoun the wall
Our Inemyis cummis, at hand but dout
Hay, hay, go to, than cry thay with ane schout
And with ane huge, brute troianis at schoyt
Thare wallis stuffit, and closit euery poyt
For sa Eneas, maist expert in armes
At his departing, dredand for thare harmes
Gaif thame command, gif thay assalzeit were
Or his returninge, be hard forthoun of were
That thay ne suld in battell, thame array
Nor in the plane, thare Inemyis assay
Bot bad thay suld, alaucrlie with bald
Thare strenth within thare, fowlyis as he wald
And keip thare wallis, forcely and wele
With fowsly dykis, and wapptinnys styf of steil
Tharefor all thocht, bayth schame and fellonn Ire
Thare breistis had inflammyt, hote as fyre
In the plane feild, on thare famen to set
Sit neuertheles thare poyntis, haue thay schet
For till obey the commaund, of Enee
On bois turettis, and on houslis hie
Enarmed stude thare, fais till abide
Turnus the chiftane, on the tothir syde
Come to the ciete, or that ony wist
Furthfle and swyppirlie, as that hym best list

Caiens oyation to the troianys.

The troyanis keyis ther toune as Eneas commaundit them to do

Befoze the oist, quhilk went bot esy pase
With him ane, cu ynty chesin men he has
Apoun ane sterand stede, of trace he sat
Of cullour dapill gray, and wele fat
Full hie risand, aboue his knychtly hede
His goldin helme, with tymbzel all blude redē
Go zoung gallanddis, quhay that list (quod he)
Thare Incmyis assailze fitst, with me
And with that word thzew, ane dart in the are
As he to gif the batal, all reddy ware
Syne in the plane feild, with bzowdin baneris gay
Bargane to byde, and dzew hym tyl array
His feris al rasit, the clamour hie
And followand thare chiftane, he and he
The bzute rasit, with grisly sound attanis
And gan to meruel, the dolf hartit troianis
That durst not as thame sempt, in plane feild
Thame self auenture, noz zit with spere and scheild
Wach with thare famen, in patent bargane
Bot hald tham in thare strenthis, euery ane
And al commouit bzym, and ful of Ire
Saith here and thare, Turnus the greuit sire
went on hozsbak, serland about the wall
Euery dern way, and secrete passage al
Gif ony entre, oz locum espy
He mycht foz till assale the ciete by
Lyke as wese watchand, the ful schepefald
The wyld wolf ouerset wyth schouris cald
Wyth wynd and rane, at myddis of the nicht
About the boucht plet, al of wandis ticht
Bzais and gzynis tharin, blatand the lam mys
Full souerane, liggis vnder the dammys
He bzym and kelloun, in his rage and furoure
Iganis the absentis, reddy to deuoure

Turnus oyation to his cuty lynais

Turnus diligence

Kasis

Rasis in ire for the wod, hungeris list
His wylnyt throte, hauand, of blude sic thrist
Generis of lang fast, sic ane appetite
That he constrenit is, in extreme syte
Nane vthir wyse, the ferefull feruent Ire
In Turnus breist, vpkendillis hate as fire
Seand thir wallis, and forteressis attanis
The huge ennoy birnis him, throw the bayis
ymagenand by quhat ressoun, or way
His Ine myis he mycht wyn, till assay
And on quhat wise the troyanis, fra thare strenth
He mycht expell, in plane feild on lenth
Mak thame to Itche, in patent batel place
And as he musand, was tharon percase
The nauy of thare schippis, he did inuade
That fast by tonyt, to the wall was laid
With dykis, and with fousyis deep about
In the flude wattir, as nere out of dout
Quham fra he had espied, but a baid
At his feris quhilkis wilfull, war and glaid
Eftir the fire, and kendillyng did he cry
And in his awin handis, hynttis vp in hy
Ane blesand fyre brand, of the firren tre
Than besely rutulianis, he and he
So the presence of Turnus, did thame stere
That euery man, the rekand schidis in fere
Rent fra the fyris, and on the schippis slang
The semys crakkit, the wattir billis and sang
The talloned burdis, kest ane pikky low
Vpblesis ouerlok betschis, wrangis and how
Quhill mert with reik, the fell sparkis of fyre
Hie in the are vpglidis, birnand schyre

Turnus byrnys the troianis scryppis

How the fyre was expellit fra the nauy
The schippis translate in Nimphis or goddes of se

SAy me o Mulis, rehers and declare
Quhilke of the goddis, fa cruell flambis fare
Hed from troianis, quha fa vehement fyre
Dzaif from thare fchippis, thus wife birnand fchire
The dede is auld, foz to beleik oz wzy
Bot the memoz remanis, perpetually
The firft tume quhen, the troiane Eneas
Be fey to tak his vayage, fchupe to pas
And gan to beild his fchippis, vp ilk ane
In Ida fozeft, that mont Phzigiane
The moder of the goddis, Bercynthia
Spak to hir fon, grete Jupiter thay fay
With fic kynd wourdis, fayand my childe dere
Graunt this ane afking, quhilk I the require
Grant thy belouit moder, bot ane thing
Thou that art maiftez, of the heuinly ryng
Apoun the top of gargarus, quod fche
Thare grew ane fir wod, the quhilke in to dayntc
Full monyzeris held I, as is knaw
This was my cuthil, and my hallount fchaw
Quhare that the Phzigianis, maid ane facrifice
Full wele me likit thareto, walk oft fyce
With pikky treis blak, fkuggit about
And haboundance, of hattir geiftis ftout
Quhilk glaidly I haif geuin, ane zoung troyane
Strang Eneas diffend, from king dardane
Foz till fuppozt, the myfteris, of his natty
And now the doutfum dzede, foz the ilk quhy
Full penfiue haldis me, and dois canftrane
Deliuer me of this fere, be fum mene
Quod dere fon, fuffir at thy moderis requeft
Be admittit this ane tyme, at the leift
So that thay fchippis, be neuer mare oz fet
With contrar (cours, noz zit with ftozme doun bet

Mare they

Phzigil tyl make the mater moz plefand mixit a tale of the troianis fchippis chan git in goddis of the lee

Quharby

Quhárby thay may haue, ſum auale quod ſche
That thay vmquhile grew on, our hillis hie
Hir ſon the quhilk reulis, at hir liking
The heuin the ſternes, and all erdly thing
Anſuerd and ſaid, o moder beſt belouit
How art thou thus agam̄, the katis amouit
Or quham to aſkis, thou to thir quod he
With mortall handis, wrocht of ſtokkis and tre
That is to ſay thir ſchippis, ſo abill to ſele
That le ſum war thay, ſuld be Immortale
And that euer in dedely corps, vnſure
Allouerit kermlie, throw all dangeris ſure
Quhat god has to him, grantit ſic frelege
Bot for thy laik, quhen fully thare vayage
Thay haif completit, and at coſtis of Itale
Arriuit ar, and in thay portis, ſet ſale
And thare duke troyane, caryit ouer the ſe
The boundis of Laurentum, that cuntre
Als mony of thame, as than has eſchape
The wally fluddis, fall I turne and ſchape
Furth of thir mortall fornus, corruptabyle
And ſall commaund thame, for to be mare abill
From thens forduart, Immortale quod he
In Nymphis turnit, and goddeſſes of the ſe
Like as nereus dochter, Clacho gay
And Galathea, throw foimy fludis gray
Schering, with brade breſtis delitabile
Quod Jupiter, and to hald ferme and ſtabill
Be ſtir the flude Pluto, his brutheris ſe
His godlie aith, and promis ſworn has he
Be that ilk pykky laik, with brais blak
And laithlie ſwirlis, to kepe that he ſpak
He did affirme his hecht, and in taikynnyng
The heunnys all inaid, trymbill at his liking

Thar-for

Thar for the day, that he by promis set
Is now at hand, and the full tyme of det
By the werd sistris, schap, is now complete
Quhen Turnis thus in his, Iniurius hete
Admonist has his pepill, and commandis
With dry schydis, and with hait firebrandis
The moder of goddis, by sic flaumbis fell
Furth of hir hallowit schippis, to expell
At this time first, apperis in hir sycht
Ane new taiknyming, of new pleland lycht
And ane brade schynand cloud, than thay did espy
Cum fra the est rynnand, ouer all the sky
The routis eik anone, thay gan behald
Of ydeanis thay wichtis, that in the hald
Ar of the moder, of the goddis cloce
Doun from the are come eik ane, ferefull voce
And fillit all the eilis, baith at anis
Of troyane pepil, and Rutulianis
Sayand troianis dreide nathing, haist zou nocht
For to defend my schippis, albede ze mocht
For that caus tak, na wappinnis in your handis
For rather now, as that the mater standis
Sal it befall Turnus, to fyre the fley
Or that he birne my bargis, maid of tre
Or ze my schippis, now to zou I say
Go fre at large, quhare ze list away
Go furth and sowme, as goddes of the fley
The moder of goddis, comandis sa to be
And with that word, als tyte furth from the brai
Ilk barge bownis, cuttand hir cabil in tua
Lyke dalphin fysche, anone as thay tuke kepe
Thare snowtis dowkand, held vnder the depe
Syne from the ground, ane wounder thing to say
Myth als fele virgine facis vpspring thay

And

And throw the fludis, quhare thame lift dyd fare
How mony fteile ftammyt, bargis that are
Stude by the coiftis fyde, or thay war fyrit
Rutulianis wor affrayit with myndis myrit
Meſapus muſing, can withdraw on dreith
Scand his ſtedis, and the hors ſkeith
And eik the riuer, brayit with hais ſound
Quhil tyberynus, bak wart did rebound
As thocht his coursdid ſtop, and lepe abak
Bot nethcles, for al the fere thay make
The hie curage, and forcy hardiment
Bad vnamouit, in turnus ſtout entent
So that baldly, with hardy wourdis on hie
Thare ſpretis raſit, and rycht feirſtlie he
Gan thame repreik, that tuke for nocht ane fray
The monſtruous takynnis, at the ſey perfay
Sekis myſcheif, to the troyanis ſayd he
And by this way, grete Jupiter as ze ſe
Has now bereft thare help, and confydence
Quhare by thay wount war, for to ſek for defence
Now no wder rutiliane fyre, nor ſwerdis dynt
May th em withſtand, for all thare force is tynt
Sen that thay may not eſchapeby the ſe
Nor has no manere of hope, away to fle
The maiſt half of the troiane help is loſt
This land is in our power, teild and coiſt
So that thay ſal in na wiſe eſchape our brandis
How mony thouſandis, douchty men of handis
Ar here aſſemblit, al Italianis
I compt na thing, al thocht zone fant troianis
Rekin thar fatis, that thay hidder brocht
Al ſic vane rufe, I fere, as thing of nocht
In caſe thay proude, of the goddis anſueris
And thame awant therof, with fellown feris

Turnus nothing co moned ſtoutlye ex hortis hys men of war to bat tel with the Meſargu mentis ſto cotese the troianis vane fatis a goddis tinze an eyis.

Jt may wele ſuffis, and yneuch J wys
Wayth to thare fatis, and venus grantit is
That euer thir troyanis, in this coſt faſt by
Pas onys twychit, the boundis of Jtaly
Wyrdis eik, and fatall deſtanye
Be the contrare, is grantit vnto me
This curſit peppll, to bet doun with my glaue
For my dere ſpous, quham bereft me thay haue
Nor this ennoy alanerly, twichis nocht
The twa Jtrides, that troy to rewyne brocht
J mene the pryncipale, chiftanis brethir tway
That is to knaw, agemenon and Menelay
Nor zit allane this caus, to armes ſteris
The peppl of myce, to moue battal and weris
Bot pryncipally this querrel, myne J knaw
Gif it had bene yneuch, as that thay ſchaw
That thay bot anis, dyſtroyit aucht to be
Jt war yneuch, and mycht ſuffice think me
That thay haue faltit, anys lang tyme befoire
Quhy doubyl thay, thare treſpas moir and moir
All thocht that wemen, brocht thame to foly
zit haut thay not, wemen altutterly
Quhat mene thay, be this myddil mantil wall
This lityl ſtop of dykis, and fowlyis all
Wene thay their bene ane ſtrenth, that may thame ſaif
Thare lyif is now, in ieoperdy thay raif
Full nere thare dede thay ſtand, all men may knaw
Quhidder gyf the wicht, wallis of troy thay ſaw
Belt by the hand, of Neptunus thare ſyre
Rent and bet doun, and all thare toun in fyre
Bot oze bailzeant, knychtis of renowne
Quham J behald, wyth pikkis brekand doun
zone foztres, and now preſent wyth me
Allaizeant this effrayit, ſtrenth we ſe

Vs nedis wyth Vulcanus armour here
Aganis thir maist kant troianis in our were
Noȝit we myster not ane thousand schippis
Al thocht hail tuskany into fallouschippis
Wyth thaym addowe and cum on euery syde
Lat thaym not dȝede that we be nychtis tyde
Shall thyftwisly palladium stale away
Noȝ sla thare wachis slepand na perfay
Derne in ane hoȝs baly large oȝ wyde
Thaym to dissaue we sal vs neuer hid
Foȝ determyt haue we by force in fecht
In plane batal and on dayis licht
Wyth fyre and swerd ȝone wallis vmbelet
So douchtelie we schaip to do our det
That thay sal not beleif were vncertane
Aganis grekis noȝ pepil pelasgane
Quhilkis in thare weris pȝeut sa pȝeteles men
That Hectoȝ thaym delayit ȝeris ten
Now cholin men and walit weriouris
Sen the maist part of this dayis houris
Is gane said he I hald it foȝ the best
Efter this gud Joȝnay ȝe tak ȝou rest
Do eis ȝour bodyis and ȝour hoȝs quhil day
Bot hald ȝou reddy foȝ the batal ay
In the mene tyme of the nycht wache the cure
Ane gif melapus the ȝettis to discure
And foȝ to bete bȝycht fyris about the wallis
Twys keuin rutulianis foȝ al chance bekallis
War cholin with knychtis foȝ to wache the toun
And eik ane hundȝeth follows reddy boun
Of ȝoung gallandis with purpure crestis rede
Thare giltin gere maid glittering euery stede
Quhar so thay walk and rownys stil and sof
Thay stalk about and wardis changis oft

And sum tymie one the grene herbis doun set
Thay birle the wyne, and tik man his det
For till ouerturne, goblettis of mettell bricht
The schynand fyris, ouer al the land kest licht
And al the fore nycht, thir wachis sikin way
But slepe did spend, in reuil gam and play

Here nisus carpis/to hys freynd Euriall
Tyl vndertak/ane auenture vnsyly.

The troianis from thare forterres, quhar thay stude,
All thare deray beheld, and vnderstude
And bayth wyth armour, and with wappinnis brycht
The towre hedis, thay stuffit al that nicht
And fele tymes in haistly, effere for drede
The portis besy thay, gif ocht war nede
And draw briggis, before the zettis vpraist
Joned to the wallis, that thay suld not be betrasit
And euery man, stud reddy in his gere
Enarmed weil, and in his hand ane spere
Quelcheus sterne, and eik Serestus stout
Ful besy war, to walk and go about
Til ordinance, for til put euery thyng
For than Eneas, at his departing
Had put Rutulis, to his young son dere
And mayster capitanys, til his oist in were
Gif so betid, ony aduersite
Or auenture, before his returne
Ane hale legioun, about the wallis large
Stude waching bodin, with bow spere and targe
The dangere was, by cuttis sone decide
At euery corner, quha or quha suld byde
And euery man, his cours about did slepe
Quhil that his fallow had, his ward to kepe
Nisus hirtatus son, that tyme was set
Is for his stand, to byde and kepe the zet

Eneas wisdome prouiding for thingis to cum.

The hiſtorie of Nitſus and Eurialus in the quhilk is diſcriuid the pertyt loue to wart ther cuntre and prince and alſo the grete frenſchippe amang frendis.

As he that was in armes, bald and ſtout
And the maiſt vailzeand, in til al that rout
Quham Ida his moder, ane huntrice
In fallouſchip ſend, wit'y ful wyſe
To caſt dartis nane ſo expert as he
Noꝛ foꝛ to ſchote ſwift arrowis half ſo ſle
Eurillius his fader ſtude hym by
Of al Eneas oiſt, nane mare gudlie
Noꝛ zit mare ſemlie cled, in troiane armes
Stout of hie curage, dꝛedand foꝛ nane harmes
His fluriſzouth reuiſt his village zing
Zit neuer ſchawin, with pilis newly ſpꝛing
To thir twa, was ane wil in vnyte
Ane luſt, ane mynd, in vnykoꝛmyte
Sampyn thay zede to mete, to reſt to play
And boith to giddir, in batel ruſchit thay
Now ſampyn eik, thay war in ſtatioun ſet
As bayth in fere, to kepe the comoun zet
Nilus thus ſpekis, o bꝛothir myne Eurilly
Quhiddir gif the goddis, oꝛ ſum ſpꝛetis ſilly
Wouis in our myndis, this ardent thocht ful ſire
Oꝛ gif that euery mannis, ſchꝛewit deſyꝛe
Be as his god, and genius in that place
I wat neuer how it ſtandis, bot this lang ſpace
My mynd mouis to me, here as I ſtand
Batel oꝛ ſum grete thyng, to tak on hand
I knaw not to quhat purpois, it is dꝛeſt
Bot be na way may I tak eis, noꝛ reſt
Behaldis thou not, ſo ſurelie but affray
Zone rutulianis, haldis thaym glaid and gay
Thare firis now begynnys, ſchyne ful ſyꝛe
Sowpit in wyne, and ſlepe bayth man and fyꝛe
At quiet lugeing, zounder at thare wyll
Quhene ſilence haldis, the large feildis ſtill

Conſidꝛis

Conſyder this prokoundly, I the pray
Quhat ſuld I drede, quhat thingis thou how ſay
Bayth commoun peppl, and the heris bald
To bryng agane Eneas, ful fane thay wald
Langyng ful ſare eftir, his hame cummyng
And of his mynd, to haue ſure wyting
Thay all deſyre ſum, autentik men be ſend
Gyf as I wald thow, had licence to wend
Sen I knaw weil, thy nobill famous dedis
In ſic ane caſe me thynk, na man thar nedis
Vnder zone mote, the way fund wele I ſe
To hald vnto the wallis, of Pelentie
Eurialus ſmyte, with hie feruent deſyre
Of new renowne, quhilk brynt him hate as fyre
And halfe eſchamyt, of this bodwart glade
Thus to his beſt belouit, fallow ſaid
Nyſus brother, in ſouerane actis hie
For ony caus, how may thou refuſe me
With the to go, in fallowſchip as fere
Suld the ſend allane, in ſic dangere
My fader Olpheltes, the quhilk all his dayis
The weris hantit neuer, apoun that wayis
Inſtruckit me, nor taucht ſic cowardry
Was I not lerned, to hant cheualry
Amyd the grekis brag, the troyane weris
Haue I me borne, with the that all efferis
Of my curage, the maiſt douchty Enee
And of fortoun, to the laſt extremite
Haue I not followit, refuſing na pyne
Here is, here is, within this corpis of myne
Ane fory ſprete, that dois this lyfe diſpiſe
Quhilk reputis fare, to vilfil on this wyſe
Wyth thus honour, thou thus pretendis to wyn
This mortall ſtate, and lifte that we bene in

Nisus ānsuerit,forsoith my bröder ding
Of the god wate,zit dred I neuer sic thyng
For so to think in kayth,vnleiffful war
So hale and fere,mote sauf me Jupiter
And bring me sound agane,with victorie
As euer zit of the sic consate,had I
To witnes draw I that,ilk god quod he
Wyth frendlye ene,quhilk dois vs here and se
And in mynd,first vnouit this consate
Bot gif that so betid,as wele ze wate:
In sic auenturis,thare bene dangeris sere
Be hard fortoun,or auenture of were
Or goddis dispositioun,happin it fall
Wy wyll was the to sauf,fra perrellys all
Thy flurist zouth,is mare wourthy to leif
Than for to put in dangere,or myscheif
I wald also at hame,sum freynd haue had
That gyf that I was tabin,and hard stade
Or fra me reft the luft,and sa withhald
Quhilk my body,or banys ransoun wald
And lay in graif,eftir our trotane gyse
Or gif forfoun wald,suffir than na wyse
Wy body mycht,be brocht to berial
Than to his freynd,the seruice funeral
With obsequies to do,for corpis present
And in my memour,vp ane tombe to sient
Ne wald I not,also that I suld be
Caus or occasioun,of sic dule quod he
To thy maist reuthfull moder,traist and kynd
Quhilk anerlie,of hir maist tendir mynd
From al the vtheris matrouns,of our rout
Has followit the hir,louit child about
Ne for thy saik,refusit not the se
And gaif na force,of Acestes cjete

The tothir tho him,answered sone agane
My frend for not,thou seis sic wordis in vane
Ingirand cais,ar of name effect
My first intent,I list not change nor bryk
Haist vs quod he,and thare withal bayth twa
The nixt watche,thay walknit quhare thay la
Quhilk gat on lute,and to thare rowmes went
Eurialus,to fulfil his entent
with Nisus,furthtcan hald his way anone
And to the Prince Ascaneus,ar gone

¶ How at the counsel/the forenamyt two
Unto Eneas purchest leyt to go.

Aboun the earth,the vthir beistis al
Thare bely chochtis cossing grete and smal
Ful sound on slepe,did caucht thare rest be kynd
All irksum laubour,forzet out of mynd
Bot the cheif ledaris,of the troiane rout
And floure of fensabill zoung men,and stout
In the mene tyme,sat at wyle counsel
For common wele,and materis he befel
Considering wysely,quhat a do thare was
Or quha suld message,bere to Eneas
Amyddis thare tentis,in feild quhare thay stand
with sicheldis schroud,apoun thare speris lenand
Tho Nisus and Eurialus bayth twane
Glaid of this cast seand thare tyme mayst gane
Besocht thay mycht,be admittit to say
Ane grete mater of wecht,quhais delay
Mycht harme grete dele,and eik be thare awise
Thare erand was worth,audience and of price
Ascaneus seand furst,thare hastly way
Admittit thare desire,and bad thaym say
Than this Nisus Hirtatus son,thus sayid
O cytull troianis,with equale myndis glaid

Æneas oration to the counsall

Reſſaue my wourdis,for this thyng quod he
Quhilk I zou tel may,not conſiderit be
Wyth ſic as we noꝛ men,ſa zoung of zeris
Bot til zour wiſdome,til auiſe efferis
The rutulians,ouer ſet with ſlepe and wyne
Liggis ſoupit forꝛdouerit,dꝛounkyn as ſwyne
To ſet apoun thaym,and awate wich ſkaith
The place ſoithlie we haik eſpyed baith
Quhilk reddy may,ful eſelie be get
In zounder foꝛbit way,ſtrekit fra the zet
Doun to the ſeis coaſt,the nerreſt went
Quhare the fyꝛis laſt,failzeis nere out bꝛent
So that the blak reik,dirknis al the are
Gif that ze ſuffir wald,as I ſaid are
That we mycht vſe,this opoꝛtunite
Quhilk foꝛ toun has vs grantit,ſuld ze ſe
Eneas ſocht be vs,at Valentyne
And hiddir bꝛocht in ſchoꝛt quhile,hidder fyne
Wyth ryche ſpulze,and mekil ſlauchter made
We knaw the way thidder,ful wele he ſaid
And al the wattir of tyber vp and doun
In dirk baleyis,oft we ſaw the toun
As we by cuſtome,of the hunting hantit
Agit Alethes,that na wyſdome wantit
Bot baith was ripe,in counſele and in zeris
Unto thir wourdis,degeſtlie maid anſueris
O kyndlie goddis,of our natiue landis
Under quhais mychtis,troy al tyme vpſtandis
All thocht the wele thareof,in dout remanis
zit liſt ze not,diſtroy al the trotanis
Nor thaym ſa clene,of face aluterlie
Sen ſa ſtout myndis,as we here eſpie
And ſa bald reddy bꝛeiſtis,geuin haue ze
To thir zoungkeis,and ſayand thus can he

The

The richt handis, and schulderis of bayth enbrace
With teris trynkland, ouer his chekis and face
O manly knichtis quhat reward conding
Way ganandlie, be geuin for sic ane thyng
Forsoith I can not, in my mynd deuise
Bot zour maist cheif, ganezeyld and gift, to prise
The grete goddis, mot rendir zou said he
And zour awin vertue, mot be renowne
The remanent anone, ze sal ressaue
Sa that na wise, ze sal zour medis craue
Be the handis, of reuthful Eneas
Or gif he sone, fra this lyfe happinis pas
Ascaneus ass zit, quhilk is but page
Zoung and forwart, into his haleslum age
Sal rendir zour delert, I tak on hand
And sic thankis, quhil that he is leuand
Sal neuir be forzet, or done away
The sampn wourd, anone as he did say
Furth of his mouth, ascaneus has hynt
I becht forsoith that dede, sal neuir be tynt
For al my dele alanerlie, dois hing
Apoun my faderis prosper, hame cummyng
Nisus said he, I zou pray and beseik
Be our penates kyndly, goddis meik
And be assaracus goddis domestical
Quhom ze the cheif stok, of our kynrent cal
And be the secretis closettis or entre
Of the venerabil, auld Canus beste
Bring hame my fader sone, I zou exhort
Al that pertenyng, is to me at schort
Baith twichand counsale, and commandment
Or auenturis of forthum, in zour entent
In zour wallis I put alhale quod he
Bring hame my fader, that I may him se

Eneas answer

Ascaneus gentyl answer wyth promys of reward.

For.

Nisus ora
tion to the
counsall

Reſſaue my wourdis, for this thyng quod he
Quhilk I zou tel may, not conſiderit be
Wyth ſic as we noȝ men, ſa zoung of zeris
Bot til zour wisdome, til auise efferis
The rutullanis, ouer set with ſlepe and wyne
Liggis ſoupit fordouerit, dȝounkyn as ſwyne
To ſet apoun thaym, and awate with ſkaith
The place ſoithlie we haik eſpyed baith
Quhilk reddy may, ful eſelie be get
In zounder forȝit way, ſtreȝit fra the zet
Doun to the ſeis coaſt, the nerreſt went
Quhare the fyȝis faſt, failzeis nere out bȝent
So that the blak reik, dirknis al the are
Gif that ze ſuffir wald, as I ſaid are
That we mycht vſe, this opoȝtunite
Quhilk for toun has vs grantit, ſuld ze ſe
Eneas ſocht be vs, at Valentyne
And thiddir bȝocht in ſchoȝt quhile, thidder tyne
With ryche ſpulȝe, and mekil ſlauchter made
We knaw the way thidder, ful wele he ſaid
And al the wattir of tyber vp and doun
In dirk baleyis, oft we ſaw the toun
As we by cuſtome, of the hunting hantit
Agit Alethes, that na wyſdome wantit
Bot baith was ripe, in counſele and in zeris
Unto thir wourdis, degeſtlie maid anſueris
O kyndlic goddis, of our natiue landis
Under quhais mychtis, troy al tyme vpſtandis
All thocht the wele thareof, in dout remanis
zit liſt ze not, diſtroy al the troianis
Ne thaym ſa clene, de face aluterlie
Sen ſa ſtout myndis, as we here eſpie
And ſa bald reddy bȝeſtis, geuin haue ze
To thir zoungkeris, and ſayand thus can he

The

The richt handis, and schulderis of bayth enbrace
With teris trynkland, ouer his cheikis and face
O manly knichtis quhat reward conding
Way ganandlie, be geuin for sic ane thyng
Forsoith I can not, in my mynd deuise
Bot zour maist cheif, ganezeyld and gift, to prise
The grete goddis, mot rendir zou said he
And zour awin vertue, mot be renowne
The remanent anone, ze sal rellaue
Sa that na wise, ze sal zour medis craue
Be the handis, of reuthful Eneas
Or gif he sone, fra this lyfe happinis pas
Ascaneus as zit, quhilk is but page
Zoung and forwart, into his haleſum age
Sal rendir zour delert, I tak on hand
And sic thankis, quhil that he is leuand
Sal neuir be forzet, or done away
The sampn wourd, anone as he did say
Furth of his mouth, ascaneus has hynt
I becht forsoith that dede, sal neuir be tynt
For al my dele alanerlie, dois hing
Apoun my faderis prosper, hame cummyng
Nisus said he, I zou pray and beseik
Be our penates kyndly, goddis meik
And be assaracus goddis domesticat
Quhom ze the cheif stok, of our kynrent cal
And be the secretis closettis or entre
Of the venerabil, auld Canus beste
Bring hame my fader sone, I zou exhort
Al that pertenyng, is to me at schort
Baith twichand counsale, and commandment
Or auenturis of forthum, in zour entent
In zour wallis I put alhale quod he
Bring hame my fader, that I may him se

Eneas
answer

Ascaneus
gentyl an-
swer with
promys of
reward.

For

Forthad we him reſſauit, I dare ſay
Is no thing ſuld noy vs, nor affray
Twa ſiluer coupis, wrocht curiouſly
With figuris graue, and punſit ymagery
I ſall zou gif, the quhilk my fader wan
Quhen conqueſt was, the ciete Ariſban
Twa charis riche, or triſtis quently fold
And twa grete talentis, of the fineſt gold
And eik the anciant, crafty ſlakkons two
Quhilk to me gaif, the Sydones dido
And gif certis that, victouris betydis
To conqueſt Italie, as the fatis prouidis
Tharin to bruke the toun, and ſceptre wand
And to diſtribute the pray, as lord of land
Behald ze not, quhatkin ane courſour wicht
How proud armoure wele gilt, and birniſt brycht
That turnus bare, this ziſter nycht quod he
The ſampn ſcheild and helme, with creiſtis thre
Semyng of fire, al rede and the ilk ſtede
Fra this ſampn houre, Nulus ſal be thy mede
I ſal thaym ſort, fra al the remanent
And forther eik, my fader of his aſſent
Tueik choſin matrouns, ſal zou gif al fre
To be zour ſclauis, in captiuite
With al thare childzen, and thare hale of ſpring
Thare mobilis Cátal and armyng
And eik that feild, and principale pece of land
Quhilk king latynus, has now in his hand
And o thou zoung wourſchipful, child quhais age
Is to my zouthhede, in the nerreſt ſtage
With al my hert, I the reſſaue cum here
In al caſis, as tendir fallow and fere
But the na gloryus act, in my materis
Sal be exercit, nowthir in pece nor weris

In euery thing bayth, in to word and dede
The maist traist sall be, geuin the for thy mede
Eurialus made this answere, for his syde
That day sall neuer cum, or tyme be tyde
For my defalt vnworthy sal I be
For til atteyne so souerane dignite
Lat fortoun send vs gud luk, gif sche lest
Or my sauen ture, I sal do my best
To this is al na mare, I may promyt
Bot aboue al thyngis, ane thing grant me zit
That I beseik, the oft and mony fold
Ane moder cummin, of Priamus blud of old
Within this toun, I haue quhilk silly wyfe
We for to to follow, not comptand hir life
The realme of troy wycht, not withhald sayd he
Nor zit Cecil Acestes, fare ciete
Now hir I leif vnhailsit, as I tyde
Of this dangere, quhatso euer betyde
Al ignorant and wat nathyng, pure wicht
To witnis drew I here, this ilk gude nycht
And thy rycht hand, my lord and prince maist hie
The weping teris, may I not suffer nor se
Of my dere moder, nor that reuthful syght
Bot I beseik, thy gentyl hart of richt
For to confort that careful creature
That desolat wicht, to succoure schaw thy cure
Grant this ane thyng, and sufferr that of the
This ane gude hope, I bere of toun with me
And fer the balder, quhat so fortun send
Untyl al dangeris, gladlie I sal wend
The troianis all, for reuth that speke, him heris
Smyte with compassioun, brystis furth of teris
With tendir hartis, menand Eurialus
But principally, lusty Ascanius

Eurialus kyndly affectyon to ward hys parentis.

The

The ymage of his fader lie piete
Bzent in his mynd, him strenzeis sa that he
Wepand answered and said, my bzoder dere
I pzovys al thou desiris out of were
Foz thy commandement, and stout begynning
Is sa dowchty I may the, nyte na thing
Forsotth this woman, quhat soeuer sche be
Fra thyne forzdwart, sal moder be to me
Wanting na mare, of my moder in plane
Alanerlie bot, excusa hir name
And thus of lic ane, birth, na litil blis
Sal hir betyd, howeuer eftir this
The chance turnis, owthir to wele oz wo
Be thys ilk hedr, I swere to the also
By quhilk my fader, was wount foz to swere
Al that I haue, vnto pzomist here
Gif thou returnis, in pzosperite
Faulze and therof, as I ouy defend sa be
To thy moder, and vnto thy kinred
Sal fully bene, obserunt in thy stede
Thus said he wepand, and tharwith Alsua
His gyltin swerd, he hynt his schulderis fra
Quham wounder craftely, in the land of Crete
Lycaon forgeit had, wzocht it mete
With ane birnist scheith of euour bone
Thaym baith togiddir, he gaf Eurile anone
Syne menesheus, ane bostuous Lioun skyn
With rouch and werelik, taibert na thyng thyn
To Nisus gaif, and the traist Ile this
With him has helmes cosit, and gaif him hys

Furth haldis Nisus and Eurillus bayth tway
And huge slauchter/thay haue made by the way.

Anone

Alone thay held, enarmyd furth the way
Quhen all the nobillis zing, and auld perfay
Conuoyit to the portis, na thing fane
Prayand full oft, Jouy bring thame wele agane
Bot principally, the freschc Alcaneus zing
Wut al vtheris, in his commonyng
Schewand the wisdome, consate and foye sicht
Of agit men, and eik the curage wicht
Gaif thame sele chargis, and commandementis
To bere his fader twichand, his ententis
Bot with the wynd thay, skatterit war on raw
And all for nocht, amang the Cloudis flaw
Furth Jschit thay, and by the fowlyis wentis
In silence of the dirk nycht, amang the tentis
And perillus pallioums, to thame Jnemyc
Thay entrit ar, and caucht grete harme thareby
Bot nethelcs, of ony skaith thay hynt
The dede of mony, was thare douchty dynt
Apoun the gers, ouerslit wyth slepe and wyne
Forowart fallin doun, als dzynkin as swyne
The bodyis of Rutulianis, here and thare
Thay did persaue, and by the coist alquhare
The cartis stand, with lymouris bendit streit
The men ligging the hamis, about thare neik
Or than amangis the quhelis, and the thetis
Al samyn lay thare armoure, wyne and metis
Baith men and cartis, mydlit al ouer ane
With ane bais voce, thus Nisus spak agane
Eurtalus the matir, thus now standis
For to be stout, and forzy of our handis
Thys is our passage, quhilk way we mon wend
Thy part sal be to kepe, and to defend
That nane vnset, cum on vs at the bak
Spy fer about, gude tent thareto thou tak

Dronkinnes is not meit for mē of war.

I fall before mak bode, passage and way
And the conuoy throw, ane large strete awāy
Reherſand thus anone, he held him clois
So that no noyis mycht, thare be hard nor voce
And tharewith eik, with drawin ſwerd in preis
He gan assale the pompus, Rhannetes
Quhilk lay percase ſlepand, ſoft and ſound
On proud Tapettis, ſpred apoun the ground
Ane kyng he was, and ane ſpay man ſoith to ſayn
To Turnus kyng, maiſt treſt anguriane
Bot wyth his diuinacioun, nor augury
The traik of deith, ne couth he not put by
Thre of his ſeruandis, that laſt by hym lay
Full reklesly he kelit, al thoch thay
Amang thare ſperis, ligyng war in fere
And quellit ane, to Remus was ſquyere
The tartar fyne, liging apoun the strete
He hynt anone amang, the hors fete
And with his ſwerd, his nek hingand on ſyde
In twane was hakkit, and the ſampn tyde
Thare lordis hede I mene, this ſaid Rhannete
Of ſmytis quhil al the bed, wor wete
Lyke ane dede ſtok, the corpis wantand the hede
Lay bullerand al beſpreint, with ſprangis rede
And als the erth grew, warme wyth teppit blude
Attour he ſtekit, has eik quhare he ſtude
Twa korcy men Lamus, and Lamirus
And als the likly, zoung child Serranus
That al the kore nycht, in ryet and in play
Had ſpendit as he lift, and now he lay
Wyth membris ſtekit, and pleſand byſage brycht
Ouerſet with god bachus, meklyll of micht
Ful happy and wele, fortunat had he be
In ſport and gam, on the ſampn wyſe, gif he

All the remanent of that nycht had spent
Quhil the licht day, and tyl him self tane tent
Like as the empty Lion, lang vnfed
Be nychtis tyde, quhen al folk slepe in bed
Trubland the fald, ful of sily schepe
The wod rage of his hunger is so depe
That he constrampt is, sic wise so fare
He ryuis and he harlis, here and thare
The tendir beistis, that for awful fere
Of his presence, dar nowthir blate nor stere
He rummelis, with bludy mouth and brayis
So did Eurille, and none vthir wayis
And na les slauchter, made he in the plane
Of Ire inflammyt, in hys wod brane
Ane multitude of commouns, of birth law
By quhilk reasoun, thare names ar vnknaw
He vmbeset, and put to confusioun
And fadus syne, with hesebus dang he doun
And Arabis also vnwarnistly
And Ret us eik lay walk and hard, thaym by
Behaldand al thare sterage, and deray
Bot of the stout Eurialus, for affray
Behynd ane wyne boit, or ane pipe him hid
Quham Eurialus, as the cace betid
Kippit on his swerdis poent, that al the blaid
Hid in his coist, vp to the hiltis glaid
To dede he duschis doun, bayth stiffe and cald
And vp the purpure spete, of lyfe he zald
And blude and wyne mert he gan furth schaw
That he last drank, out zeiskis in the dede thraw
And be sic slicht ful brym, thus he enforcis
To make huge slauchter, of vnweildy corpsis
Eftyng wichtlie, to the mre that stude hym by
Thare as Mesapus, feris al did ly

And

And the last tyris, almost quenchit out
The hoys perordour, tyit wele about
Stand thare mete, he mycht behald and se
Quham schortly Nisus, bad ceis and lat be
For he persaut Eurialus, by his feris
Had ouer grete lust, to slaucter and dangeris
Persaut not, quhilk war apparand eft
Desist quod he, this mater mon be left
For the day lyft, quhilk is to vs vnfreynd
Approchis nere, we may no langar leynd
Grete harme is done, mneuch of blude is sched
Throw out our fayis, ane patent way is led
And sayand thus, thay sped thame on that way
Behynd theme for vptaking quhare it lay
Mony brycht armoure, richely dycht thay left
Coupis and goblettis, for3it fare and neft
Of massy siluer stand, here and thare
Proud tapestry, and meikle precius ware
Sauf that Eurialus, with him tursit away
The riall trapouris, and mychty patrellis gay
Quhilkis were thammetes, stedis harnessyng
And for the mare remembrance, in takinnyng
Ane riche tyche or belt, hynt he syne
The prudentis wrocht, of brynist gold maist fyne
Quhilk gyrdyl, ane Sedicus that was thau
Durung his tyme, ane of the michtiest man
Bereft ane strang Rutuliane, as thay tell
Quham he vincust, in singulare batell
And send it syne, to ane Romulus as he
That duke was, of the tyburtane ciete
In sygne of franschip, and ferme acquentance
Thus athir absent, ioynt alliance
Syne this ilk prince, in to his legacy
That tyme apoun his bed, did ly

This

This girdill left, to zoungar Romulus
His tender neuo, that is here slane thus
Eurill (as said is has, this Jouell hint
About his sydis it brazit, or he stynt
Bot all for nocht, suppois the gold dyd glete
Pelapus helme syne for him, wounder mete
With schynand cymbzet, and with creistis hie
Apoun his hede anone, buklit has he
Furth of the tentis, with this bownit thay
And fra thare fois, held the souir way.

How capitane Wolstens' cummand turnus till
Recounterit Nisus, and his fellow Eurill

IN the mene quhile, as this vthir army
Thus at the sege, gan in the feildis lie
From Laurentum, king Latinus ciete
War horsmen send to turnus, for to se
Quhat he plesit, and at the kingis entent
Till him to schow, thre hundreth men furth went
With scheild on schulder, vnder capitane Wolstens
And be this cummyng, war to the distence
Nere to thare ost, and as the case did fall
Thay fast vnder, the new cite wall
Quhar as on ker towart, the left hand thay
Turnand thar cours bak wart, persauit tway
For the bricht helme, in twynkland, sterny nycht
Smytis Eurill, with beines schynand lycht
Quhilk he vnwar, parsauit not allace
And as thay skars thus, war espied on case
Wolstens the capitane, from amyd this rout
Said stand fallouis, and cryis with ane schout
Quhat is the caus, of zour cummyn sayd he
That ridys thus enarmit, quhat ze be
And quhiddir ar ze boun ze schaw vs plane
The tothir twa, maid nane ansuere agane

Bot in the woddis hyis, at the licht
Allcrtt gretelie in derknes, of the nycht
The hozsmen than pykkis, and fast furth spzentis
To wele beknawin pethis, and turnis wentis
Baith here and thare, sone vmbeket haue thay
The outgatis all thay suld not wyn away
The wod was large, and rouch of buskis ronk
And of the blak ask schaddis, dym and donk
Of bzeris ful, and thik thozne vonnys stent
Skarsly ane strate rod, oz derne narow went
Tharin mycht foundin be, that men mycht pas
Quhare thzow Eurialus, greatly cummerit was
Quhat foz myzknes, thik buskis, bzanche and bzere
And wetcht also, of the new spulzeit gere
Thareto the haisty onset, and affray
Maid him gang will, in the vnknawin way
Nisus was went, and by this chapit clere
His Inemyis vnwar, quhare was his fere
And as he stude at that stede eftir syne
From alba cite, was clepit albyne
Quhakoze the tyme, this foresaid Latyne king
His hozs at pasture, held in stablyng
He bleut about, to se his freynd so dere
Bot all foz nocht, thare was na man him nere
Eurill quod he, allace vnhappely
In quhat place of this land, the left haik I
Oz quhare sal I the seik, o welcaway
Tharewith, this ilk willsum perplexit way
Bakwert he held, euery fute stepe agane
Thzow the derne wod, dissatesful, and vnplane
Quhil at the last, amang rank buskis he
Errit by the way, becaus he mycht not se
The hozs stamping, and the dyn he heris
The wozdis, and the taikynnys come to his eris

Of thame quhilk perſaut him at the bak
Ane litil ſpace eftir, tent gan he tak
And hard ane ſkry, harkynand quhat that ſuld be
Eurille takin, in handis did he ſe
Quham the diſſaitfull, ombekend dern way
The myrk nycht, and the haiſty doutſum fray
Betrait had, that al the mekil rout
Or he was war him, lokit round about
Full grete debate he maid, as that he mocht
Outrſet he was, defence, was al at nocht
Quhat mycht than ſilly Miſus, do or ſay
Be quhat force or wappinnis, dar he aſſay
For to deliuer, his tendir couſing dere
Suld he or nocht auenture, him ſelf here
And ruſche amyd his Inemyis in that ſtede
To procure in haiſt, by woundis ane honeſt dede
Upraiſis he anone, his arme bakwart
Tothraw ane Jeuelling, or ane caſting dart
And lukand vpwart towart the clere mone
With afald voce, thus wiſe he made his bone
O Latonia goddes, of mekil mycht
Waiſtres of woddis, bewtie of ſternes brycht
Be thou preſent, and ſend me thy ſupple
Addres my werk, be dereetrice ſaid he
Gif euer that hirtatus, my fader dere
Offerit for me ſum gift, at thy alters
Or gif that I, of my huntyng aud pray
Eikit thyne honour ony mancre of way
Or at thy ſtandart, knoppit poſt of tre
Thy haly tempillis ruſe, or balkis hie
Gif euer I hang or fixit ony thing
Wylde beiſtis hede wapnys or armyng
Thole me to truble, this grete rout of men
Do dres my dartis in this wylſum den

So that my schot, and mesure mot go richt
Throw the dirk are, and silence of the nycht
Thus sayand with all the force, of his body
The groundin dart he lete, to glide in hy
The fleand schakt the nycht, schaddois diuidis
And rycht forgane him, on the tothir sydis
It smate sulmonis scheild, hang on his bak
Quharein the querrel, al in schunder brak
Bot with the dynt, the rynde is reuin sua
His hart pipis the scharp hede, persit in twa
Boun duschis he in dedethraw, all forloist
The warme blude, furth bokkand of his coist
And for the cald of derth, his lungis lap
With sobbis depe, blawis with mony clap
His keris lukis about, on euery side
To se quharfra, the grounding dart did glide
Bot lo as thay thus wounderit, in Effray
This ilk Nisus, wourthin proude and gay
And baldare of his chance, se with him gone
Ane vthir takill, assayit he anone
And with ane sound, smate tagus but remede
Throw athir part, or temples of his hede
In the harne pan, the schakt he has affixt
Quhil blude and brane, all togiddir mixt
The felloun wolstens, al wod wendis
Seand na man quham of, to get ane mendis
Be mycht do stanche his ire, and syith his thocht
For quha that threw the dartis, saw he not
Thou nocht theles quod he, that standis by
With thy hart blude, for baith twa sal aby
The pane for this myscheif, and with hat word
He ran apoun Eurill, with drawin sword
Than Nisus dredand for his fallowkynd
Begouth to cry al wod, and owt of mynde

For

Nor no langar in dern him bide, he wycht
Nor of his freynd, behald, so reuthfull sicht
Me me ze sla, lo I am here he said
That did the turne hiddir, in me zour bl'aid
And swerdis all, O ze rutulianis
Al be my slicht, now zour feris slane is
That silly Innocent creature, sa zing,
Wycht, nor zit durst on hand, tak sic ane thing
Be heuynnys hie, and all the sternis I swere
That vs behaldis, with thare bemes clere
Sic wordis said he, for one sic manere
And sa stranglit, his freynd fallow dere
That sa myschancy was, belouit he
That rather for his lyfe, him self left dee
That thare was na remedy, nor abade
The swerd wichtly stokkit, or than was glade
Throw out his coist allace, the harmes smert
That mylk quhite breist, is peirsit to the hert
Doun dede duschit Eurialus, richt, thare
The blude birstand, out ouer his body fare
And on his elbok lenand, ane litill on wry
His hede and hals, bows heuily
Like as the purpoure floure, in fur or seuch
His stalk in two smyte, newlie with the plench
Dwynnis away, as it dois fade or de
Or as the chesbow, hedes oft we se
Now doun thare knoppis, lowpit in thare grane
Quhen thay ar chargit, with the heup rane

A notable exempyl of lone and frendschip quhar Nisus offeris him self for his frend.

Bot Nisus than ruschit, amyd the rout
Amangis thame all, sekand wolstens the stout
And on wolstens alanerly, arreistis
Thocht round about, with Inemyis he preistis
Quhilk here and thare, anone at euery syde
Him vmbeset with wirkand, woundis wyde

Eurialus slane by Wolstens

Bot neitheles, he them stoutlie assalit
Not amouit, as nathinge him had alit
Bot euer his schynand sword, about him swang
Quhil at the last, in wolfens mouth he thrang
As he forgane him standand, cryit and gapit
Allace quhat reuth, was it nocht he eschapit
For he deand bereft, his fa the liffe
Stikkit and hurt sa oft, with spere and knyfe
Fell doun aboue his freyndis, dede body
Quhare best him likit, dede to rest and ly
O happy baith O fortunate, and ding
Gif myne endite, or stile may ony thing
Neuer day nor proces of time, sall betide
That your renowne, sall out of memor slide
Quhil the kamyl, and of spring of Enee
The stane unmouabil, of the capitolee
Inhabitis, and sa lange as romanis bald
The monarche of the Empire, sall hald
The schamefull victouris, thir Rutulianis
The pray and spreith, and vthir gere that ganis
Joling but ob staikill, wolfens dede body
Unto the tentis wepand, bare in hy
And na les murnyng, haid thay in that stede
For rhammites fund hedeles, pale and dede
To giddir, with sa mony Capitanis
And grete heros, sa wechtlie as slane is
Serranus zoung, and the gentill Numa
And nobil corpsis bittyt mony ma
Erete preis flokkit, to se the, bodyis schent
Sum men zit thrawand, half dede one the bent
Of recent slauchter, and the hate effra
The feild about, al warmyt quhare thay lay
That all with spate, was blandit on the flude
In bullerand stremes, of the fomy blude

Recomēdation of Nisus and Eurialus

The ſpulȝe led away was, kniatw ful richt
Weſaphus riche hewmond, ſchynand bricht
The goldin gyrdyl, and trappouris proudly wrocht
With mekle ſwete, and labour agane brocht.

¶ Eurialus moder hyr ſonnys deith, bewalys
And how Rutulians the cietc kaſt aſſaillis

BE this Aurora let kand, the ſaffroun bed
Of hyr lord Tytan, had the erth ouerſpred
With new clerenes, and the ſon ſchene
Begouth defound his bemes on the grene
That euery thyng worth, patent in the licht
Turnus enarmit, as ane douchty knycht
Tyll armes ſteris, euery man about
In place and male, ful mony forcy rout
Prouokand to the bargane, and aſſay
Ilk capitane his folkis, ſettis in array
And gan thare curage kendil, in Ire to kycht
Be ſchamefull murmoure, of thys ziſter nycht
And further eik, ane miſerabil thyng to ſe
Eurill and Niſus hedis, on ſperis hie
Firſt thay raſit haldand, to the wall
With huge clamoure, followand ane and all
The forcy and the ſtout, Eneadanis
That for the tyme, in this cicte remanis
The bront and force, of thare army that tyde
Endlang the wallis, ſet on the left ſyde
For on the richt hand, cloſit the riuere
Thay held the forefront, quhare thare was danger
Kepand the brade folwſyis, and towris hie
And as thay ſtand, ful doloruſly thay ſe
The twa hedis ſtekand, on the ſperis
Ane miſerabil ſicht, allace vnto thare feris
Thare fatis war ouer wele, bekend baith twa
The blaiknyt dedely blud, droppand tharfra

In the mene quhile, throw the drery cietc
The wyngyt messingere, fame did swiftlie fle
And slippand, come to thy modir Eurilly
Than suddanly, that wrachit wich vnsilly
All pale become, as na blude in hir left
The naturale hete, was from hir banis reft
Furth of hir hand, the spynning quhele fald sche
The zarne clewis spynnyl, and broch of tre
All swakkit ouer, and full vnhappely
Furth fleis sche wyth, mony schout and cry
Wyth weppyng, and with wykely womenting
Kyssand hyr haris, to the wallis can thryng
And wod enragit, and wyth spedy pace
Dyd occupy thareon, the formest place
Takand nane hede, noȝit na manere schame
Sa amang men to ryn, roup and rame
Na manere fere, of perrill leis sche
Nor mynd of dartis cast, that fast did fle
And as that from the wall, hir sonnis hede
Behaldis sche wofull, and wyl of rede
Wyth hyr pietuous, wofull complantis sare
The heuinnys all, sche fyllit and the are
O my Eurill, lamentably sche crys
The mode wis lamentabyll oȝa' eiō for hyr sōnis deth
Sall I the se, demanit on sic wyse
O thou the lattir, quitt of myne age
How micht thou be, sa cruel in this rage
Is me to leif alase, thus myne allane
O my maist tender hart, quhare art thou gane
Na licence grant was, nor tyme ne space
To me thy wrechit moder, allace allace
Wohen theu thy selfe, vnto sic perrillis set
That I wyth the mycht, sa mekil laser get
As for to tak my leif, for euer and ay
Thy last regrait, and quenchyng wordis to say

ythane allace, in till ane vncouth land
Nakit and bare thy fare body, on the sand
To foulis of reik, and swage doggis wylde
Sa ly as pray myne awin, dere onlie childe
Nor I thy moder laid, not thy corps one bere
Nor with myne handis, louskit thine ene so clere
Nor welch thy woundis to reduce, thy sprete
Nor dreist the, in thy latter clauthis mete
The quhilk I wroucht, god wate to mak the gay
Ful beselye spynnand boytht, nycht and day
And with sic wobbis and werk, for the my page
I comfort me, in my vnweildy age
And Irkit not to laubour, for thy sark
Quhare sall I seik the now, allake allake
Or in quhat land lyis thou, manglit and schent
Thy fare body, and membris tyrryt and rent
O dere son myne, o tender get quod sche
Is this the comfort, that thou dois to me
Quhilk has the followit, bayth ouer sees and sandis
O ze rutulianis stik me with zour handis
Gif thare be reuth, or piete in zour hanis
Hos wak at me, zour dartis all attanis
Wyth zour wappynnis first, ze sal me sla
O thou grete fader of goddis, can scho say
Haue reuth apoun me, wreche of wrechis al
And on my catiue hede, thou lat doun fall
Thy thunderis dynt, of wylde fyre, fra the heuin
Law vnder hel, to smyte me tharwith euin
Sen that this langsum cruell lyfe, I ne may
Consume nor ending, be nane vthir way
With this regret the troianis, myndis all
War smyte with reuth, endlang the large wall
The dulfule murnyng went, and womenting
Thare hie curage to tel, ane wounder thing

That

That vnaffrayit, was batall to sustene
Wor dolf and dul, the pietuos sycht to sene
Bot as sche thus kendillis, sorow and wo
Ane ydeus and Actor, troyanis two
At the command, of Illioneus past
And 3ing Astaneus, wepand wounder fast
And hynt hir vp, betuix thare handis square
Sine hamewart, to hir lugeing thay hir bare
Bot than the trumpettis, we rely blastis aboundis
Wyth terribyl brag, of brasin bludy soundis
The skry the clamoure, followis the oist within
The rutulians inuadis the toune Quhil all the heuinnis, dempt of the dyn
The wolsteaners, assemblit in ane sop
To fyll the fowsyis, and the wallis to stop
All samyn halstand, with ane pauis of tre
Heisit togiddir, aboue thare hedis hie
Sa surely knyt, that manere enbulchyment
Semyt to be ane cloig volt, quhare thay went
Ane vthir sort preisit, to haue entre
And clym the wallis, with ledderis large and hie
Quhare as the army, of the troyanis side
Was thynnest skatterit, on the wallis wyde
And bricht arrayit, cumpany of the men
War diuidit or sloppit, that thay micht ken
The weremen not sa thyk, in sic ane place
Bot the troyanis, that oft in sic like case
Be lang vsage of were war, lerned and kend
How thay thar toune and wallis, suld defend
All kynd of wappynnis, and dartis at thame slinggis
And dang thame doun, with wappinnys and poyntit stingis
Doun weltering eik, of huge wecht grete stanis
Be ony way gif thare be, for the nanys
That micht of force, disseuir that punze
Quhilk thame assailzeit, thekis with pauis hie

For wele thay knew thare kaisal manere of tene
Under the volt of targis, mycht sustene
Sa lang as thay sampyn vnsert ware
Bot now thay mycht, thare ordoure hald na mare
For the troianis, or euer thay wald ceis
Thare as the thekest rout was, and maist preis
Ane huge wecht, or hepe of mekil stanys
Ruschis and weltis doun, on thame attanis
That diuers of rutulianis, lay thare vnder
The laf skalit on brede, brok was sounder
The couertouris, and ordinance of thare scheildis
Fra thens the hardy rutulianis, in the feildis
Preisit na mare in hiddillis, for to fecht
Bot thame enforsis, now at thare mycht
With ganzeis arrowis, and with dartis sting
Thare samen from the wallis, for to ding
And at ane vthir side, with felloun fere
Wezentius the grym, apoun ane spere
Or heich sting or stoure, of the fir tre
The blak fyre blesis, of reik inswakkis he
And Mesapus the danter, of the horsis
Neptunus son, with his menze enforsis
Till vndermynd the dyke, and rent the pale
Ledderis he askis, the wallis to assaile

The troianis defendis the toyns.

How turnus set the zet toure in to fire
And made grete slauchter, of troyanis in his ire.

CAlliope, and ore muses all
Inspire til endite, on zou I call
To schaw quhat slauchter, and occisioun
How keil corpis, thare was brytnit doun
Be turnus wappinnis, and his dartis fell
Quham euery man kelit, and send to hel
Help and assist to reuolue, here with me

The extreme daunger, of that grete melle
ze bissit wichtis forsoith, remembris wele
Sic thingis and quhare ze list may reuele
Thare stude ane toure, of tre huge of hicht
Wyth battelling, and kirnillis all at richt
Set in ane neidfull place, nere by the set
Quham to assatlze ouercum, and doun bet
Wyth hale pissance, all the Italianis
At vter power vmbeset, at anys
And by the contrare, on the tothir syde
All kynd dilcensis, can troianis prouide
Threw stanis doun, and shotys here and thare
At euery part, or opin fynister
The grundin dartis lete fle, doun thik fald
Turnus the prince, that was baith derf and bald
Ane birnand bleis, lete at the forcteres glide
And festnit the fire, hard to the towris side
Quhilk with the windis blast, thare as it stak
Vpplesis in the burdis, and the thak
And spredis wyde, amang the gestis grete
The birnand low, consumed al throw hete
Within thay schuldrit, for the feil affray
Bot all for nocht, to preis to wyn away
Na lasir was the dangere, to eschape
For as thay ran abak, and can thame schape
For till withdraw, towart the tothir side
Quhare as the fire was not, zit ouerglide
And hurlit all togiddir, in ane hepe
Tho with thare swethis, as thay rele and lepe
The birnand towris, doun rollis with ane rusche
Quhil al the heuynnys dynlit, with the duisch
Doun welteris men, half dede with brokin banis
The huge hepe, thame fallowit all at anis
On thare awin wappynnis, stikkand he and he

Turnus byrnis the toure and slayis mony peyple.

Hum ſtikkit throw the coiſt, with the ſpeiſis of tre
Lay gaſpand of thame all, that ſkarſly tway
Ane Helenor, and Iycus gat away
Of quham the formeſt, this ilk Helenore
Now in his fluriſt, zouth was get and lore
Betuix meonyus king, in priuate
And Latinia the bound wenſche, wounder ſle
Quhilk him to troy had ſend, that hinder zere
Unkend in armour, forbodin for were
Deliuer he was, with drawin ſwerd, in hand
And quhite targate, vnſemely and euil farand
This helenor, ſeand him ſelfe in dout
Amyd thouſandis enarmyt, of turnus rout
Behald and graithlie, apoun athir hand
Arrayit oiſtis, of latine pepil ſtand
Like the wilde ragent beiſt, quham huntaris ſtout
Has vmbeſet with thik range, al about
Seand be na mene, that ſcho mycht euade
Apoun the wappinnis, rynnys with ane brade
Slippis hir ſelf, and with grete force hir beris
Apoun the poyntis, of the hunting ſperis
Nane vthir wiſe, this ilk zoung Helenore
Thus vnbeſet behind, and eik before
Amyde his fais, ruſchis redy to de
Quhare thekeſt was the preis, thare ettlis he
Quhilkis but abade, alſone has himſlane
As ſpark of glede, wald in the ſey remane
Bot licus ſpediar, fer on fute than he
Throw out the oiſtis, and armed men can fle
And to the wallis wan, and vp on hicht
Enforcis him to clym, with all his mycht
And for to gryp cum, of hys feris handis
Quham turnus lanſand, lichtly ouer the landis
Wyth ſpere in hand, perſewis for to ſpyll

And

And quhen he has, ourtane him at his will
Thus did him chyde, O catyue witles knape
Quhat wenit thou, our handis eyl eschape
And tharwith drew hym doun, quhil he dide bing
And of the wall ane grete part, with him bryng
Lyke as the egyl Iouis, squyer straucht
Wythin his bowand clukis, had vptaucht
Ane zoung Cignet, or quhyte swan, or hare
Tharewith reiurlyng, vp hie in the are
Or as ane reuennous, b'udy wolf throw flycht
Hyntis in his goule, furth of the fald by nicht
The lityll tendir kyd or the zoung lam
Wyth feel bletingis, socht by the gate hir dam
Rutulianis for ioy, than raisit ane schout
And fast iuuadis, the cicte all about
Wyth hepis of erd, the fowsyis do thay fill
Sum vthir preist, with schidis and mony ane fill
The fyre blesis, about the ruse to sling
Bot Illioneus, that time dyd doun ding
Wyth ane grete quhin, or roche craggy stone
One Lucetius, and brak his nek bone
And as he did approche, towartis the zet
The bate flames, of fyre tharin to set
Ligere ane troyane, from the wall also
Doun bet ane Rutuliane, hecht Emathio
Ane phrygiane eik, Allias fierne and stout
All to fruschit, Chorineus without
Quhilk was in dartis, casting wounder fle
On fer to schute, scharp flanis and lat fle
Bane mare expert, than this Emathyo
Ceneus ouerquhelmit, Ortiggius allo
And this Ceneus, quhilk than gat the maistry
Beliue Turnus, with ane dart, dede, gart ly
And doun dyngis, also this ilk Turnus

Ithis Cloryas, and eik Dioxippus
Pzomulus als, and buſtuous ſaggaras
And ſyne the huge, big troiane hate Idas
Standand foz to defend, the towzis hie
Capis ane troiane, bet doun pziuernie
Quham thymbrus, with ane ſcharpe caſting dart
Had newly hurt, and wouendit in ſum parte
And he his hand plait, on the wound in hy
His ſcheild beſyde him, ſwakand fulithly
So that the fedderit arrow, furth did glide
And nalit his hand plat, to the left ſyde
The ſchaft and hed remanit in his coiſt
Bededely wound the lyfke, thus has he loiſt
Arcens Arcentis ſon, ſtude on the wall
In bzycht armour full ſemelie, ſchynand all
His maniſl of the purpoure, Iberyne
With nedil werk bzuſit, riche and fyne
Of viſage was he pleland, foz to ſe
His fader Arcins, ſend him with Enee
Foſterit he was, and vpbzocht tendirlie
Within his moderis hallowit ſchaw, faſt by
The ſtude Cymethus, in to Cecil land
Quhare as the plentuous fat altare, did ſtand
Of the placabil goddis, Palaty did hecht
Ane grete ſtak, ſloung birnand, with fellone wecht
Hynt mezentius, his ſcheild ſyne by him layis
The ſtryngis thzys, about his bede aſſayis
And this ilk Arceus, ſtanding him fozgane
Has ſmertlie with ane, ledin pellok ſlane
His harn pan and fozehede, all to clafe
Quhil that the led in ſounder bzak, and raif
That he ouertumblis ſpeldit, on the ſand
This grete ſlauchter was made fra hand to hand

Here

Here ȝoung Æneas/the strang Numanus slew
Quhilk wordis outragius/to the troyanis schew.

ASchaneus, this ilk time as is said
That wont was, with his schot bot to inuade
The wilde beistis, quhilk couth do not bot fle
Fyrst here in bargane, lete swift arrowis fle
And by his handis slew, strang Numanus
That was to surname, clepit Remulus
Had laitly Turnus ȝoungest, sister wed
As for his spous, and brocht vnto his bed
This ilk Numanus, Remulus in that stede
Before the frontis, of the battelis ȝede
Furth schawand, mony diuers sawis fere
Bayth ganand, and vnganand for to here
Richt proud and hiely, in his breist and hert
That newlingis, of the kinrik was ane part
To hym befell, his grete estate this wise
Voustand he schew, with armour and loud cryis
Eschame ȝe not Phrygianis, that twyis tak is
To be inclusit amyd, ane fald of stakis
And be assegeit, agane sa oft syis
Wyth akin spyis, and dykis on sic wys
Schame ȝe not to prolong, ȝour liuis (said he)
Thir vncust cowart wychtis, behald and se
That dar our spousage, in to batal craik
Quhat wyld dotage, sa made ȝour hedis raik
Or quhat vnthryfty god, in sic koly
Has ȝon bewaikit, here to Italy
Here ar ȝe not the slaw, weremen atrides
Nor the kenzeare, of the fare speche blixes
Bot we that bene of naturu, derf and doure
Cummin of kynd, as bene men in ane stoure
Our ȝoung children, the fyrst tyme borne thay are
Vnto the nirt, rynnand flude webare

Æneas fyrst feat in war.

To hardin thare bodyis, and to mak thaym bald
Wyth the schil frostis, and the wattir cald
Our childer zing, exercis beselie
Hunting with houndis, hornes schout and crye
Wylde dere, out throw the woddis chace and mate
To dant and tyn the horsis are and late
That is thare gam, and sport thay hant on raw
Or wyth thare bowis, schute or dartis thraw
Our zong springaldis, may al laubour endure
Content of litil mete, I zou assure
Of zouth thay be accustumed, to be skant
The erde with pleuch, and harrowis for to dant
Or than in batal, bettis cieteis doun
In euery age, wyth Irne grauth we ar boun
And passand by the plewis, for gadwandis
Bloddis the orin with speris in our handis
Nor zit the slaw, nor kebil vnweildy age
May waik oure sprete, nor mynnys our curage
Nor of our strenth, to altare ocht or pare
The stele helmes, we thrist on hedis hare
Best likis vs, al tymes to rug and reik
And dryue away the spreith, and theron leik
Sone paintit habitis, dois of purpour schyne
Your hartis likis best, so I deuyne
In ydilnes, to rest aboue al thyng
To tak zour lust, and go in karrellyng
Zour cotys has traling sleuis, ouer zour handis
Zour foly hattis, trappoures and brasin bandis
O berray Phrigiane wyffis, dasit wychtis
To call zou men of troy, that vnrycht is
Be ze vnwourthy, to se hie stile to clame
On Dyndyma top, go and walk at hame
Quhare as the quhissil, renderis soundis sere
With tympanys tawbernis, ze war wount to here

And bois ſchawmes, of tozned buſchbome tre
That grew in Beretcntia, montane hie
Unto the moder of Ida, dedicate
Callis eftir zau to Dante, and not debate
zeild zou to men, and left al zour armyng
Rendir zour ſwerdis, and al wappinnis reſyng
Aſcaneus zing birnand, foz pzopir tene
Sa grete outrage, of wourdis micht not ſuſtene
Herand ſa hie about, of pompus pzyde
And ſic diſpite blawin, out apoun his ſyde
Hys bow with hozs, Senonnus bendit has he
Charin ane takill, ſet of ſouir tre
And taſand vp his armes, fer in twyn
Thus vnto Jouy, lauly did begyn
To make his firſt peticioun, and pzayere

Aſcaneus oziatioñ to Jupiter.

Omnipotent hie, Jupiter me here
Aſſiſt to this hardy, comnantement
Wy ſelf vnto thy temples, ſall pzeſent
Solempnit giftis, maiſt gudly may be get
And eik befoze thyne altaris, ſall I ſet
Ane zoung bullok, of cullour quhite as ſnaw
Wyth goldin ſchakeris, his fozehede arrayit on raw
The beiſt ſall be full, tyde trig and wicht
With hede equale, tyll his moder on hicht
Can all reddy with hoznes, kuyn and put
And ſchraip oz ſkattir, the ſoft ſand wyth his fut
The fader of heuyn, acceppit his pzayere
And on that part, quhaz the lift was maiſt clere
Towart the left hand, maid ane thundering
All ſamyn ſoundit, the dedely bowis ſtring
Quhirrand ſmertly, furth flaw the takyll tyte
Quite throwthe hede, the Remulus did ſmyte
The groundin ſteile, out throw his templis glaid
Hald on thy wayis, in haiſt Aſcaneus ſaid

Thy

Thy ſelf to loſk, knak now ſcornefully
The proude wourdis, al that ſtandis the by
Sit bode worde, here the twis takin troianis
Sendis for hanſell, to Rutulianis
Thus ker ſpekis Aſcaneus and no mare
Bot the troianis, rakit ane ſkry in the are
With reirde and clamour, of blythnes man and boy
That to the ſternes thare curage ſprang for Joy
Aſcaneus extolling, aboue the ſkyes
And as thay mak, the riot on ſic wyſe
Doun from the regioun of the heuin tho
The bricht curland, harit Appollo
Apoun ane cloud, ſittand quhare he wald
The oſtis of Italianis, can behald
And eik new troyis ciete, with chere glaide
Til Julius thy victor, thus he ſaid
Eik and contynew, the new bailzeand dedis
Thou zoung child for that is, the way that ledis
Up to the ſternes, and the heuynnys hye
O thou verray goddis, offſpring quod he
That al engendir, goddis of the ſede
In the be veray reſſoun, and of nede
All batellis quhilkis by werde ar deſtynate
Agains aſſeratus hous, to moue debate
Sal be appeſit, and to quiet brocht
Thys litil toun of troy, that here is wrocht
Way not wythhald the, in ſic boundis lyte
And ſayand thus from the hie heuin als tyte
Diſcendis he mouand, the haleſum are
And to the chyld Aſcaneus, ſocht richt thare
His figure changeit, that tyme as he wald
In likenes of ane butes hare, and ald
That purſeuant, to fore and ſquyare had he
The troiane Anchyſes, fader of Enee

Apollois exhortacis to Aſcaneus

And traistly kepare, of hys chalmer dure
Now had Enee, commyttit to him the cure
For tyl attend, apoun Ascaneus zing
Lyke to thys antient Bates, in al thyng
Furth steppis Phebus, bayth in boce and hew
Wyth lokkis quhite, and armour na thing new
Rously and with ane, kelloum sound clatterynge
And sic wourdis spak, to Julus zyng
That thir wyse, is hate Ascaneus
Wyth ardent mynd, of bargane desirus
Eneas verrye douchty, son and are
Ic may suffice the, nedis do na mare
Sen thou vnhurt, with thy schot in this stede
The strang Numanus, thou has doung to dede
This fyrst louyng, and eik hie renowne
The souerane Appollo, granis the
Nor nane disdene, at the sall haue soithly
To be his perigall, in to archery
Leif of my chylde, and of syc batell ceis
Na mare at this tyme, draw the out of preis
On this wyse carpis, the bzycht Appo.lo
And in the myddis, of his sermond tho
He wanist fer away, I wat neuer quhare
Furth of his mortall, sycht in the schyre are
The nobyllis, and the troyanis, capitanis trew
Be thir taikynnis, the god Appollo knew
And hard his arrowis, clatterand in his case
Tharfore thay haue withdraw, furth of this place
Ascaneus at bzycht phebus, mychty targe
And wald na langare, thole hym go at large
All thocht to fecht, he had desyre and toy
Bame tyl hys Innis, did thay him conuoy
Syne to the bargane, has thame sped agane
In oppin perrell, dangeris and pane

Thare

thare perſouns, and liuis for thare toun
Offerand and for defence, maid thayme boun

How Pandarus, and Bitias bruthir twane
Reſt vp the zettis, and thare was Bitias ſlane

ENdlang the wallis, kirnellis euery ſtand
The bruite and clamour rais, fra hand to hand
Thare buſtuous bowis, kyndely do thay bend
Scharp querrellis, and caſtyng dartis furth ſend
Quhilkis thay with lyames, and quhayngis lang out threw
So thyk the ganzeis, and the ſtanes flew
That of takyllis, and ſchaftis all the feildis
war ſtrowit, and the large planis ouerheildis
On bois helmes, and ſcheildis the werely ſchot
Maid rap for rap reboundand, with Ilk ſtot
Scharp and awfull, increſſis the bargane
Als violent as euer, the zet doun rane
Furth of the weſt dois ſmyte, apoun the wall
In October, quhen the twa ſternes cald
That clepit bene the kiddis, firſt vpſpryngis
And als thik as the hale ſchour, hoppis and dingis
In furdis ſchald and brayis, here and thare
Quhen trublit bene, the heuynnis and the are
wyth ſtormy tempeſtis, and the Northin blaſtis
Quhil cloudis ſkatteris, and al the lift ouercaſtis
Pandarus and Bitias, twa brethir germane
By alcanor engendrit, that troyane
Quhen Hibera the wilde, forſtaris knaw
Bred and vpbrocht, in Iouis haly ſchaw
So big zoung men, thay war ſo grete and wicht
That equale ſemyt, thame to be of hicht
with fir treis, of thare landis and billis
And thare to eik, ſa egir of thare willis
That thay the porte quhilk, be Eneas charge
was commandit to be ſteikit, all at large

The hyſtory of Pandarus and Bitias.

Hãs warpit opin, on brede to the wall
And baldly dyd thay fais, clepe and call
To entir gyf thay durst and thame assay
Sa grete confidence, in thare fors had thay
And thay wythin stude, by the zet that tyde
Quhilk oppin was, on the richt and left syde
As thay had touris bene, bayth grete and square
Enarmed wyth thare wappynnis, brycht and bare
The hie tymbrettis, of thare helmes schane
Lyke to behald as, bustuous aikis twane
Beside the bene riuere, Achises grow
Ouflowand fludis, bankis of the pow
Upstrekand thare byg, croppis to the are
And vnsued branschis, waikand here and thare
Als swyth as the, Rutulianis did se
The zet opin thay, ruschit to the entre
Quercens formest, and Equitolie
Ane lusty knycht, in armes rycht semely
Wyth Tmarus feirs, myndit to assaile
And bald Emmon, wyth curage marciall
Bot thay wyth al thare, complicis in fycht
War doung abak, and constremit tak flicht
By troyane routis, or than in that striue
Quha that abade loist, in the porte thare lyue
Tho brymmer grew, thare feirs mudis wythin
So that the troyanis can flok, and samyn ryn
Towart the place, and maid fellon debate
So bald thay wor, that in the plane gate
Ischand wythout the portis, on the land
Thay durst recounter, thare fais hand for hand
Ane messyngere, to Turnus come that tyde
That wounder fycfly, at an vthir syde
The toun assaltzeis, and thare he tyll hym schew
Quhat hatt slauchter, hys fais made of new

And

And lic ane poynt, had al wide opin set
His first purpois he left, and to that zet
Wyth fellonn ire, mouit furth spzent he thō
Towart the troyanis, and pzoude bzethir two
And first has slane, the big Antiphates
That him on case, met foymest in the pzeis
Sone to the bustuos, nobyl serpedone
In purthes get, ane thebane wensche apoun
Him swate he doun, with the cast of ane dart
The fleand schaft, Italiane to his hart
Glidand thzow out the schire, are duschit sone
The stomok peirsit, and in the coist is done
The how cauerne, of his wound ane flude
Furth bzuschit, of the blaknit dedely blude
So dipe the grundin steil hede, out of sicht is
Ful hate and warme it festnyt, in his lichtis
Syne meropes, and Erymantus he
And Appdnus slew, wyth hys hand al thze
And eftir that wyth ane sterne, mude ful tene
Slew Bitias, foz al his glourand cne
Bot that was nouthir, with dart swerd noz knysse
Foz na sic wappin, mycht hym haik reft the lysse
Bot with ane hidduos bissand fyze spere
That clepit is phalirita, in were
Quhylk wyth so behement foyce, thus turnus thzew
That as the thunderis dynt, at hym it flew
Quham nouthir scheild, of twa bull hydis thik
Nzzit the doubil matizit traist haubzik
Al gylt wyth gold, mycht it resyst oz styut
The bustuous body, doun duschyt wyth the dynt
Quhyl al the erd, to granyt wyth the rattyl
The hydduous scheyld, aboue hym made ane bzattyl
Lyke as the hye pyllare, of Marbyl stone
Standand apoun the coist, Euboztone

Amquhile beſyde Bays, the ryche ciete
Wyth grilſie ſwelth, doun duſchit in the ſe
Quhilk was of auld maſſy ſtones ane bing
And by the ſludis, ſic wiſe doun was ding
His kal drew doun, the ciete quhare it ſtude
And ruſchit in ane ker way, in the ſlude
The ſeyis mixt, ouer ane and al ouerhede
Blak ſlike, and ſand vp poplit in the ſtede
Quhilk of the fereful ſound, the Ilandis twa
Trymblit Inaryme, and eik Nothita
Quhil Inaryme, at Jupiteres command
Ful hard bed is, to Typheus the Giand
At thys tyme Mars, the god armypotent
Ekit the latynis kozce, and hardiment
Wyth felloun Ire, pykkand ſo thare myndis
That as him ſelf luſt, he turnis ſo and wyndis
And makis the trotanis tak, the flycht gude ſpede
Onc thaym he keſt, ſic fere and ſchamful dzede
The Latyne pepil flokkis on euery ſyde
Quhen thay beheld the pozte, ſo opnit wyde
Seand thay had ane roume, to fecht at wyl
The god of ſtryfe, thare curage ſteris thar tyl.

¶ How Turnus the dig Pandarus ſmote doun
Lyke ane wodlioun, paſt wythin the toun.

PAndarus ſeand, his bzotheris cozps at erde
And on quhat wyſe, thys koztoun wyth thaym kerde
And how the chance, of batel zede al wzang
Ful kozce lie with his bzade ſchuldaris ſtrang
He thruſtis, to the leuis of the zet
And cloſit queme, the entre and furth ſchet
Without the pozte, ane grete ſozt of his feris
In hard bargane, amyd the moztal weris
And of hys Inemyis, ſum incluſit he
Reſſauand al that thzang to the entre

And

Ane kule he was, and witles in ane thing
Perſaut not, turnus Rutulıane king
So violentlie thring, in at the zet
Quham he vnwar, within the ciete ſchet
Like as rageand wilde tygyr vnſtabil
Amang the febil beiſtis, miſerabil
Sone as Turnus, has him Incloſit ſene
Ane glowand new licht, bryſtis from his ene
His armour ringis, or clatteris horribilly
His creiſtis trymblit, on his hede in hy
That in his ſangume, bludy ſcheild als ſtrach
Reſt ſchynand fyry bemes, like fire ſlaucht
All ſodenlie affrayit Eneadanis
His face vnfreyndlie perſaut and big banis
The hidduous Pandarus, than him ſe.k furth ſchew
That wounder feruent, in his furoure grew
His brotheris ſlauchter, to reuenge in wil
Thus auſterlie, he ſpekis Turnus vntil
This is not Quene Amatais, cheif ciete
Huld the begeue, into doury ſayd he
Nor zit the myddis, of Ardea ciete bald
Thy faderis burgh, Turnus dois the with hald
Thou ſeis thy fais ſtrenth, and wallis wyde
Zeild the for thy thou may eſchape na ſyde
Turnus agane with curage, blyth and glaid
Not abaſit, ful baldlie to, hym ſaid
My freynd begyn, gif thou has hardyment
And mache with me allone, apoun this bent
And hand for hand, gif that it be thy wyl
Thou ſal ſchaw Pyrame here, thou has fund Achil
The tothir two ane huge ſpere, of hale tre
With bark and knottis, al togiddir lete fle
In al his force, bot the dynt did no dere
Not bot the are, was woundit with the ſpere

The bargane betuix Turnus and Pãdarus.

For wikkit Juno, the auld saturnus get
Choppit by the schaft, and kest it in the zet
Ha quod turnus sa sal thou not astert
This wappin, now in faith or we depart
Nor on sic wyse, eschape this bitand brand
Quhilk my grete force, thus rollis in my hand
For he that aw this sword, and wound sal wirk
Is not sa fayne, ne sa sone sal not irk
And with that word standand, on his tip tais
Heuand his sword, heith his hand did rais
Doun with the dynt, dulchit the steile blade kene
Amyd his forehede, hard betuix his ene
His berdles chekis, on his chaftis round
In sounder schorne has, with ane gryslie wound
Sa fellonn sound, or clap made this grete clasche
That of his huge wecht, fell with ane rasche
The erd dynlit, and al the ciete schuke,
So large feild, his gousty body tuke
That fer on brede, ouer spred was al the plane
His armour sparkit with his blud, and brane
Bayth to and fra, apoun his schulderis tway
His hed clouin in equale halfis lay
Of dredful dredour trymbling for effray
They fled richt fast, and syne did brak away
And gif turnus, had than incontinent
Remembrit him, and caucht in mynd to rent
The lokkis vp and oppynnyt the zettis wyde
So that his feris, without the porte that tyde
Wycht haue enterit, and cummin in the cyete
The last day of the batel that had be
And lattir finale end, to the romanis
Of Phrigiane foikis, and pepil troianis
Bot sic ardent, hie furoure martiall
And of slaucther, desire vnsaciable

Draik him to follow thaym, that hym gane standis
And first he kelit phalleris, with his handis
And ane vthir that giges, hecht Alsus
Of quham the hochis bayth, he smate in twa
Syne speris rent and hynt, vp all on raw
And at the klearis bakkis, fast dyd thraw
That wounder was to se hym, quhare he, went
For Juno ekit his strenth, and hardiment
Syne ane hales, vnto the corpis dede
In company he ekit in that stede
And Phegeas doun brittynnys in the keild
Spetit throw out the body, and the scheild
Alchandrus syne, and the proude Halyus
Nemonas syne, and the kene pritanyus
Quhilkis myslknew, Turnus was within the wal
And to the bargane, did thare feris cal
Apoun the groumd, anone al dede he laid
In bergane ful expert, syne did Juuade
wyth thynand swerd, hard at the dykis syde
Ane lyntheus the quhilk, the campyn tyde
Resistis as he mycht with fell efferis
And eftir help cryis, apoun his feris
Bot wyth ane straik, he smat his nek in twa
Bayth helme and hede, flaw fer the body fra
And eftir thir ane Amytus he slew
That bane had bene, to wylde beistis mew
Was nane vthir mare happy, nor expert
To graith and till Jnoynt, ane casting dart
And with vennom, to garnes the steile hedis
Be turnus handis, this ilk tyme doun dede is
Eolus son, hate Clitias the heynd
And Creteus also, was the muses freynd
Creteus poet to Muses, familiar
That in hys mynd, and breist, al tymes bare

Sangis

Sangis and geistis Mulit in harping
Apoun his stryngis playit he, mony ane spring
Lays and rymes apoun, the best awise
And euermare, his manere and his gyse
Was for to sing blasoun, and discriue
Men and stedis, knichthede, were and striue

¶ The troyanys set ou turnes dyntis rude
Quhil that he fleis/ and lap into the flude.

AT last Mnestheus, and strang Serestus
The troiane capitanis, herand how that thus
Thare pepil flane war, doun did contiene.
Thare ferris fleand pale and wan, haue thay sene
And thare cheif Incmye, closit in thare wallis
Mnestheus on thaym clepis thus and callis
Mnestheus callys agane hys troyanis fleyng. Quhare ettill ze kra hyne, quhiddir wald ze fle
Quhat vthir wallis seik ze or ciete
Quhare haue ze outhir strenth or forteres
O cietezanis, behaldis here erpres
Nane bot ane man standand, zou aganis
Closit within zour dykis, and wallis of stanis
Unreuengit, so grete occisioun
And huge slauchter, sal mak within zour toun
Or sa feil, vailzeand zoung capitanis kend
Unresistit thus doun, to hell sal send
O maist vnwourthy cowartis, ful of sleuth
Of zour vnsilly cuntre, haue ze na reuth
Nor piete of zour ancient goddis kind
Think na lak and schame, into zour mynd
To do sa grete outrage, to strang Enee
In his obsence, thus catifely to fle
The troyanis by sic wourdis, as he said
In curage grew, and kermise al abaide
About thare famen flokkand in ane rout
Turnus ane litil, thocht he was stark and stout

Begouth

Begouth frawart, the bargane to with draw
And sattil towartis, the riuer syde on law
Aye pece and pece, to that part of the toun
Was closit with the riuer, rynnand doun
Troianis that seand, the mare apertly
Assailzeit him, with mony schout and cry
And thikkit fast about him in ane roun
As quhen about the awful, wylde Lyoun
Quyth thare inuasibil wappinnis, scharp and square
Ane multitude of men, belappit war
And he ful feirs, with thrawin bult in the start
Seand the scharp poyntis, reculis bak wart
Bot for to gif, the bak and fle away
Nouthir his greif, nor curage sufferis may
And thocht he wald, for al his mekil mycht
Aganis so mony men, and wappinnis brycht
To preis forduard, may he cum na spede
Nane vthir turnus at sic ane nede
Steppis abak with huly pays ful stil
His mynd skaldand, in greif and egir wil
And ferder esk, amyd his feris he
Twyis rulchit in, and schudderit the melle
And twyis also that vnrebutit knight
Endlang the wallis put thaym to the flicht
Bot al togiddir, in til ane conuyne
Apoun him hale, the toun assemblit syne
Nor saturnus get, Juno in that kicht
Agane thaym durst him minister strenth or mycht
For Jupiter, had from the heuynnis kare
Send doun Iris quhilk duellis in the are
Vnto his spous, and sister thare at hand
Ful scharp chargis, bringis and command
Les thare Turnus, how euer the chance befallis
Withdraw hym fra, the fatal troiane wallis

Quhare

Quharthrow this bauld and campyone, young and kene
Nowthir with his scheild, sameikle mycht sustene
Nor sic defence make, with his hand as are
Quyth dartis at hym schakkit, here and thare
On sic wyse, as he quhelmyt and confoundit
That euer in ane, his bos helme, rang and soundit
Clynkand about his halfkettis with ane dyn
His sour armour strang, and nathyng thyn
Is brokin and birsit, with fele stanis cast
So thik war dyntis, and strakis smyte sa fast
That of his helme, doun beting war the creistis
Sa sare the bolis, of his terget prest is
His scheild mycht no langar, sic routis sustene
The Troianis with this Eneisleus, in thare tene
Doublis thare dyntis, at him wyth speris cast
As it had bene the hiddious thunderis blast
Quer al his body, furth zet the swete thik
Lyke to the tryni and, blak stremes of pik
Ne gat he lasare anys his aynd to drawe
The feblit breith ful fast, can bete and blawe
Amyd his wery breist, and lymmes lasche
Than at the last, al suddanly with ane plasche
Harnes and al togiddir, quhare he stude
Him self he swakkis, and lap into the flude
With giltyn stremes, him keppit the riuere
And bare him vp aboue thir wallis clere
Syne blythlye carit, to his feris bedene
All blude and slauther, away was weschyn clene.

Finis.

The Prologe of the .x. Booke.

HIe Plasmatour of thyngis vniuersal
Thou reneware of kynd, that creat al
Incomprehensibil thy werkis ar to consaif
Quhilk grantit has to euery wicht to haif
Quhat thing maist ganis, vnto his gouernale

In thys prolog he schawis gods workes to be incomprehensybil be mānis wit or reason and that he preuis be the creacyon and mystery of the trinite

Quhow meruellus bene, diuisiouns, of thy gracis
Distribute so to ilk thing, in al placis
Thy son to schyne ouer al, and schaw his licht
The day to labour, for rest thou ordanit nicht
For diuers cauſis, schupe sere sessouns and spacis.

Fresche vere to burgioun, herbis and sueit flouris
The hate somer to nuris, corne al houris
And brede al kynd of foulis, fysche and beist
Heruist to rendir his frutis maist and leist
Wyntir to snyb the erth, wyth frosty schouris

Thocht that thou nedit not, al thing thou wrocht
Bot to that fyne, thou made al thing of nocht
Of thy gudnes to be participant
Thy godhede na richer, nor zit mare skant
Nouthir now nor than, set vs wrocht of nocht

Thy maist supreme indiuisibil substance
In ane nature, thre persouns but discrepance
Rengand eterne sessauis accidence
For quhy thou art richt, at this tyme present
Ilk at thou was, and euer sal but variance.

Sen our nature, god has to him vnyt
Hys godhede, incommyt remanis perfite
Ihesou of god, hauand betray naturis twane
In ane persoun, and thre persouns al ane
In dcite nature, maieste and delite

The

The Prologe.

The son the self thing with the fader is
The self substance the holy gaist I wys
Is with thaym bayth thre distinct personage
As was and salbe euer of ane age
Omnipotent ane lord, equale in blis.

Quhilk souerane substance, in gre superlatiue
Na cunnyng comprehend, ma nor discriue
Nouthir generis, generate is, nor dois procede
All ane begynnare, of euery thing but drede
And in the self, remanis eterne on liue

The fader of nane generat, creat nor borne
His only son engenderis euer more
Not makis creatis, bot engendris al way
Of his substance, and al tyme of bayth tway
Procedis the haly gaist, equale in gloze.

Of bayith from ane begynnyng procedis he
Sa bene the werkis, of the trinite
Maist excellent, and wounderful to consaik
Sit thaym to traist, the mare merite we haue
That be na mans resoun preuit may be

The misterey of the trinite agaynst mānes reasoun

The fader knawis him self, quhilk knawlege, spredis
Be generatioun, eterne that euer bredis
His son his word, and wisdome eternale
Betuix thir twa, is luke perpetuale
Quhilk is the haly gaist, fra baith procedys

Not that the fader is, nature mynyst is
Of his substance, he generis hys son in blis
Ne so the son, of his kynd is yhore
That he ane parte, has therof and no more
Bot al he geuis hys son, and al is his

The

The ilk thing he him geuis, that he remanis
This lingil substance indefferentlie thus ganis
To thre in ane, and Ilkane of thay thre
The sampn thing, is in ane maieste
Thocht thir thre persouns, be seueral in thre granys

Like as the saull of man, is ane we wate
Hauand thre poweris, distinct and seperate
Understanding resoun, and memore
Intelligence considers, the thing before
Resoun discernis, memor kepis the constate

As thay bene in ane substance, knyt all thre
Thre persouns, regnis in ane deite
We may tak, als ane vthir similitude
Grosly the sampn purpois, to conclude
Flambe, hete, and licht, ben in ane fyre we se

Quhare euer the low is, hete and licht bene thare
And had the fire, bene birnand euermare
Euer suld the flambe engendrit, haue his licht
And of the birnand low, the flambis bricht
Perpetualy suld hete haue spryng, all quhare

So generis, the fadir, the soun with him eterne
From baith procedis, the haly gaist coeterne
Thus rude exemplis, and figuris may we gife
Thocht be his awin, creature to preife
War mare vnlyknes, than liknes to discerne

Freynd ferly not, na cause is to compleyne
All beit thy wit grete god, may not atteyne
For mycht thou comprehend, be thine engin
The maist excellent maieste, deuine
Be mycht be repute, ane prefty god and mene

The prologue of the .x. boke

Consider thy resloun, is so febill and lite
And his knawlege prokound, and infinite
Consider how he is vnmensurabil
Him as he is to knaw, thou art not abill
It suffice the beleif, the Crede perfit

God is I grant in all thing, not excludit
Geuis all gudnes, and is of nocht denudit
Of him has all thing, part and he not mynnyst
Hale he is all quhare, not denudit na kynyst
Without all thing, he is and nocht excludit.

O lord thy wayis bene, inuestigabill
Suet lord thy self, is sa inestimabil
I can wyte nocht, but wounderis of thy mycht
That lawit sa fer, thy maieste, and hicht
To be borne man, in til ane oyis stabill

Thou tuke mankynd, of ane vnwemmyt maid
Inclosit within, ane virgins bosum glaid
Quham all the heuynnis, mycht neuer comprehend
Angellis scheiphardis, and kingis thy godhed kend
Set thou in crib betuix, twa beistis was laid

Quhat infinite excellent, hie boute
Aboue thy werkis all, in wounderfull gre
Lord quhen thou man maid, to thyne awin ymage
That tynt him self, throw his fulische dotage
Thou man become, and deit to make him fre

Waid thou nocht man, first prelident vnder the
To dant the beistis foulis, and fyssche in the see
Subdeuit till him the erth, and all therin
Syne parradice grantit him, and all his kyn
Ea fhim fre will, and power, neuer to dee

Enarmd

Enarmed him with reſſoun, and prudence
Onlie bad him kepe, thyne obedience
And to him ſuld, all creaturis obey
Bittir was that frut, for his of ſpring and fey
Wade deith vnknawin, befund and lyke ga hence

O thyne Ineſtimabil luf, and cherite
Become ane thrall, to mak vs boyndis fre
To quykkin thy ſclauis tholit ſchamefull dede maiſt fell
Bullit be thou virginall frute, that heryit hell
And payit the price, of the forbedyn tre

Thocht thou large, ſtremes ſched apoun the rude
Ane drope had bene, ſufficient of thy blude
Ane thouſand warldis to haue redemyt I grant
Bot thou the will of mercy, wald nocht ſkant
Vs to prouoik to luf the, and be gude

Chriſtis lone to wart man kynde

Quer all this ſyne thy infinit god hede
Thy fleſche and blude, luflye with wyne and brede
To be our fude of grace, in plege of glory
Thou laſt vs gaif, in perpetuale memory
Of thy paſſion, and dolorus panefull dede

Quhat thankis dew, or ganzeild lorde benyng
Way I maiſt ſynful, wrechit catife I nding
Render for this ſouerane, hie bounte
Sen body ſaul, and all I haue of the
Thou art my price, mak me thy pray conding

Wy makare, my redemare, and ſuppoꝛte
Fra quham all grace, and gud:nes cummys at ſchoꝛt
Grant me thy grace, my myſdedis till amend
Of this and all my werkis, to mak gude ende
This I beſeik the lord thus I exhoꝛt

The prologue of the .x. boke

From the begynnyng, and end be of my muse
All vthir Ioue, and Phebus I refuse
Lat virgill hald his maumentis, till him self
I wourschip now thir ydole, stok nor elf
Thocht furth I write, so as myne auctor dois

Only gods help is sufficient for al men in al kynd of necessite

Is nane bot thou the fader, of goddis and men
Omnipotent eternale, Ioue I ken
Onelie thy help fader, thare is nane vthir
I compt not of thir pagane, goddis ane futhir
Quhas power may not help, ane haitane hen

The scripture clepys, the god of goddis lord
For quhay thy mandmentis, kepis in accord
Bene ane with the, not in substance bot grace
And we our fader clepis the, in euery place
Mak vs thy sonnys, in cheryte but discord

Thou haldis cõurt ouer chrystall, heuinnis clere
With angellis sanctis, and heuenlye spretis sere
They but ceissing thy gloze, and louyngis syngis
Manifest to the, and patent bene all thingis
Thy spous and quene maid, and thy moder dere

Concord for euer myth rest, and endles blis
Ne fere of hell, nor drede of dede thare is
In thy hie realme, nor na kind of Eunoye
Bot all welefare eis, and euerlastand Joye
Quhais hye plesance lord, lat vs neuer mys.

FINIS.

The.i. boke of Eneados.

How Jupiter the courte/of goddis did call
And venus makis complaint/amangis them all

OM brede or this was warp, and made patent
On heuinly hald of god, omnipotent
The king of men, and fader of goddis all
Ane counsell or ane cessioun, made do call
Amang the fyris aboue, and goddis grete
Within the sternit heuin, and mylky sete
Quharfra am yd his trone, sittand full hie
Ouer all the erth, he mycht behald and se
The troianis castellis, and the pepil latyne
Doun sat the goddis, in thare segeis dyuyne
The faldine zettis baith, vp warpit brade
Firste Joue him selfe begouth, and thus he sayde
O heuinlie wichtis, of grete power, and mycht
How is betid zour myndis bene so licht
That zour decretis fatall, and sentence hie
Retretit thus, and turnit bakwart suld be
Or quhy with frawart myndis, now of late
Agains zour resonabill, orakillis ze debate
Wy will was not that the Italianis
In batall suld concur, contrar troianis
Quhat manere discord, be this that we se
Eryes agane our inhabitacioun, said he
Quhat drede or reuerence, thaime or thayrs has mouit
To ryn till armes, and rais were contriuit
Or has sic wise, perswadit to bargane
With bludy wappinis rent, and mony slane
Haist not the sessoun, to preuork nor preuene
Of battall cum, sal detfull tyme bedene
Herefor quhen the keirs burgh, of Cartage
To romes boundis, in thare fereful rage
Ane huge myscheif, and grete qualim send all

Jupiters oration in the counsall of the goddis.

And thyll the hie montanis, lyke ane wall
Than war iust tyme, in wraith to mak debate
Than war it tyme to rug and reik thus gate
Now all sic thyngis left, and dewst said he
Gladly and with one, mak kreyndly ampte
Ane few woundis, on sic wyse Jupiter said
Bot not in quheyn wordis, hum answere maid
The fresche goldin venus, O thou quod sche

Venus oration to Jupiter conplening on the rutilianys.

Fader of all, of eternale pouste
Ringand aboue all men, and goddis eik
To the I cum, the reuthfully I beseke
Sen thare nane vthir, maieste bene ne gloze
That in sic nede, may help vs to Imploze
Thow seis how, with boist and felloun fere
The Rutulianis makis, grete deray and stere
And how turnus pransand on semely stedis
Trouch out the oistis, rydis in steic wedis
And how ozpit, and proudly ruschis he
Amyd the troyanis, by fauour of mars quod sche
The strench of wallis noz the pozris schet
May not saif troyanis lo with in the zet
Amid the cleis, muralzeis, and pail
And doubyl dykis, how thay thame assail
Quhil the fowlyis of blude, rynnis on spate
Eneas absent of this, na thing wate
Quhidder gyf that thou, list suffir neuer mare
Thare sege skalit, noz tham fre of dangere
Behald agane about new troyis wall
zit bot begin to big, and not cleis all
How enuiroun musteris, thare Inemyis
Ane vthir oist and sege, about thame lyis
And n. whe lo, Tedeus son not far
From Aipois ciete, in to Calabar
The wery troyanis, mouis diomede

I feil agane my woundis, newly blede
And I thy blude thy get, and dochter schene
Sit mortale wappinis, mon thole eik and sustene
Gif the trotanis, but thy benevolence
Or repugnant, to thy magnificence
Has socht vnto the coist, of Italy
Lat thame be punist, and thare cryme aby
And I sall soithlie, stand content for me
Thou mak thame na kynd, help nor supple
Bot gif thay followit haif, for there behuf
Sa feil respons, of the goddis abuse
With sindry admonitiouns, charge and redis
Of the infernale wichtis, and spretis that dede is
Than wald I knaw the cause, and resoun quhy
That ony mycht peruert, or sit bewry
Thy commaundementis, how or quharfore may thay
New fatis make, and the auld do away
Quhat nedis to rehers, quhow on the coist
Of Cicilly thare schippis, brint war loist
Or quharto suld I duell, to schaw zou thus
Holy be the god of tempest, Eolus
The rage and wyndis, send war ouer all quhare
Or Iris cachit, throw cloudis of the are
Now mouit eik bene feyndlische wychtis affrayit
Before onelie that chance, was vnassayit
Bot now Alecto newlie, I furth sent
In to the vthir warld, that fell torment
With bachus furie, enragit by and by
Walk and throw, all cietes of Italy
Na thing I pans, on the empire quod sche
All thocht we hope had, that sic thing suld be
Quhen forton schew, therof sum appearance
Lat thame be vitour, quham thou list to avance
And gif na realme, vn to this warld remanis

Quhām the ſterne ſpous, liſt gif to the trotans
I the beſeik of Troy, by the rewyne
Be that ſubuertioun reik and, huge pyne
Suffer that zing aſcanius, mot be
Sauff of all wappinnis and, of perrellis fre
And al the leiſt, in this ilk moztall ſtryfe
Suffir the neuo, to remane alyfe
As foz Enee fozſoith, I mak na care
Thole hym in vncouth, ſtremes as he was are
Be dzyue and warpit, euery fey about
To follow furth in dangere, and in dout
Quhat cours, and went that foztoun lyft hym ſent
Woiſt it pleis the fader, omnipotent
That I may bot defend, zone lytyll page
And hym wyth dzaw, from thi: fers weris rage
I haue in Cypar, the cicte Amathus
And the hye ſtandand, burgh that hat paphus
And eyk the Ile, yclepit Cythera
The hallowit hald, eris of Idalia
Quhare rendzit vp, all armes in that ſtede
Durying hys age, be ſobir lyfe may leid
And command eik wyth grete, foꝛs and maiſtry
The burgh of Cartage, done thzing Italy
Fra thyne ſall na thyng, reſiſt noz ganſtand
Contrare cieteis of Tyze, oz affrik land
Quhat pzofite, has it doun oz auantage
Of troyis batall to haue, eſchaip the rage
And thzow amyd the Grekis, fyzis eik
Haue fled away, and thzou the leis haik ſeik
Sa feil dangeris by went, and ouer dziue
Ouer ſtreme and landis, gyf that thus belyue
Troianis has ſocht, tyll Italy tyll vpſet
New troyis walys, to be agane doun bet
Had not bene better, than yi thare natyue hald

Haue

haue ſittin ſtyll amang the aſſis cald
And lattir Iſillis of thare kynd cuntre
Or barand ſole quhare troy was wont to be
Than thus from dede to dede from pane to pane
Be cachit on and euery day be ſlane
Reſtor I pray the to thay wrechit wychtis
Panthus and Symoes ſludis quhilkis of richtis
was wount to be thare propir heritage
O fader ſuffir the fey troyane barnage
To ſeik agane quhat hard myſchance befallis
To troy or Ilioun with thare brokin wallis

¶ To Venus complante/Juno fra end to end
Vaid haſty anſuere/hyr actioun to defend

THe quene Juno than but mare abade
Prikkit with felloun furie thus furth braid
Quhy dois thou to me ſais ſche ſic offence
Conſtrenyng me brek clois profound ſilence
And with thy wourdis quhare aire was troy
Prouokis to publis and ſchew myne hid ennoye
Quhat maner man or quhilk of goddis lat ſe
Tomoue batale conſtrenit has Enee
Or to Ingire him ſelf to Latyn kyng
Is mortale fo wythin his propir ring
I gyf the caſe to Italie ſocht he
Of the fatis by the auctorite
Prouok and tharto be the wyld dotage
Of wod Caſſandra in hir fury rage
Lat ſe for all this gyf that anis in ſporte
To leik his ſtrenthis we dyd him exhorte
Or for to put his lyfe in ony dangere
To ſale or ſubmyt him to wordis ſere
Lat ſe gyf we cauſit to walk at large
And tyll ane bab commit the battellis charge
And gouernance half of his ciete wallis

Junos ora
tionis aga
nis the
troianis

Lat se gif we, how euer the chance befallis
Perswadit him to commoue, and stere
Our quiet pepil, with him to rays the were
Or to adione vp freyndschip, and ally
With tirrhene pepill, and folk of tuskany
Quhat god amouit him, with sic ane gaude
In his dedis to vse sic slicht, and fraud
Or quhilk of our hard powris, wrocht sic thing
Quhare was Juno, with al hir ladyis ding
Or quhare was scho also, quhen sister nycht
Iris was send doun, throw the cloudis bricht
Is this ane thing, full vnleslum but let
Thocht Italyanis, with flambis vmbeset
The newe cite of Troy vprisand lo
And is not ful grete, dispite also
That in his natiue land, and faderis ring
Turnus remane or pretend to be king
Quham to the god, Pilummus grantis
And haly Nymphe, Venilia moder I wys
Quhat thinkis thou leikslum, is that troianis in fere
Violence to make with brandis, of mortall were
Aganis Laeynis, sic vncouth heretage
Till occupy, and subdew in bondage
And thare catall in spreith, to driue away
Quhat haldis thou leikslum, as I pray the say
From vtheris to withdraw, so thikt willy
Thare eld faderis, and maist tender ally
Or from betuix thare breist, and armes tway
Thare treuth plicht spous, for to reik away
To cum and beleik trewis, in strange landis
With lyng or taking of peace, borne in thar handis
And nethe les, to mak reddy for were
Puruay thare schippis, prouide armour and gere
To sail Eace, has thou not power and mycht,

From

From greikis handis, him to withdraw be slicht
And set in stede of that man, licht as lynd
Outhir ane cloud or ane waist, puff of wynde
And eik thou may transforme, the schippis quod schc
In till as mony goddesis, of the se
Bot be the contrare ritutiantis, of spring
we suld support, that is forbodin thing
Thy son Ence, mysknawing this deray
Is thou allegeis is absent, now away
And quhat Iniuris, absent mot he remane
And ignorant, for ay of this bargane
Thou has paphos, thyne is Idalia
And thine mot be, the Ile of Cythera
Sen thou has all thir, at command and wyll
Lat vthir folkis in peace, and rest duell still
Quhare to assailzeis, thou ane strang ciete
That has bene oft exercit, in melle
And list inuade pepil, with hartis kene
I can not fynd quhat occasiaun, ze mene
Haue we etlit the ittill, Phrigiane gere
Doun from the ground, to welt ouer in to were
Quhidder was it we, or than Paris that faltit
Quhat wourthy troianis, by Greikis war exaltit
Quhat was the caus, that Europ, and Asia
Co rais the were, in armes war sa thra
Aganis vtheris, and thare auld alliance
With thift wis reif, to breik on sic mischance
Was I not gouernour, and cheif ledar thare
The time quhen that the troiane, adulterare
Umbelegit the ciete, of sperthe
And the Quene Elene reft, and brocht awa
Or quhidder Gif I euer, in that were
Ministerit dartis, or fyr gere
Bot that bargane stuffit, or bet lat se

With Cupidis blynd luſt, and ſubtilite
Than had bene honeſt tyme, and ganand bayth
To haſt prouidit, for thy freyndis ſkaith
Now all to late with thyme, I muſt complantis
Aganis thou riſis, and attayntis
For to warp out thy vane wourdis chiding
Quhilkis certis may auayle the in na thinge
With ſic like wourdis, Juno fra end to end
Gan hir querrel ſuſtene and als defend
And all the heuinly wichtis, did quhiſper and roune
In opiniouns full diuers, vp and doun
Like as firſt or wyndis blaſt, we perſaue
The ſouch is hard, within the woddis waue
With fraſing ſoundis, quhiſſilland zit vnknaw
Quharof cummys this bzute, out thzow the ſchaw
All thocht it be to marinaris, ane ſing
Of wyndis blaſt, to follow ſure taiknyng

Iupiters equall ſentence in the mater betuix the troianis & the Italianis committing thembaith to the for toune of battell.

The fader than omnipotent, maiſt hie
That ouer all thingis, has ſouerane maieſte
Begouth to ſay, and quhen he ſpak all ceiſſit
The heumlic hie hous of goddis, was peiſſit
The erthis ground ſchuke trymblyng for fere
And ſtill but mouing, ſtude the heuynnys clere
The wyndis eik thare, blaſtis lounit ſone
The ſey calmyt his fludis, plane ab one
Reſſaue quod he my ſawis, and tak tent
And thir my wourdis, within zour myndis Impzent
Sen that algatis, zit may not ſtiffert be
Latinus confider with troianis, and Enee
Or zit ze cau not mak end, of zour debate
I ſall me hald indifferent, the mene gate
And as for that, put ne diuerſite
Quhidder ſo Italianis, or troianis thay be
Now euer this day the forfoun, with thame ſtandis

Bzuke

Bruke we're thare chance, and werd on athir handis
Lat eith of thame his hope, and fortoun sew
Quhidder so the fatis, has determyt of new
Troianis to be affegeit, with Italianis
To thare myscheif or wraik, of the troianis
Quhilkis with thrawart, admonitiouns so lang
Perauenture has errit, and gane wrang
Nowthir troianis, nor Italians, freith will I
Lat athir of thame, thare awin fortoun stand by
And bruke thare werk, thay haue begun, but fale
King Jupiter salbe, to all equale
The fatis sall prouide ane way, more abbill
And with that wourd for till hald, ferme and stabill
His godlie aith and promys, sworn has he
By stiff Pluto, his brotheris se
Be that ilk pikky lark, with brays blak
And laithlie goulf, to kepe al that he spak
And till affeirme his aith, at his liking
The heuins al mald, trymble, for ane sing
Thus endit was the counsale, and alle done
And Jupiter rais, from his goldin trone
Quham heuinly wychtis, amyddis thame with ioy
Vnto his chymmes ryall, dyd conuoy

¶ How the troyanis defendis thare ciete Eneas absent, fekand mare supple

DVryng this quhile, all the Rutulianis stout
The ciete portis, lappit round about
For to doun bet, the troyanis euery syde
Inuiroun all the wallis, with hate fyre
Eneas barnage, that myscheuis huge
Thus vmbeset, and segit but refuge
Inclosit war but hope, to wyn away
And sobirly at defence, as thay may
On the vie touris hedis, stude on raw

For

Full thyn the circulis, of the wally3 law
Thay mannit about, for in the first front stude
Jasyus Jnbrasis son, and eik the gude
Tymotes son of strang, Jcetrane
And by thame also, the Asserratus twane
The eldare Tybrys, with Castor ful wroth
Brethir germane, to kyng Serpedone both
Quham Clarus had, and Hemon feris twa
Followit from the hie, realme of Lycia
Ane Agmon of Larnessia, fast thareby
Preses with all the fors, in his body
Anek elloun stane, to welt the wallis till
Quhilk semyt to be, ane grete part of ane hyll
Na les of statur, na his fader Clytyus
Was he, or ellis his brothir Menestheus
Wyth dartis thay assale, the ciete fast
And thay defend, with slungis and stane cast
Sum preis thik, the wyld fyre in to flyng
The arrowis flaw, spangand fra euery stryng
The dardane chyld, the zing Ascaneus
Tyrncipall thocht, and cure of dame Venus
Amyd the routis, in couert quhare he zede
Thare mycht be sene, in his fresche lusty hede
Lyke as ane gem, wyth his brycht new schinyng
Departis the gold, set amydwart the ring
Or in the crounell, picht or riche hingare
Quhilk dois the nek array, or the hede gere
And mare semely, than euoure bene to se
Craftely closit, wythin the bor of tre
Or than amyd, the blak cerebynthyne
Growis by ozatia, and as the gate deis schyne
Hys curland lokkis, hang doun wele dek
Abouit his schulderis, ouer his mylk quhyte nek
Aye circulet of pliabyl gold, so blyth

The tonne tuadis by the Metulians and defendit bi the trojäs.

Aboue

Aboue his baris, apoun his hede wele pycht
Thew Ismarus, of magnanymyte
Fulfyllit eik, thare men mycht the se
Unwyttand venemous, schaftis the like tide
Addres dartis, and wirkis woundis full wyde
Cummyn of the gentyl blude, of Meony
In Lide contre, thou bozne was fast by
The plentuous strize, quhare the goldin riuere
Pactolus warpis, on groumd the goldin bre clere
Reddy at hand, was Mnestheus wicht
Quham the renowne, of this zister nycht
For that he turnus, ouer the dikis drait
Full proude made in his curage, ouer the lait
With him was Capis, thare also quham by
The towne Capua, is namit in champany
Thus athir party, into hard bargayning
Stude at debate, quhill Eneas the king
With al his feris, baycht day and myd nicht
Schildis throw out, the salt kames licht
For eftir that, fra king Auander he
Departit was, as here aboue said we
Ind enterit in amyd, the tuskane tentis
The kinge he socht, and tald, him his ententis
His name to him reherssing, and his blude
And his desire fully, to conclude
Has schawin planely twichand quhat he socht
And quhat supple also, he with him brocht
And tald quhat army, proude Mezentius
Had conuenit, and how the bald Turnus
Ha violent and fers was, in his wyll
Erhorting him, to tak gud hede here tyll
And how vnstabill, was al warldis chance
All manues suretye, hyngand in ballance
Ypd vnto this his requeist, and prayere

All mēnes fortunes worldlye wysdom is vnstabyll and vncertane.

Adioynt

Adionit has on full,gladly manere
Thare was na mare,delay bot Tarchon kyng
All reddy was to fulfyl,his likyng
Wyth mobly3,and all riches at command
And vp can knyt,thare fordwartis and command
Of amyte,and perpetual ally
Than of the fatis,fre in thare nauy
At command of the goddis,pepyl tufkane
Ar enterit in thare fchippis,euer Ilkane
Submytting thame,vntyll ane ftrang Duke
Eneas barge,than furth the viage tuke
Before the lafk,as admirall of the ftoke
And in hir ftevin karuin,full wele god wote
The Lioums,that the phrigiane armes bene
Aboue the quhilkis,porturit fare and grene
Was yda foreft,to fugitiue troyanis
Thare beft belouit freynd,wod and native wanys
In hir was fet,the grete prince Eneas
That with him felf,can mony thing compas
Twiching the chancis,of batale in that tyde
Pallas adionit,fat by his left fyde
And he at hym,did wyfely afke and fpere
The cours and namis,of the fternes clere
Quhil in the ftyll heuin,fchynis on the nycht
Now fperis he franand,with all his micht
To knaw Eneas,wandring be the fe
And how huge pane,he had on landis dre

Ienocatis

There comptis virgyll/the pepyll of tufkans
Quhilkis with Eneas/come to the bargane

ZE muflis now,fueit godis Ithone
Opin and vnclos,3oure mont of Ilicone
Reuele the fecretis,and in 3our micht
Entone my fang,addreffe my ftile at rycht
To fchaw quhat piffance,oiftis and armye

At thys tyme from the boundis of tuskane
In fallowschip, come wyth the prynce Enee
And stukkit schippis of war set to the see
First prynce Wallutus, cummys wyth hys rout
Into his barge, Tygris with steit snowt
Souchand out throw the fludys quhare he went
Ane thousand stout men of hys talent
Under him ledin, for the batal boun
From Clusyn come, vmquhyl that nobyl toun
And fra the tuskane ciete of Cosa
Bayth casting dartis, and flamys vsit tha
Wyth arrow caillys, and vthyr quaueerys lych
And mortal bowys, buklyt for the fycht
Sanyn furth salys, Abas and hym by
Hys barnage stude anarmyt rychely
His werelike schip, ouer the fludis sikane
Of god Appollois, goldin statu schane
The rych cyete, of Populonias
His native cuntre quhare of born he was
Ser hundreth men of armes in were expert
With hym was send, and the Ile in that part
Ilia callit, within the tuskane se
Sa riche of stetle, it mycht not waistit be
Thre hundreth eik, has send with hum to pas
The third Capitane, wourthy Asilas
Of goddis erik, and men interpretoure
Of euery spaing craft, that knew the cure
Quhat the hart pipes, and beistis Intrallis ment
Quhat signifyit the sternes, quhare thay went
Thare richt courssis aboue the benynis hye
And euery birdis vocis, wele knew he
And quhat betaikinnis, schynyng from the heuyn
Thir fyrie blaistis, or this thunderis leuyn
Ane thousand men, assemblit wyth him ledis

A catalog of Eneas frendis

Mnestheus

Asilas

Wyth awful speris, and schaep grundin hedis
Quham the hetrusCane, ciete Pisa gude
Inhabit first from Alpheus that flude
Send til obey hym as thare capitane
Syne followis, eftir the semeliest of ane
Asture A sture maist sour horsman, for to seik,
Of vartant cullour was his armour eik
Thre hundreth walit men, with hym he led
Al of ane wil, furth to the batal sped
Of folkis alhale, duelt in the cite swete
Of Agilyne vthir wyse callit Crete
And thay that duellis in thay feildis I wys
Endland the bankis, of flude Mynonis
Or til ancient Virgus, toun alsua
Or inhabitis, the ciete granilla
Ful contagius of pest, and grenous are
Suld I the pretermyt, sen thou was thare
Cignus I mene the Cignus, of Ligurianis
The cheif ledare, amang vthir capitanis
Ane of the maist forcy into batal stede
Ne wil I not forget suld I be dede
The strang Cupanus with the few menze
Fra quhais tymbrel rifis apoun hie
The lusty swammys, fetherem bricht and schene
The cryme and caus, of al sour wofull tene
Was luf and amoris pompus array
Schroud in sour fedderis, cognitante al to gay
As that thay, tel quhil dolours Cignus
Wade his complante, amang the skoggy bus
Of popil tre branchis, riling lang and square
Quharin the twa sisteris, trankformyt ware
And gan bewail Phaetoun, his best belouit
Quhil that he sang and playit, as him behuffit
The dolly tones, and layes lamentabil

Wyth

Wyth sic regrat, to comfort and stabill
His heuy amorus thochtis, and ennoyus
In quhite Canois soft plumes Joyus
Become ouerhede, in liknes of ane swan
And led his age, na mare furth lik ane man
Bot tuke his flicht vp from the erth in hye
And with ane souchand voce socht in the sky
Hys son thys tyde, hauand his fallouschippis
Distribute equale, into sundry schippis
Amang the naup, and the flote at large
With aris rowis furth, his bustuous barge
Clepit Centaurus, and ythandly syne he
Dryuis throw fludis of the stormy se
Byg of statur, stude he like to fecht
Boistand the streme, with ballast of huge wecht
And with his lange and lusty ballingare
Ouer fludis the depe fludis, in thare fare
The nobil Oenus, from his natyue land
Ane fare army assemblit brocht at hand
Son of god tybris, the tuskane riuere
Beget apoun manthus, the lady clere
That was bayth Nymphe, and Prophetes
This Oenus, was the ilk man, quhilk expres
Of Mantua, the ciete did he wall
And eftir his said moderis name, can cal
Mantua mychty, of auld ancistry
And forefaderis, bot hys genolagy
Was not of ane kinrent cummyn al
For that toun had thre clannis principal
And vnder euery clan, or trybe of thay
War owthir sour, famyllis twyis tway
Mantua eik, was cheif and principale hede
To al thyr peppl wonyng, in that stede
Takand thare force, and hardiment ylkane

Orus

From the lynnage and nobil blude tuſkane
Wezentius Wezentius, throw his auld tyranye
Furth of his cietc, aganys him in hye
Fiue hundreth men, in armes maid to ſtere
Quham Mintius, the freſche rymand riuere
That from the loth bennachus Iſchis doun,
And is ouerheildit al with redis broun
Has caryit to the brade ſeyis large
Within thare werely ſchip, and awful barge
Furth held the ſtout and degeſt Auleſtes
Quhil's with grete ſtrenth of rollaris in that preis
Raſyng thaym on thare choktis for the nanys
The fludis ſmate, with hundreth airis atanis
Quhyl that the ſomy ſtoure, of ſtremes lee
Upwaltis from the brade Balmes of tre
The mekil houk hym bare, was Triton callit
For in his forefam, was the monſtoure ſtallit
With watry trumpy, fleand the fludis gray
Quhare as ſche ſalit men micht ſe hym aye
With birſly body, porturit and viſage
All rouch of hart's, ſemyng of cullage
In mammys forme, from his coiſt his croun
Bot from his bally, and thens fordwart doun
The remanent ſtraucht, like ane kyſchis tale
In ſimilitude of Huddone, or ane quhale
Under the breiſt of this tik byiſmyng thyng
The ſe wallis bobband, makis mournyng
Sa mony walit capitanys, nobil men
In help of new troy, with ſchippis thrys ten
Slidis throw the ſalt ſtremes of the ſee
With ſelit ſteuynnys, and bowand bilge of tre

¶ Eneas ſchippis tranſlate in nymphys of ſee
Eald Eneas how turnus aſſegeit the ſyete.

Be this declynit, was the dayis lycht
The mone in till ane wauerand carte of licht
Held rolling, throw the heuynnys middil warde
As Eneas the Troiane pryncе, and larde
For thochtis mycht na wyse, his membris rest
Sa mony curis in his mynd he kest
Bot sat in propir persoun, and nane vthir
To stere his caruel, and to reule the rudder
And for to gyde the salis takand tent
Anone amyd his cours, thare as he went
Recounteris him, hys kallourschip in hy
Of nymphis, quham and his naup
The haly moder, clepit cybelee
Wade to becum goddis in the se
Al samyn swam, thay hand in hand yfere
And throw the wallis, fast south and schere
Als fell in nowmer, nymphis throw the flude
As laitlye with thare stelit, steuynnis stude
Of troiane schippis, by the coistis syde
Aweile ker way, as ouer the streme thay glide
Thare king thay knaw, and al in karoling
About his schip went circulet, in ane ring
Amangis quham in speiche, the maist expert
Cymodotea, to the wale astart
And with hyr rycht hand, can the est castell
Do grip anone, that al hir bak ilk dele
Aboue the sey wattir, dyd appere
Beneth the calmet stremes, fare and clere
Wyth hir left hand, craftely swymmys sche
Syne of thys wyse, spekys to Ence
That of thys wounderus meruel, knew na thyng
Wakis thou, or not thou verray goddis ofspryng
Our pryncе and maister, Eneas now awaik
Takil thy schippis, and thy schetis slaik

A good pryncе is euer vigilant and carefull for hys subiectis.

Cimodotes ostatis to Eneas.

Hope

Wo bene thy nauy, and thy flote quod ſche
Bowt ſum tyme of fir, and bich tre
Grew in the haly top, of mont Ida
And now as preſent, thou behald vs ma
Nymphes we bene, and ſalbe euermore
For as zone faythles Turnus, by the ſchore
Inuadit vs with glauis, and wyth fyre
On force conſtrenit, for the flambis ſchire
Thy cauillis we, in ſounder brak in hall:
To ſeik throw the ſey, as we war chaiſt
And than the moder, of goddis Cibeles
Hauing on vs compaſſioun, and piete
In this figure, has vs al tranſlate
For euir mare, to be deificat
As goddeſſes, quharefo vs likis beſt
Amang the fludis, for to leik and reſt
Bot thy dere child zoung aſcaneus ſtout
Beſegeit is and cloſit, round about
With wallis fouſſy, and trynſchis athir fyde
Amid dartis or querellis faſt dois glyde
And dreidful oſtis, of ſterne pepil latyne
By were enforſing, to diſtroy al thyne
Euandrus horſemen, clepit Archadianis
Wydlit ſamyn with be thurianis
Quhen in thi help, thou fendis be the land
Thay placis now, quhare as thou gaik command
Can occupy, as biding the cumming
Bot turnus has determit, as certane thing
Grete garniſouns, to ſend betuix thaym ſone
That zour oſtis, ſal not to giddir Jone
Get vp haue done, and ſone in the mornyng
Al ſwyth as the bryght day begynnis to ſpring
Thy feris hale, thou firſt to harnes cal
And with thy ſcheild, inuiſibil thare withal

Thy

Thy ſelfin ſchroud, quham mychty god of fyre
To the as ane maiſt ſouerane lord, and ſyre
Has wrocht and geuin, and with gold ſo bricht
The bordouris has ouergilt, and forgit at rycht
Gif thou beleiffis ocht, my ſawis in vane
The licht of day to morne, I ſchaw the plane
Huge hepis ſal behald, in feild doung doun
Of ruiulianis, by occaſioun
Thus ſayd ſche, and departand with ane ſkyp
Be hir rycht hand, ſchowis furth the ſchip
As ſche that was, in that craft rycht expert
And throw the wallis, on the tothir part
Glidis away, vndet the lomy leis
As ſwift as ganze, or fedderit arrow fleis
That ſtriuis for to pyngil for the wynd
The remanent, hyr followis faſt behynde
Anchiſes ſon, the grete troiane Ene
Awounderis vnwitting, quhat thys ſuld be
And nethelés his curage, dyd auaunce
With this ilk fatal, angurie or chance
Syne ſchortlie lukand, to the heuyn abone
On this manere can pray and maid hys bone
O bliſſit moder, of the goddis quod he
That hallowit art in the mont Ide
Quham to the toppis of the mont, Dyndymane
And eik the towris, and cyties mony ane
Wyth renzeit Liouns, zokkit to the chare
Ful tendir bene, and hartlie euermare
Be zou in batal, now my preſident
Be my protectour, deuly takand tent
As thys ozakle, be haſtyt to our wele
O haly goddes, wyth happy fute of it ſcile
Cum and aſſiſt, to thy ſawayne troyanis
No more he ſpak, bot wyth that word atanys

Eneas vyd
ione

In the mene quhile, vp ſpringis the bryght day,
Chaſſand the clouddis, of the nycht away
And firſt Cacas, gan his feris command
Thare banetis to diſplay, and follow at hand,
Thare curage eik, and turate to addreſs
And graith thaym, for the batel al expres.
For he be than, his troiants mycht behald
And of the eſt ſchip, into his toun and hald
Wen mycht hym ſe, and knaw quhare that he ſtude
His ſchynand new ſcheild, from amyddis the fludé
In to his lekt hand, raſit hie one hicht
The troianys, from the wallis of that ſicht
War ſo retoyſit, vp thay raſit ane cry
That rerdis, to the ſternes in the ſky
The hope of his returning, hate as fyre
Doublit thare curage, and vpraſit thare Ire
That with thare handis, faſt thay dartis ſling
With ſic ane dyn, of clamour and crying
And trumpettis blaſt, raſyt wythin the toun
Sic manere brute, as thocht men hard the ſoun
Of crannis crowping, fleing in the are
With ſpedy kard, in randoun here and thare
As from the flude of trace, hate ſtrymonye
Under the dirk cloudis, oft we ſe
Thay fle the wedderis blaſt, and rok of wynd
Thare gladſum ſownes, flowand thaym behynd
Bot quhat mycht mene, thare affere and deray
Ane grete ferly, and wounder was perfay
To Turnus king, of Rutulians in that tyde
And the Italiane Dukis, him beſyde
Quhil that at laſt, beheld endlang the coiſt
And ſaw the nauy cum, and mekill oiſt
Semand the ſey, of ſcheppis al ouer flet
The creiſt or ſchynand, cymber that was ſet

Thow

Aboue Eneas helme, and top on hicht
Reft lemand flambis, with ane glitterand lycht
And eik the goldin bois, of his buklere
Large fyry ſtremes, on bryde ſchew kare and clere
Like as the comet ſterne, ſanguinolent
Wyth hys rede cullour, triſt and violent
Schynys ſum tyme, apoun the donk nycht
Or frawart Siryus, that feruent ſtere brycht
Quhilk with the ſkaldand hete, at his riſing
Birnis the erth of drouth, and is the ſing
Pretendand, til al mortal folk Iges
Contagious infirmiteis, and ſeiknes
That with his ſchrewit licht, Canicularé
Infekkit al the heuynnys and the are
Bot turnus ſtalwart, hardy hye curage
For all this fere, dympniſt, neuir ane ſtage
Quhilk manfully ſchup, thaim to wyth ſtand
At the coiſt ſyde, and ding thaym of the land
That on na wyſe, thare thay ſuld arriue
And with glaid ſemblant, gan his folkis beriue
Exhortyng for to rais, thare ſpretis on hie
And wyth his wourdis, forthirmare eik he
Gan thaym reprufe, of thare ſo haiſty fere
Lo now preſent ſais he, is cummyn here
The matter quhilk ze lange, deſirit haue
The tyme is now to grip, in hand zour glaue
The tyme of battel reddy is at hand
Quhare ſtrenth beis ſchawin, in ſtalwart ſtoure to ſtand
Now euery man remember, on his ſpous
Think on thare natiue land, and dwellyng hous
Reduce ze now into zour myndis Ilkane
The wourthy actis, of zour eldaris bigane
Thare louabil fame, and zour awin renowne
And lat vs formeſt, haiſt vs to the ſe

Turnus exhortation to hys men deſyring them to remember ther natyf centre and to inuade ther enemies of thair land.

And

And thare recounter our fais, or thay land
Quhilk as thay fyrst set fute vpon the sand
Wyth sliid to cummyng, half delem affray
Or thay thare fute steppis ferme, and tak array
Hap helpis hardy men, be myne awyse
That wele dare take on hand, stout interpryse
Thus said he, and thar wyth in his thocht
Deuylis quham, maist ganandly he mocht
Ledc wyth hym to resist, and mete his fais
Or quham he suld, not from the sege vprais
Bot styll remane to ferme, and clois the toun
The wallis, and the trinschis Inuiroun.

Foir towne is fredoft tymis to hardy men

Eneas fra the schippys, landit hys ost
And turnus thame, assailzeit at the se coist

In the mene sessoun, the troyane Enee
Begouth hys folkis, from thare schippis hye
On bryggis and on plankis, set on land
Mony abade the ebbing, of the sand
Quhill the swark fard wallis, abak dyd dra
Than in the schaldis, dyd thay lepe on raw
And sum wyth airis, into the coggis small
Entill it to land, bot tho amang thame all
The prynce Trachon, can the schoir behald
Thare as him thocht, suld be na sandis schald
Nor zit na land birst, lippering on the wallis
Bot quhare the flude went fyl, and calmyt al is
But stoure or bulloure, murmoure or mouyng
His steuynnis thidder stering, gan the kyng
And on this wyse, his feris dyd erhort

Tarchontis erhortation to his men.

Now oze walit floure, of were at schoir
Bend vp zour airis fliche, and rais zour schippis
Haist ouer the flude, here to the schoir wyth skippis
And with zour stelit steuynnys, anc and all

This

Thys ground vnfreyndly, to hys and Inimicall
Do chere and cheik in ſunder, lyke ane ſtok
Lat euery barge, do pzent hir ſelf ane dok
Na fozce I not, in ſyc pozte by his mene
To bzek the ſchyp, ſa we the land attene
Fra Trachon had thir wozdis, ſaid but mare
Hys feris ſtertis ilk man, tyl ane are
The ſtowrand fomy bargis, dyd rebound
In rowand faſt, towart the latyne ground
Quhil that thare ſtammes, tuke the bankis dzy
And thare kelis ſtak, in the ſlyke faſt by
But ony harme, oz dangere euery one
Bot ſo dyd not, vnto thy ſchyp Trachone
Foz in the ſchald ſche ſtoppis, and dyd ſtand
Vpoun dzy channell, oz ane bed of ſand
Ane lang tyme, all to ſchakin with the flude
Quhyl kynalye thare rokkand, as ſche ſtude
To bzuſtis ſche, and ruits al in ſounder
Warpit the men amyd the ſame thare vnder
The plankis hechis, and mony bzokin arc
That on the ſtreme went, fletand here and thare
Wade to thare landing grete impediment
And ſkiddzy gar, ſo from the wallis went
That of thare fete, war ſmytin vp on loft
Bot kynalie al dzounkit, and fozwzocht
Thay ſaiffit war, and warpit to the coaſt
Than na delay of ſleuth, noz fere noz boiſt
Withheld Turnus, bot wyth hys hale armye
Aganis troianis, by the coaſt of the ſe
He did array, al ſamyntin that ſtound
The trumpettis blew, thare bludy were like ſound
And fyſt in ſigne, of gud luke in the weris
Ane the routis, of the labozeris
Dzeural huſbandis, muadis and ouerſet

Turnus
arrayis a-
mit againe
the troyā-
nys.

And has the latyne commouns, all hale doun bet
By slaucheer fyrst, of thare chyftane Theron
Eneas re-stitys hys enimyes and slayis Therane thir cap-tane with dyuers other.
Amang al vtheris, the byggest men of one
Quhilk set apoun Eneas, or he wyst
Bot he throw out his sydis, his swerd has thryst
Perfit the stalwart, platit scheild of steil
And throw the schynand, hawbrak euery dele
The giltin mailzeis, makis hym na stede
For in the coist he tholis, dynt of dede
Syne smate he Lythas, and him has al to lorne
That of his dede moderis, wame furth was schorne
And to phebus god, was consecrate
And was so chancy, in his zoung estate
That the swerd, eschapit by hys hap
Bot not at this tyme, so the dedis gap
And not for thens, this douchty Eneas
Kelit the doure and stalwart, Cilleas
And put to deith, the bustuous Gyas strang
That with hys burdoun, al the routis dang
Thare strenthy handis, helpit thaym na thyng
Nowthir Herculis wappinnis, nor armyng
Wycht thaym defend, nor zit thare sire that hecht
Melanpus, and companzeoun was in fecht
To Hercules in his fare Journeis feile
Quhil he in erth, was liftand and in hele
And lo a s Pharon cryis, and doys roust
With haltand wourdis, and wyth mekle bous
Eneas threw ane dart, at hym that tyde
Quhilk as he gapit, in his mouth did glide
And thou allo, the fey greke Tydone
Quhylk strangly luffit, thir zoung childer Ichone
As thou the zoung Citeus did persew
Quhais zolwng berd begouth, to spryng of new
And was alhale thy new luft and desire

Be the rycht hand, of this ilk troiane lyȝe
Thare had bene made end, of thy amouris grefe.
And wrechitly had lyne dede I wene
War not the brethir, of the clane phoztanis
Ipoun Eneas assemblit, al atanys.
In nowmer seuin thay war, and dartis seuin
All sampn thay kest, fozcy and fyrie leuin
Of quham sum did, but harme of bthir dere
Stot from the schetld his hewmond oz hede gere.
And sum that wald haue hyt his cozps in hy
Venus his haly moder, choppit by.
Than to the traist, Achatis said Enee
Reik me dartis, and casting speris sayd he
That in the Grekis bodyis, first stude.
Quhilum in troyis planis, bedyit wyth blude
And my rycht hand, sal thzaw thaym so ilkane
On rutulianis, that nane sal fle in vane
Ane bustuous schaft, with that he grippit has
And incontrare, his aduersaris can tais
Quhilk flaw towart Meonys fast by.
Out thzow the scheild platit wyth stele in hy
Vulschit the dynt, and thzow the Coissottis glidis
Out thzow the coist, persing baith the sydis
Unto him stertis, Alchoner his bzuthir
To bere him vp, when that he saw him schuddir
Wyth his rycht arme, bot thzow his gardy sone.
The grundin hede, ayd bludy schaft ar done
Furht haldand the self, randoun as it went
The rycht arme, from the schuldir al to rent
Ipoun the mankit senno uns hingis by
As impotent quyte lamyt, and dedely
Than Nymptoure, furth of his bzotheris cozps.
Ruggis the runseoun, and with al his fozs
It swakkis at Enee bot he ne mycht.

Had

Had tyll atteyne nor wound the nobill knycht
Zit wyth the dynt, the grete Achates thee
He hurt and strenzeit, has ane lytil we
Clausus. Wyth thys come Clausus, full of vassalage
Confiding in his zouth, and flurist age
The curitanys wyth him, brocht in the preis
And with ane lang stif spere, ane driopes
Smate in the bals, vnder the chyn sa sare
That hym bereft, was in the place richt thare
Bayth voce and spreith of lyfe, and that na wounder
For hys neke bane, and throt was carue in sounder
That doun he duschis, wyth ane felloun rerd
Quhyl that hys forehede, ruschit on the erd
And of his mouth, ane pietuous thyng to se
The lopperit bloude, in dedethraw vodis he
Thre vtherts syne, this ilk clausus has slane
Bone in to trace, of the Clan Boriane
And thre come fra, the ciete of Idas
And vthir thre, of the cicte of Ismaras
Be diuers chancis, put he all to dede
Alesus hym recountaris, in that stede
And all the barnage, come from Aurunta
That cald ciete, and thame follows alsua
To that melle, the son of Neptunus
That is to knaw, the wourthy mesapus
Quhilk into hors men, craft was maist expert
Now preis this syde, and now zounderwart
To roll abak, and to expell in richt
Thare aduersaris, and mak tham tak the flycht
Thus by the coist, Asonia that tyde
Hard wolr the batall, apoun athir syde
As thocht sum tyme, amyd the large are
The contrar wyndis, struis here and thare
Wyth braythfull blastis, in thare equale mychtis

Nane

Nane lyst obey tyl vtheris, all so wycht is
Nowthir thay amang thame self, noꝛ ȝit the cloudis
Noꝛ ȝit the ragand seis, quhilk sa loud is
So that the bargane, lang standis in dout
Quha salbe victoure, and quha vnderlout
Sa koꝛcely remanys the elementis
Contrary vtheris, in thare awne ententis
Nane vthir wyse the troyane, oistis in ketild
And latyne routis, ȝokyt vnder scheild
Metis in the melle, Joned sampyn than
Thay fewter fute to fute, and man to man

How Pallas conkoꝛtis hys oist of archadee: Quhylk gaif the bak/and tuke purpois to fle.

BOt quhen that Pallas, at ane vthir syde
Persauit his archade, armyt that tyde
In sic ane place, had takin land at anis
Quhare as ane burne, had warpit round stanis
And bullys wyth the brayis doune had bet
That thay war in sa hard myscheif ouerset
As men not vsit koꝛ to go, fecht on fute
And thane constrenit, knew nane vthir bute
Koꝛ sharpnes of that stede, bot leif thare hoꝛs
That wele persauit he, how that on koꝛs
Thay gaif the bak, and schupe to take the flicht
The Latynis followand, thame in at thare mycht
Than quhile with mayn now, with wourdis lowe
Thare curage he inflambis in the stoure
Quhilk manere hauyng soith as is the crede
Is vther poyntit remedie, at sic ane nede
Wy feris sayis he, quhidder do ȝe fle
I ȝou beseik be ȝour grete renowne
And be ȝour koꝛcy dedis done of auld
And be ȝour princes, fame Euander bald
And be the oistis, and mony victoꝛyis

Pallas wyse and stout exhoꝛtation to the troyanis.

That.

Deſtryng them not to ſle bot to tary mã fully for ther na tyf cuntre and pryncis taus.

That ze in were, and batall wan fele ſyis
And be my gude beleif, and hope that now
Wyth hale confydence, quhilk reſtis fixit in zou
As to atteyne, vnto my faders gloze
To vndertak, ſic dedis done afore
Do neuer for ſchame, vnto zour ſelf that lak
To luppin in ſpede of fute, and gyf the bak
Wyth ſwerdis dynt, behuffis vs perfay
Throw myddis our Inenyis, red our way
Quhare zonnder ſop of men, thikeſt in ane rout
Zounder is the paſſage, quhare we moiſt wyn out
Zonuder zour nobyll cuntre, wyll ze pas
Zone way to wend exhortis zour duke Pallas
Here is na power, of diuinite
Nor goddis mycht, ganſtandyng vs quod he
Nane vthir bargane, haue we in thir techtis
Bot agane dedely, and wyth mortall wychtis
Als mony mortall bodyis, here haue we
And als fele handis, to debate the melle
Behaldis how the ſey, wyth abſteklie grete
Juculis vs, and at our bak can bete
On land is left, vs here na place to fle
Quhat wald ze ryn to troy, out throw the ſe
Thus ſayd he, and furth wyth oz he wald ceis
Amyd his feris, he ruſchit in the preis
Quhare as the routis, thykkeſt was in ſtoure
And fyrſt of vthir, to his fatall hour
Hym metis Lagus, ane Rutuliane
Quham firſt ouerrollit, with ane mekle ſtane
Throw gird his oſt, ſyne with ane caſtin dart
Peirſing his rybbis, throw at the ilk part
Quhare bene the cuplng of the rig bone
And the ilk ſchaft ſtak, in his cozps anone
Pallas it Jogillit, and furth drew in hye

Quham

Quham ane Hybane, standing nere thare by,
wenit to haue caucht, bot the grip he falit
For as vnwar he stoupit, and deu alit
wod wroth for wo, of this mischeuus dede
Of his dere fallow, in this ilk stede
Pallas him keppit, sic wise on his brand
That all the blude vp to the hilt, and hand
Amyd his flank and lungis, hid has he
On sic manere, that na man mycht it se
Syne pallas set apoun, Anthemolius
and Schenolus, that of the king rethus
Prince of marrubians, ancient pepil bene
The quhilk Anthemolus, was that ilk I wene
Defoulit his faderis bed, incestuoslie
And had forlyne, his awin stepmoder by
And ze also stout gemmel, brether twa
Thylder and semnis, vnto him Dawcia
Tymber I mene, and thy brother Laryd
Amyd the feild, Rutulian did abide
ze war sa like, in forme and similitude
Na mycht discerne, betuix zou quhare ze stude
Quhilk maner errour, or sic misknawing
To fader and moder, is oft plesand thing
Seand thare childer, resembill aneliknes
Bot at this tyme, has pallas as I ges
Markit zou swa, with sic diference
That by his keil, ze may be knawin from thens
For sa stude with the tymber thou art dede
Euandrus swerd, has smyttin of thy hede
And thy richt arme, of smytin o Laryde
Amyd the feild, lyis the beside
And halk lyikes thy fingeris war sterand
within thy neif dois grip, and faik thy brand
Than schame and dolour, myolit baycht ouer ane

Behaldis the pepill Archane euer ilkane
To the bargane, aganis thare, Inemyes
For Pallas wourdis, maid thare curage ryse
And eik for thay beheld, before thare ene
His dochty dedis, thay him loue and mene
For Pallas than, through gird Rhetus the king
As he on cace glaid, by on char fleing
Na mare space was, of tary na delay
That Ilus deith prolongit that ilk day
For agane the Ilo, with fell fere
Pallas addreſſit had, ane ſtalwart ſpere
Rhetus ſtert in be turn, and caucht the dynt
As he one caſe was, ſtand feirs as flynt
From the handis the moſt forcy, tewcras
And thy broder Tyres, that by the was
Quer weltis Rhetus, in dede thrawis attanis
And with his helis ſmat, the rutultane plants
Tumblit from his hie cart, chargit quhare he ſat
And on the ground, reboudis with ane ſqwat
And lyke as ſum tyme, in the ſomeris drouth
Quhen windis ryſis, in the north or ſouth
In ſere placis, the herde at hys deſyre
Amang the ſcroggy, rammell ſettis the fyre
Vulcanus oiſtis, of bryn flambis rede
Spredand on bryde, vpbleſis euery ſtede
Than he that ſet the kendlyng, glaid and gay
Behaldis how that the law, dois make deray
Bleſand and crakand, wyth ane nyſe reuery
For vthir wyſe, the archadanis in hy
Al ſamyn ſocht in feild, with al thare mycht
And made debate, to help pallas in fycht
Bot the Eleſus, kene in battal
Theme to recounter, ettlis to aſſale
And gan hymſelf wele, ſchroud vnder his ſcheild

Syne

Syne manfully rulchit amyd the feild
Quhare that he flew ane lacone, and feris
And Demodotus efter, in the preis
As him strimanius, by the gorget gryppit
With his brycht brand, his richt hand he of quhippit
And Thoas syne, so smat apoun the hede
With ane grete stone, quhyll mixt of blude all rede
The harne poplit out of the harne pan
This ilk Elesus fader, as witty man
For till eschew, his commys fatis strang
Hid him preualy, the thik woddis amang
Bot fra the auld, Elesus lay to de
And zeildis vp the breith, with wawland E
The fatall sisteris, set to hand anone
And gan this zoung Elesus so dyspone
That by Euandrus happinnis, the ilk stound
He destynate was, to raucht the dethis wound
Towart quham Pallas, bowned has full sone,
And in his renk, on this wise made his bone
Now grant thou god, and fader Cybrine
Gude chance and fortoun, to this hede of myne
The quhilk I tais, apoun this casting spere
That it may throw, Elesus body schere
And zone harnes cote armour, and spulze brycht
Quhilk now so werelie, schynis on zone knycht
Hall hing apoun ane, aik fast by the bray
The god his asking hard, as he did pray
For quhil Elesus, vnauisitlye
Cled with his scheild, Imaonis him by
That was to him his freynd, and fallow dere
His breist stude nakit, but armour or gere
Quhar to he pallas, dedly schaft resauit
Bot Lasus wilfull, his syde to haue sauit
As he that was, ane grete part of the oist

And

And list not suffir, with sic fere nor boist
Or slauchter made, be Pallas and deray
That his companzeouns, suld caucht mare affray
Rulchit in the melle, and first in his tene
Slew Abas, that grete bargane did sustene
The thikest or rout, of all the preis
Thare as maist tary, was or he wald ceis
This Iasus all to sparpellit, and inuadis
Doun beting war, the barnage of Archadis
Doun beting eik war, the Ethzurianis
And ze also feil bodyis, of troianis
That war not put by greikis, to vterance
Than all the ostis semblit, with spere and lance
The tonig of the feild. The chiftanis all Joned, with hale powaris
The hendmest wardis, swarmed all yferes
So thik in stale all, merrit wor the rout
Oneis mycht ony turne, his hand about
To weild his wappin, or to schute ane dart
Full douchtelie pallas, on the ta part
Enforcis him to greik, his fais that tyde
Iasus resistis, on that vthir syde
Thare age war not, ker indifferent
And of maist semelie stature, quhare thay went
Thay war excellent of bewtie, thay tway
Bot so it stude, that fortoun wele away
Wald nouthir suffir, to his realme resort
And netheles to mete, sampn at schort
As in to feild to preik, thare hardyment
The gouernour of heuin, omipotent
Lyst na way thole, for bilif eftar this
To athir of thame, thare dedly fais Iwys
To ane ker grete aduersare, remanis
As here anone dois, follow vnder anys

Quhen

¶ Quhow that keies turnus has young pallas slane
For quham his folkis makis grete dolque and mone

DUring this feruour, of the bargane sa
The haly nymphe, clepit Juturna
His bruthir turnus, dyd monis and exhorte
To succour Lausus, and his folkis supporte
The quhilk Turnus, as in his spedy chare
The myd routis went sloppand here and thare
Beheld his feris debatyng wyth pallas
Lo nowis tyme to desyst, and let pas
Al sic bargane quod he, ceis in hye
For I wyl set on pallas, enterly
Onelie to me, and to none vthir wycht
The victory pertenis, of sic ane knycht
Gladlie I wald his fader, stude hereby
This interpryse to deme, and to espie
Thus said he, and his feris at command
Vodit the feild, and al plane left the land
Than young pallas, seand rutulianis
withdraw the feild sa swyth, and roume theplanis
At the proude bidding, of the prince and kyng
Ameruellit ful gretely, of this thing
And ferlie can on turnus, to behald
Ouer al his buskuous body, as he wald
Rollyng his ene, and al his corps in hye
with thrawin luke, on fer begouth espye
Syne mouing forthwart, with sic wourdis on hye
To answere Turnus speich, thus carpis he
Quhir thou quod he, for ay belouit I sall
Of riche kinglie spulze, triumphale
Quhilk here I sal rent from mine aduersare
Or than sal be renowmit euermare
Of ane excellent end, maist glorius
Do way thy boist, and mannance made to vs

Turnus desiris to fecht with Pallas.

Pallas answerit.

For my fader, quham thou desirs beſyde
Reputis all elike, quhow euer the chance betyde
And ſayand thus, amyd the plane furth ſtertis
The blude congelit, about archadane hertis
Turnus doun lepis, from his twa quhelit chare
And bownis faſt towartis his aduerſare
Like as ane ioum from the hillis hicht
Amyd the vall, had ſcharply gottin ane ſicht
Of cum proud bull, with his horn in the plane
Addreſſand him reddy to mak bargane
Cummis, bradand on the beiſt faſt in ane ling
In ſic like wiſe, Turnus to cummyng
And quhen that pallas ſaw him, cum ſo nere
He mycht areik to him, ane caſting ſpere
Formeſt he bownis to the ioynyng place
Gif ſo betid that fortoun, of hir grace
His Intirpryſe, for ſtout vndertakyng
Wald help him or ſupport, in ony thing
As he that young was, and of ſtrenth all out
Na wiſe compere to Turnus, ſterne and ſtout
And to the grete goddis, in heum abone
Apoun his maner prayand ſaid he ſone
I the beſeik, thou mychty Hercules
Be my faderis geſting, and the ilk deis
Quhare thou ſtrangeare, was reſſauit to herbry
Aſſiſt to me cum, in my help in hy
To performe this excellent, firſt iorneye
That turnus in the dede, thraw may me ſe
Sereik fra him, his bludy armour rede
And zaldand vp the breith, in the ilk ſtede
Wot with his ene behald, me him befoire
In hie triumphe, with our hand as victoire
Grete hercules, the young man hard anone
And from the boddum of his hart did grone

hydand his smert, for reuth of Pallas 3ing
Heand the fatis wald haue his ending
And for ennoy, salt teres all in vane
Furth 3ettis ouer his chekis, thyk as rane
Tho Jupiter his curage to astabil
Thus to his son spak wourdis ampabil
Til euery mortal wycht, perfay
Determyt standis, the first letter day
Ane schort and vnrecouerabil terme is set
Of lyfe quhen al mouit nedlingis pay that det
But to prolong thare fame by nobil dedis
Fra vertuus werk, that summis and procedis
How mony sonnis, and dere childer sayd he
Of goddis kyn, vnder troy wallis he
War done to dede, and bryntyt blude and bone
So that amang al hetheris Serpedone
My tender get my kyn, and blude lyis slane
Forsoith also I say, the in to plane
The finale fate, awatis turnus in feild
The date and methis, approchis of his eild
On this wise spak grete Joue, to hercules
And with that wourd, dis ene towart the preis
On the rutuliants feild, addressis he
And the ilk stound, 3oung Pallas lettis fle
wyth mekil force, at turnus ane grete spere
And syne anone, his bricht brand brynyst, clere
Hyntis furth of the scheith, to mak debate
The schaft flew towart turnus, and him smate
Apoun his schulder, aboue the gardyis he
That rylis vmaist thare upon we se
And throw the bordour, of the scheild sa peirsit
Quhil kyna y in sum dele, it reuersit
And hurt ane part of turnus, by 3 body
Than turnus fruitful of felony

Jupiter comforttis his sone Hercules,

Ane bustuous lance, with grundin hede full kene
That lang quhile tarit, he in propir tene
Lete gird at pallas, and thus wise said he
Consider zounkere gife, quher lancis be
Better of tempir, and mare penetratiue
And with that word, the schaft flew furth belyue
So that the scharp poynt, of the brangland spere
Throw out amyddis, of the scheild can schere
Perfand sa mony platis, of irne and steile
And sa fell plyis, of bull hydis ilk dele
All samyn couchit, in his targate strang
The bustuous stroke, throw all the armour thrang
That styntis na thing at the fyne hawbrek
Quhil throw the coist, thrillis the dedely prik
Pallas no schrynkand, for the mortall dynt
In vane the hait schaft, of his wound hynt
For all togiddir, by the samyn way
The blude and saul, passis hime bayth tway
Apoun his wound anone, he ruschis doun
Aboue him rang his harnes, with ane soun
And that vnfreyndly, erth in mortall
That in his deith, he suld not stryke nor call
As was the gise, with bluddy mouth bate he
Turnus apoun him stand and carpis on hie
O ze pepill of Archadie, takis tent
And my wourdis, do reherss and present
To king Euander sayand him plainly
That his son pallas, to him send haue I
In sic array, as that he has deserut
And of my gentrice wil, ze be preserut
To all estate and honour, funerall
With sic solace pertenyng, bertall
Of tumb and of enterement, as efferis
Na litill thing perfray, in to thir werls

Has

Has him bescot, the freyndschip of Enee
And sayand thus, with his left fute has he
Pallas dede corps ouer weltit, or euer he stent
And syne about his sidis, sone has rent
His goldin girdill, passand ane grete dele
Quharein was grauin, craftelie and wele
Of Danais dochteris, the iniquite
How that the fyfty young men, shame to se
Was fully murdrit, on the fyrst nycht
As thay war spousit, to thare Ladyis brycht
The chalmeris pourturit war, respred with blude
Quhilk historyes Euritioun, werkman gude
Had paintit wele, and wrocht ful craftelie
In the wichty platis, of the gold massy
Of quhais spulze now, is Turnus glaid
Joyfull and blyth, that it conquest had
O mannis mynd, so ignorant at all
Of thingis to cum, and changis quhilk may fall
Vpheit sone, in blynde prosperite
Can not be war nor mesure hald, with the
The time sal cum, quhen turnus sall perfray
Hate and warye this spulze, and this day
Desyring he nycht by, formekil thing
That he had neuer twicht pallas zing
About the corps assemlit, tho his feris
With mekill murnyng and huge plente of teris
Apoun ane scheild pallas, body thay laid
And bare him of the feild, and thus thay said
O Pallas how grete dolour, and wourschip
To thy fader, and all his fellouschip
Sall thou rendir, and bring hame said thay
This was to the in werefare, the first day
Quhilk first in batell, dressit the to go
The tik for ay, has the bereft tharefro

Mennys wyt nor reason can not se thim his to cum

And

And not the les, thy swerd leuis in planis
Grete hepis dede of the rutulianis

¶ The riche magus na reskown/ wyche reskew
And preist himonides/ bayth Enes slew.

THo name incertane, rumoure nor deming
Bot so uir bodword, come thare and warnyng
Unto Eneas of this grete myschance
Schawand how that his folkis, stude in ballance
As bot ane litil distance, al from dede
The time requirit, for to seke remede
Ane succour troianis, quhilk had tane the flycht
Than as a wod ioun, ruschit he in the fycht
And all quhom he arekis nerrest hand
Wythout reskew, downe mawis with his brand
The bitand blade, about him muyrdoun
Impd the routis, reddis large roume
Enragest and inflammyt, thus in yre
Throw out the ostis, turnus that proud syre
Quhilk had this new slauchter made socht he
Ay prentand in his mynd, before his E
The gudly Pallas was sa stout and zing
And the grete gentrice of Euander kyng
The chere and feist, hyme made but ane strangere
Werordour al thing, how and quhat manere
He was ressaut and tretit thankfully
Syne of his band, of freyndschip and ally
Wyth athis sworne, and interchangit handis
Remembring tho, his promyses and commandis
Amont in his hete, or euer he stynt
Foure zoung men, quyk he has in handis hynt
Quhat borne war, of the ciete hecht fulmon
Als mony syne, he takin has anone
Bund and vpbrocht, besyde the flude blens
Quham that he entilles, for to send from thens

Eneas for by commo myt, with the cruell slachter of his gud frend pal- lis sparis no man in the feild

To

To Pallas like to walkis, and obſequies
To ſtrow his funeral fire, of birnand treis
As was the giſe, with blude of priſoneris
Eftir the auld rites, in to mortall weris
Syne hynt Eneas, ane Herrellus lance in hand
And it addreſſis fer furth, on the land
To ane magus that ſubteill, was and ſle
And lowkit in, vnder the ſpere as he
The ſchaft ſchak and flew furth, about his hede
And he Eneas, in that ſampn ſtede
About the kneis, grippit humelie
With pietuous vote, ſyne thus begout to cry
Be thy dere faderis goiſt, I the beſeik
And be that gude beleif, quhilk thou has eik
Of Aſcaneus vpriſing, to eſtate
This ſilly ſaul of myne, ſa fayne mate
Thou ſauf to myne awne ſon, and fader dere
I haue a houſe riche, full of mobillis fere
Quharin bedeluin lyis, ane grete talent
Of charge of fyne ſiluer, in veſchell quent
Forgeit and pounſit, wounder craftely
Ane huge wecht, of fyneſt gold tharby
Uncunzie zit, ne neuir put in werk
Sa thou me faik, thy piſſance is ſa ſtark
The trotanis glozie, noz thare victorye
Sall na thing change, noz dympnew tharby
Noz ane pure ſaule thus hingand, in ballance
Way ſic diuiſioun mak, noz diſcrepance
Thus ſaid this ſilly magus, all in vane
Quham to Eneas, anſweris thus agane
Thy mony talentis of fyne ſiluer and gold
Quhilkis thou reherſand, here befoze has tald
Do kelp vnto thy ſmall childer, and airis
Late thame bruke wele, I conſent it be tharis

Eneas an ſwere

All interchange, and ransonyng perfay
In this batal turnus, has done away
Now latlie slaand young pallas alate
That reuthful harme, and that mischeuus cais
Felis baith Askaneus, and my faderis goist
For thay no litil thing perfay has lost
Thus sayand, by the helme him grippis he
With his left hand, and fast as he micht dre
Wrythe doun his nek, quharin but mare abaid
His bludy brand, vp to the hiltis slade
Not ferthens, stude hemonides allane
Preist vnto phebus, ane thrinfald dyane
On quhais hede wymplit, haly garlandis
With thare pendentis, like to ane myter standis
His habit as the schene son, lemand lycht
And al his armour, quhite and birnist brycht
Quham Eneas assalit michtely
And can do chais out throw the feild in hye
That fleand stummerit, and to the ground went lone
The troiane prince, doun lowtis him abone
And with his brand him bitnis, at deuise
In manere of ane offerand sacrifice
The large schadow of Eneas, in feild
Did hale the dede corps of this preist ouerheild
Herestus sortis vp, his armour gay
And on his schulderis, carpit has away
To hing as trophe, or signe victorial
To mars the god, quhilk Gradiuus is cal

¶ Quhat douchty chyftanis / of the latyne land
That day Eneas kelpt with / his hand

Celulus discendit, of Vulcanus blude
And vmbre eik, the stalwart chiftane rude
That come was, fra the montanis marriane
The bargane stukis, reueland in agane

Bot Eneas discend, from Dardanus
Gane standis thame, full brym, and furious
And vnto ane hecht, auxurus in the feild
Of straik the left arme, all doun with the scheild
Quhilk had mad sum grete vant, spekand proudlie
Wenyng that in his sawis, by and by
Thare had bene grete effect, and hardyment
As thocht he wald extoll, in hys entent
Hys manhede to the heuyn, and starnes hie
And promyse to hym self, for hys bountie
Agyt Canois baris, and lang proces of zeris
Now now he lyggis law, for al his feris
Syne baldly wyth, glayd curage as I ges
Agane Eneas, can tarquyntus dres
In schynand armour, wounder proud and gay
Of driop bozn, the nymphe or schyne may
To fawnus wynnyng, in the woddis grene
And to recounter Enee, inflawyt in tene
Kest hym selfin, bot the tothir but fere
Bure at him mychtely, wyth ane lang spere
Throw out his scheild of pais, and hawbrek fyne
And to the ground, can doun his hede declyne
All thocht he than, him humly besocht
And schupe to say mekil, al was for nocht
Hys pallat in the dust, bedowyne stude
And the body bathit, in the hate blude
Enee ouerweltis sayand, thir wourdis wyth all
Wyth troublit breist, and mynd Inimicall
Now ly thou thare, that wemit the so wicht
That thou was ferefull, bintyl euery wicht
Thy best belouit moder, sall the not haue
To erd as custome is, nor delf in graif
Na do thy bones, honour wich tyt cure
Is thame to lay in faderis sepulcure

Eneas wozdis to Tarquintus

Bot ſall be left, to the wylde beiſtis fude
Or than the ſpate, wattir of this flude
Hall bere the, in the depe, and thareon raw
With emptiue thrott is, ſall thy banis gnaw
Thir ſey monſtouris, in thare wod rage
And lape thy blude, thare hunger to aſſuage
Syne but delay Antheus, and Licas
Quhilkis that of Turnus, firſt warde ladaris was
Perſewis he and alſo, Neuma bold
And Camerthes brycht ſchininge, al of gold
Son of the manly Wolſtens, capitane
In all the fertill ground, anſoniane
The richeſt man, and king was this Wolſtens
Of Amytles the ciete, of ſilence
And like as Egioun, the king of Gyandis
Quhilk had thay, ane hundreth armes & handis
And fifty mouthis of quhaim, the fyre did ſchyne
As he in to the battall, Gigantyne
Incontrare Iouis thunder, and fyre ſaucht
With als mony drawin ſwerdis, faucht
Clatterand in bargane, with ſa mony ſcheildis
The ſainyn wyſe enrageing, throw the feildis
Went Eneas as victor, with quer hand
Fra tyme that amys, bedyit his birniſt brand
And wet he had, in hate rutulianе blude
So that alſo, in this ilk furie wod
He draik at Nypheus, amyd the breiſt bane
Set in his foure quheit, chariote allane
Bot fra the hors or fer, did him eſpye
So grym of chere, ſtuf and ſa buſtuouſly
For fer they ſtert abak, and furth can ſwak
The duke Nypheus, wyde apon his bak
And brak away with the carte, tyide ſchoze
With ſtendis fell, and mony bray and ſnoze

The

The ſelf ſtound amyd, the pꝛeis ſute hote
Lucagus enteris, into his chariote
With quhite hoꝛs dꝛawand, wounder luſtelie
His bꝛother ligere, ſittand nere him by
This ligere led the renzeis, with his hand
Bot bald Lucagus, ſwakkis ane burniſt bꝛand
Eneas mycht not ſuffir, noꝛ ſuſtene
Of thame ſic feruoure, in that felloun tene
Bot ruſchit furth, and with ane grete ſpere
Foꝛgeanis thame can, into ſicht appere
Quham to this ligere carpis, apoun hie
Thou ſeis not Diomedis, ſtedis here ſaid he
Noꝛ zit Achilles chare, perſaus dꝛaw
Thocht athir vnqueſt the in feild, we knaw
Noꝛ zit the trotane, planis behaldis thou
The end of thy age, and of bargane now
Sall be maid in thir landis, on this ground
Sic wourdis vaine, and vn ſemelie of ſound
Furth warpis wyde, this ligere fulichelie
Bot the troiane baroun, vnabaſtilie
Na wourdis pꝛes, to render him agane
Bot at his fa let fle, ane dart oꝛ flame
That hit Lucagus, quhilk fra he felt the dynt
The ſchaft hmging, in to his ſcheild but ſtynt
Bad dꝛiue his hoꝛs, and char al foꝛdwert ſtretche
As he that him addꝛeſt, to the feicht
And ſtrekit furth, his left fute in to his chare
Bot ſone Eneas ſpere, was reddy there
Beneth his ſchynand, ſcheild reuerſit law
So that the grundyn hede, the ilk thꝛaw
At his left flank oꝛ lilk perfit tyte
Quhill clare out quer, the chariot is he ſmyte
And on the ground weltis, in the dede thꝛawis
Quhom on this wiſe, with ſoure woꝛdis and lawis

The

The pieteous Encas, begouth to schyde
Lutagus sayd he, forsoith as at this tyde
Na slaw cours, of thy hors on weldy
Thy carte has rendrit, to thy Inemye
Nor zit nane vane wynchis, nor gaistis quem
Thy chare constrenit, bakwart for to went
And magre thyne wythdraw, the kais grippis
But lo now of thy fre wyll, as thou skippis
Out ouer the quhelis, of thy carte god wat
Leiffand the renzeis, and hors al desolate
This beand said, the hors renzeis he hynt
The tothir fey bruthir, or euer he stynt
Lap fra the cart, and lurkand pietously
Up heuand his bare handis, thus dyd cry
O troyane prynce, I lawly the beseik
Be thyne awne vertuis, and thewis meik
And be thy parentis, maist of renowne
That syc ane child, engendrit has as the
Thou spare this sylly, wofull saul at leyst
Haue reuth of me, and admyt my request
Wyth wourdis fele, as he thus gan requere
Enee at last on this wyse, made answere
Syc sawis war langayr, out of thy mynde
Sterff the behuffis, les than thou war vnkynd
As for to leif, thy brother desolate
All hym allane, na fallow the samyn gate
And tharewyth all, the birnys of his goist
He rypit wyth the sword, amyd his coist
So tyl hys hart stonndis, the pynk of deith
He weltis ouer, and haldis vp the breith
Thys dardane prynce, as victour thys in were
Ha mony douchty corpis, has brocht on bere
Amyd the plants, ryddand large gate
As dois ane routand, ryuer rede on spate

Humbyl supplicacion.

That

That for hys dyntis,wor hys kais agast
As for the ferefull,drumly thunderis blast
Quhyl hynalie Ascaneus,the zoung page
And the remanent,of troyane barnage
Quhilkis war as sayd is,besegeit in bane
Thare strenth has lesit,and taken has the plane

CIuno rycht quently/caulis Turnus to ga
Dne fenzeit figure,perse wand of Enee.

THe ilk stound,of his awin fre volounte
Joue callis Juno,and thus carpis he
O thou my sister germane,and my fere
My best belouit spous,maist leik and dere
Thyne opinioun,has not dissauit the
As thou beleiffit now,may thou not se
How venus dois sustene and forthyne
Thy troyane routis,and puissance by and by
Nane actiue handis,nor stout myndis I mene
Nor bodyis reddy,all perrell to sustene
Haue thay,thou may se be experience
Quham to Juno,wyth humyle reuerence
Answerit my sueit,and maist gudlie husband
Quharto tilt the renew,my sorow at hand
As careful wycht,that lykis not syc bourdis
All efferit of thy fatall,dredefull wourdis
I am be glad,bot war I now I wene
Als strangly belouit,as I sum tyme haue bene
Thocht zit god wate,accordit so to be
Baith to my honour,and thy dignite
I say war I belouit,as I was are
Thou Joue almychty,rengand euermare
Suld not deny me,so sobir ane thyng
Bot that I mycht withdraw,at my lykyng
Furth of the feyld Turnus,and him saif
Unto his fader Dawnus,that ouer the laif

Belouit hym as reſſoun, wald quod ſche
Now ſal he periſche, and now ſal he de
And ſched his gentyl blude ſo pacient
In greuous panys, be troianis tozt and rent
And neuer the les, his kyn oziginal
Is renownit, of godlie ſtok rial
Diſcend of our kede, and heuynly clan
Fra god Wilumnus, to rekin the ferd man
And eik thou wat, ful oft with large hand
Wyth mony oiſtis, and rycht kare offerand
Thy tempillis, and thy altris chargit has he
In wourſchip of thy nychtye maieſte
The ſouerane king, of heuyn etherial
In few wourdis, maid aſſure thus at al
Gif thou aſkis me, reſpit oz delay
Bot foz ane tyme, oz till ane certane day
Of thys euident deith, of Turnus zing
Deſiring I ſuld grant the, ſic ane thyng
Al thocht he mozal, be richt ſone we knaw
I leik the to remoue him, and with draw
And from thys inſtant perrellis hard ſate
Steil hym away, and gyde hym by thy gate

Jupiter. grantis. Juno, tur nuſik foz a tyme

For ſa long ſpace, zit reſtis at wil of me
To lenth hys lyfe, quhilk I the grant quod he
Bot gif ſa beis, that vnder thy requeiſt
Ware hie pardoun, lurkis I wald thou ceiſt
Foz gif thou weny's, that al the victozye
Of the batall, and chancis by and by
Way be reducit, and alteuit clare agane
Ane myſbeleue, thou kofterts al in vane
To quham Juno, on this wyſe layd wepyng
Quhat harme mycht fall, thocht be ſum takin oz ſing
Thow ſchew thy mynd, and grantit that quod ſche
Quhilk by wourdis, of fatal deſtany

Now grouṅſchis thou, to gif or to concede
That is to ſay, quhat force, thocht thou in dede
woldeſt repreif, and ratifie agane
That Turnus lyfe, ane lang tyme ſuld remane
Bot now approchis, to that Innocent knycht
Ane fereful end, he ſal to dede be dycht
Or than my ſawis, ar voyde of verite
And O wald god, that rather ſo ſuld be
That I diſſauit war bot with kaiſs drede
And that thou liſt, as thou has mycht in dede
Thy fatal promyſſis, and thy ſtatutis ſtrange
In bettir purpois, to tranſlate and change
Fra ſche thir wourdis, had ſayd the ilk tide
Doun from the heuin, ſche lete hir ſelfin ſlyde
Before her driuand, ane tempeſtuous wynd
And al about, before and eik behynd
within ane cloude of myſt, circulit clene
Sche throw the are, bownit kurth thys Quene
Towart the Troyane oſtis in the planys
And to the tentis, ſocht of Laurentanis
This goddes than, furth of ane bois cloude
In liknes of Enee, did ſchape ane ſchroude
Ane bode figure, but ſtrenth or curage bald
The quhilk wounderus, monſtoure to behald
With troyane wappinnis, and armour grathis ſche
With ſcheild and helme, and tymbret ſet on hye
Be ſemblant, like Eneas godly hede
And thareto eikis, ſche in euery ſtede
Quent kenzeit wourdis, kaynt, and counterfete
with voce but mynd, or ony vthir conſate
And kenzeis eik hir counterfete and paſis
Sic lik as that thay ſay, in diuers placis
The wrachis walkis, of goiſtis that ar de de
Or as the ſlepy dremes fra ſtede to ſtede

Fleand in sweuyn makis illusiouns
Quhen mennys mynd, oft in dauyllyng gronys
And all befoze the fozefront of the feild
Rycht haltanlie as curagious vnder scheild
Musturis thys ymage, that wyth dartis kene
Aggreuit Turnus, and did him chid in teyne
Prouocand him, to bargane and to Jre
And Turnus tho, als hate as auy fire
This figure did inuade, and thare at he
In grete dispite, ane quhirland dart let fle
Bot this ilk schaddow, as sum dele addzed
Turnit about, and gaik the bak and fled
Than Turnus wenyng Enee, had tane the flycht
And all awounderit, of that selcouth sycht
Wythin hys mynd, ane, vane comfozt caucht he
And cryis loude, quhiddir fleis thou now Enee
Leik neuer foz schame, thus desolate and waist
Thy new alliance, pzomist the in haist
Of Lauinia the spousinge, chalmer at hand
And al this ilk regioun, and this land
Quhilk thou sayer, has soucht out ouer the se
Wy richt hand sal the sauyn, gif quod he
Wyth sic wourdis, he schoutand did persew
And ay the glymmerand brand, wyth schuke and schew
Na thyng persauand, how this myth and blis
Away quyte with the wynd, bewaffit is
On cais thare stude, ane meikle schip that tyde
Hir wail Joned, til ane sthoze rolkis syde
Wyth plankis, and wyth bzuggis laid on laind
The entre reddy graithit, wele thay fand
In the quhilk schip, Olynus king Jwys
Come laitely from the ciete of Clusis
Thiddir went this wzayth, oz schado of Enee
That semyt all abaist, fast to fle

And

And hid hir berne, vnder hichis therin
Na ſlaware Turnus, haiſtis hym to ryn
That but delay, he ſpedis to this ſchip
Ran ouer the brig, and Inwyth burd can ſkip
And ſkars was enterit, in the foir caſtell
Quhen ſaturnus douchter, ſaw hir tyme bekell
That ſone the cabyl, in ſonder ſmitis ſche
And fra the ſchoir, drait the ſchip throw the ſe
Bot Turnus abſent, thus this ſampn houre
Eneas ſerchis throw, amyd the ſtoure
And in his renk, quham euer he met lay dede
Full mony ane man, he kelit in that ſtede
And tharewyth all his lycht, and kenzeit goiſt
Fra tyme the ſchyp was chargit, fra the coiſt
Na langer ſekis, hirnes hyr to hyde
Bot flew vp in the are, the ſampn tyde
And all deſoluit, in ane dyrk cloud
The mene ſelloun, can foir of wyndis loud
Turuus ker furth, amid the deip ſe dryue
He dyd behald, about him tho belyue
All Ignorant, quhat wyle thys chance was wrocht
And of hys lyfe ſauyng, nothing he roucht
wyth handis Ioned vp, towartis the heuyn
Sic Wourdis he furth braide, wyth drery ſteuin
Almychty fader, of the heuinnys hye
Is thou me reput, on ſic wyle to be
Conſulit in this ſchame, for myne offence
And wyl I ſuffir ſic torment, and penance
Quhidder am I driue, or from quhens am I cummyn
Quhat maner elcheving or fleing haue I mummyn
In quhat eſtate, ſall I returne agane
Sall I neuir ſe, the wallis laurentane
Or eure eſt my tentis, ſall I ſe
Quhat may zone oiſt of men, now ſay of me

Turnus
oration to
Jupiter.

Quhilkys my querrel, and me followit to feild
Quhom now allace now fethtand vnder scheild
Sounder schanne to say, the harme so wikkitly
Reddy to my schevis, deith beleft haue I
Lo I behald, thaym sle and pail and wan
And heris the grauyng of mony douchty man
In my defalt, fallandfey to the ground
Quhat sal I do, allace the Wofull stound
Or quhilk land, thocht ane thousand tymes I steruit
Way swelly me so depe, as I haue seruit
Bot O ze wyndis, rather haik mercy
On rokkis, and on craggis by and by
Do swak this schip sen here na erth I se
And haue of wrechit Turnus sumpiete
Quhil of hys fre wil stad, on this manere
Beleikis zou, with al hartite prayer
Do warp my body, in the schald vnkend
Fer furth in Cirtis, at the warldis end
Quhare Rutulianis, me neuer fynd agane
Sa that no fame, nor rumoure may remane
Efter my deith, of this schamful trespas
Turnus falls in dispayer. And say and thus, in mynd he did compas
Ful mony chancis rolland to and fro
Quhidder gif he suld, for propir lake or wo
Into this furie, smyte him wyth hys brand
And thrist the bludy blade, in with his hand
Throw out his ribbis and sched his hart blude
Or than to swak hym self, amyd the flude
Swymmand to seik, the nerrest cottis bay
In feild agane, the Troianis to allay
Athir way to allay, thyris preistit has he
And thyris him styntis, Iuno Quene moyst hie
Hauand compassyoun, of this zoung man bald
And can assuage hys mind, and hand withhald

Furth

Furth held the schip, flyand out ouer the fludis
Wyth prosper wynd, and followand tyde sa, gude is
Quhil he is carpit, fouirly throw the se
Till Ardea his faderis, auld cietie

¶ In turnus stede, Mezentius dyd succede
Relyt doun his kayis/and spuilzet of thare wede

DUryng this quhyle, in the fatis merciall
Mezentius mouit, wyth furoure bellicall
By instigatiom, of Ioue in that nede
Gan to the batall, in his place succede
And the troyanis to inuade, na thing sparis
That sempt proude, as al the feild war charis
Than sampyn to recounter, him attanis
Semblit the hale ostis, of Ethrurianis
And all assailzeit, mezentius allone
Aganis ane man, thare routis euery one
Inflammyt all in malice, made persutis
And thik as hale schoure, schaftis at him schutis
Bot he lyke to ane ferme rolk, quhilk we se
Screkyt on lench, amid the large se
Situate agane the, rage and wyndis blast
And brym wallis, boldynnand wounder fast
From all that violence, dois hym self defend
And hale the force, sustenis to the end
Baith of the heuynnis, and bir of seis rage
Remanand vnremouit, ferme in his stage
Als sterne standis, mezentius in that stound
And fyrst he has fyllit, and laid to ground
Hebrus the son, of ane dolitaone
And him beside, Licagus slew anone
And Palynus eik, accustumate to se
Bot wyth ane stane, Licagus brutyt he
Quhilk ak ane montane, semet ane grete nuke
Wyth quhom him on the vilage, he ouertuke

Exempyll of a furyous man of war.

And

And Palynus hoch, Semnouns smate in twáy
Wade him sa slaw, he mycht not sle away
Thare armour syne, to Iaulus geuin has he
To were on his sulderis and croun on hie
The crestis set, the quhylk so rychely schane
He slew also Cuancus ane troiane
And mynas syne, he kelis in the keild
Quhilum to Parys companzeone, ane euin eild
Quham one ane nycht Theana, gude and fare
To hys fader Amytus, in troy bare
Quhen Hecuba, douchter of Cisseus
Dremyt sche was grete (the story tellys thus)
Wyth ane fyre brand, and the self nycht
Was deliuer of paris the fey knycht
Quhilk in his natyue cete maid his end
Bot thare keildis laurentyne vnkend
Wyth haldis now, the body of Mynas
So brym in stoure that stound, mezentius was
Like to the strenthy sanglere, or the boze
Quham houndis quest, with mony quhryne and roze
Doun driuing from the hychtis, made descend
Quhilk mony wynter, to foze had him defend
In velsulus, the cauld montane hie
That is ouerheildit, wyth mony fir tre
Or than the bustous swyne fed wele that bredis
Amang the bulskis rank of risp and redis
Beside the lath, of laurent mony zeris
Quhen that he, is betrappit fra hys feris
Amyd the hunting talis, and the nettys
Standis at the bay, and vp the birsis settis
Graisand his tuskis, wyth austerne fyrie ene
Wyth spaldis hard and harsk, awful tene
That nane of al the hunt mene thare present
Him to aggreue, has strenth or hardyment

Vcompa
rison.

Nor dar approcheing, wythin his bit mere
Bot standand fer on dreich, wyth dart and spere
Assouerit of his reak, the beist assayis
With felloun schoutis, bustuous cryis and brayis
Nane wthir wyse, stude the tuskane rout
This stalwart knicht, Mezentius about
And thocht thay iust caus, had of wraith and fede
Thare was nane of thaym, durst hym put to dede
Nor curage had with drawin, sword in hand
Hym ty lassayle, nor mach apoun the land
Bot wyth takillis, and casting dartis on fer
Thay warp at hym, but durst nane cum nere
And wyth huge clamour, him inkesis that tyde
He vnabaist, about on euery syde
Behaldis girniand, ful of propir tene
And with his scheild, choppit by schaftis bedene
Furth of the ancient boundis, of chorit tho
Was cumming ane greik, quhilk clepit was Arto
That fugitiue, into his lusty hete
Had left his spousale treuth plicht, vncomplete
Quham as Mezencius, saw amyd the rout
Him greuand sore, as werioure sterue and stout
And saw the plesand plumes, set on hicht
Of his trymbrel, and eik the purpoure bricht
Quhilk of his treuth plicht, lut he bare in syng
Than like ane hungry Lyoun, rummissing
Constrenit by hys empty, rage and maw
The beistis denys, circuland al on raw
Gif he on eals espies, ane swyft ra
Or the zoung hart, with sprangand tyndis twa
Joyfull he bradis, theron dispituusly
Wyth gapeand goule, and vpryis in hy
The lokkeris, lyand in his nek rouch
And al the beistis bowellis, thrymlis trouch

Vpr-

Hurkillland tharcon, quhare he remanit and ſtude
His gredy gaimmes, bedyis with the rede blude
On the ſamyn wyſe, Mezentius rycht baldly
Wydwart hys kais rout rulchyt in hye
Doun ſmytis key atreim, amyd the oiſt
That in the ded thrauw, zaldand vp the goiſt
Smate wyth hys helys, the ground matalent
And brokin ſchaftis, wyth hys blude beſpent
Thys ilk Mezentius, eik dedenzete not
Tolla Orodes, quhylk than was on flocht
That is to knaw, quhylk krawart him he went
And repute na wyſe, as by hys entent
Sic an fleand, to wound into hys bake
Unwarniſt, quhen he na defence micht make
Bot ran about, and met him in hys rais
Than athir man, aſſemblit face for face
Orodes was of prettik, mare al out
Bot the tothir in dedis of armes mare ſtout
That to the erth, ouerthrawin he has his fere
And polland at hym, wyth his ſtalwart ſpere
Apoun him ſet his fute and thus, he ſayd
O now my feris beis, baith blyith and glaid
Lo ane grete partye, of this were but leis
Here lyis at erde, the douchty orodes
His feris ſamyn, raſit vp ane cry
Wyth Joyus ſound, in ſygne of victory
And blew the prise triumphale for his deith
Bot this Orodes, zeldand vp the breith
Unto Mezentius carpis thus on hye
We vnreuengit, thou ſall neuir victor be
For wele I wate, that ſone I ſal be wrokin
Na for al thy proude wourdis, thou has ſpokin
Thou ſal not endure, into ſyc Joy
Bot ſiclyke chancis, and ſembland ennoy

Abidis

Abidis the thocht,thou be neuir sa bald
The sampyn feild,sall thy dede corps withhald
To quham Mezentius,smyland sayd in tene
Thou sal de first,quhat euer to me fozesene
Oz pzoudit has almychty Joue,quod he
Quham fader of goddis,and king of men clepe we
And sayand thus,the schakt the ilk thzaw
Furth of his wound,and body did he dzaw
To Dzodes the hard reist,dois oppzes
The cald and Irny slepe,of deithis stres
And vp the bzeith,he zeld anone ful richt
Wyth ene closit,and euirlesting nycht
Cedicus alto trimschit, Alchatous
And Sacratoure,to ground laid Hydaspis
Rapo,ane Archade,has Parthenepus slane
And Orses wounder,big of blude and bane.
And Melapus kelit,the stout Clonyus
And Erithathes,with Lithaonius
The lozmest lyggand,at the erd he ouer raucht
That by his hedstrang hozs,ane fal had caucht
And lathaonius eik ane futeman he
Lichtit on fute,and slew in the melle
Agains him then,went ane man of arge
Hate Lytyus bodyn,wyth spere and targe
And by the way,Valerus gud in nedis
Not inexpart,in douchty eldaris dedis
Recounterit him,and put him to the dede
Salius ane tropane,in the sampyn stede
Arcanius slew,and Nealtis expert
To schute the fleand arrow,oz casting dart
Quhilk inuadis,ane man oz he be war
Slew Salyus,wyth schot beand on far.

How Eneas the zoung Lauslus has slane
Quhilk,ed hys fader furth in the bargane.

This

Thus aufull Mars, equale with his brand
He sorow rais apoun athir hand
Huge slauchter made was, and sere wonndis wyde
Thay kele and are bete doun on euery side
That samin in the feild, thay fall in fere
Baith the victouris, and thay that vincust were
And nowthir partie wist, nowthir he nor he
To saik him self, or quhare away to fle
So that the goddes, in Jouyis heuinly hald
Had compassioun, and reuth for to behald
The wraith and ire, of athir in the fichtis
That sic distres rang, amang mortall wichtis
Venus towart the troyane, side tuke tent
Agains quham all, full inatalent
Saturnus dauchter Juno, that full baid is
Towart the partye, aduersare behaldis
And the paile furoure, of Thisiphone
walkis wod wroth, amydwart the melle
Bot principale mesentius, all engreun
with ane grete spere, quharewith he fell mischeus
Went brangland, throw the feild all him allone
Als bustuous, as the hidduous orion
Quhen he on fute wod, throw the mekyll se
Scherand the streme, with his schuldderis hie
Aboue the wallis, of the flude apperis
Or like ane anciant aik tre, mony zeris
That grew apoun sum mountane, roppis hycht
Semand to hie, to euery mannis sicht
Quhilk thocht his rutis, sprede in the ground all sydis
His crop vpstracht, amyd the cloudis hydis
Sic like mezentius, musturis in the feild
Wyth huge armour, baith spere helme and scheild
Agains quham Eneas, kast him hyis
Fra tyme amyd the rout, he hym espyis

Mony slane of both partyis.

The

The tothir vnabasit,al reddy thare
The cummyng of his douchty aduersare
Abydis stoutly fermyt in his force
And massalie vpstude,wyth bustuous cors
And meburand with hys E,als large spayis
As he mycht thraw,ane casting spere thus sayis
Wy rycht hand,and this sleand dart mot be
Quhilk now I cais,as verray god to me
Assistyng to my schot,I you beseik
For I awow,and here promittis eik
In sing of trophe,or triumphale meith
Wy louyt son Lausus,for to cleith
With spulze,and al harnes rent quod he
Of zounder rubaris body,kals Enee
Thus sayd he,and fra his hand the stk tyde
The casting dart,fast birrand lattis glyde
That sleand strentis,on Eneas scheild
Syne staudand fer,on roume zonde in the feild
Smat wourthy Achores,the stk thraw
Betuix the bowellis,and the ribbis law
Arthores ane of grete Hercules feris
That come from Arge,unto his lusty zeris
Inherdand to Euander,the Arthade
And had his duellyng,and his residence made
In Valentyne ciete,Italiane
Unhappely now ligis thus doun slane
All of ane wound,and dynt within the sycht
Bot ertlit was,towart ane vthir mycht
He deand he beheld the heuynnys large
And can behald his swete cuntre of arge
Than the reuthful Eneas kest his spere
Quhilk throw mezentius,armour dyd all schere
Throucht gird his arge platit thrys wyth stele
And throw the coucht lynnyng,euery dele

And

And thyr nkald playis, of the bullis hydis
That law doun in his flank the dynt abydis
Bot it bereft him nowthir lyfe ne mycht
Eneas the quhilk was expert in richt
Joyfull quhen that, Mezentius blud saw he
Furth hynt hys swerd, that hang law by his the
And feruently, towart hys fa can pas
Quhilk for the dynt sum dele astonist was
Quhen Lawsus saw this auenture of were
He wepit wale sare, for hys fader dere
So wo begone, become thys lusty man
That salt teris, fast ouer hys chekis ran
Forsoith I sal not ouer slip in this stede
Thy hard myschance, lausus and fatale dede
And thy mayst douchty actis bellical
O fresche zoungkere, maist dung memorial
I sal rehers, gif ony fayth may be
Geuin to sa grete dedis of antiquite
Quith this Mezentius, menzeit drew abak
Harland his leg quharin the schaft stak
That quhare he went, he beris ouer the feild
Hys Inemys lance fast, fixit in his scheild
Betuix thaym rukchis in, the zoung lawsus
Amyd thare wappinnis, sterne and curageus
Hym self has set for to sustene the fycht
Under Eneas richt hand rasit on hycht
That reddy was to smyte, ane dedely wound
Insteppis he, and baldlie the ilk stound
The bytand brand, vpheuit keppit he
And can resist, and stent the grete Ene
His feris followis, with ane fell oun schout
Quhil that Mezentius, of the feild wan out
Defend and conerit, with his sonnys scheild
Thay cast dartis, thikfald thare lord to heild

wyth schaftis schot, and slamys grete plente
Perturband thare keirs aduersare Enee
That al enragit, his souir targe errekkit
And thare vnder hym haldis, clossly dekkit
And lyke as sum tyme cloudis, bustis attanis
The schoure furthzettand of hoppand halestanys
That al the plowmen, and thare hynes in hy
Fleis of the croftis and feildis, by and by
And eik the trauellour, zound vnder the wald
Lur kand withdrawys, to sum souir hald
Owthir vnder wattir brayis, and bankis dern
Or in sum craggis clift, or depe cauerne
So lang as that, the schoure lestis on plane
That he may quhen, the son schynes agane
Exerce hys Journay, or his werk als fast
Sicklike Ene wyth schot, and dartis cast
Was all ouer held, and vnbeset ilk syde
Quhill he the preis, of batall, styntis that tyde
And al thare force, sustenit and deray
Repreuand lawlus, thus begouth to say
And mannyssand hym, wyth brand of blude all rede
Quhiddir haistis thou, sa fast apoun thy dede
Or quhow dar thou, vndertak into fycht
Syc interpryse, quhilk is aboue thy mycht
Thou art not wise, thy tendir hart quod he
And reuthfull mynd, all out dissauis the
Bot for al this zoung, Laulus then al hale
Wald no wyse ceis, Eneas to assale
Than heiar rais the wraith, and kelloun Ire
Of the ilk manfull troyane, lordly syre
And eik the fatale sisteris, tho in dede
Had wymplit vp, this Laulus lettir thrzede
For so Eneas stokkis, his stiff brand,
Throw out the zoungkere, hard vp tyl his hand.

Vcompa
rison.

Thai

That ſwerd before,made mannyſlyng and boiſt
Throw gyrd that gentyl body,and his coiſt
Hys tergate peirſand,and hys armoure lycht
And eik his coit,of goldin thredis bricht
Quhilk his moder him ſpan.and to concludé
His boſum al has fillit,of hait blude
Sone eftir is the ſpreit,of lyfe furth went
Doun to the goiſtis law,with ſad entent
And left the body dede,and hyne dyd pas
Bot quhen Anchiſes ſon,feirs Eneas
Beheld his bult,and contenance in deing
His ſwete viſage ſua,in the dede thrawyng
Becummyn wan,and pale on dyuers wyſe
He ſychit profoundlye,owthir twis or thryis
And draik abak hys hand,and reuth has hyng
For ſa into his mynd eftir the dyng
The ymage,of hys faderly piete
Empreintit was that.on this wiſe ſaid hé
O doughty zinglyng,wourthy to be ment
Wourthy to be bewailit,and complentt
Quhat ſal the reuthful,compacient Enee
For ſa gretc louabil dedis render the
Or quhat may he,the zelde ſufficient
For ſic naturale,and Inborne hardyment
Thyne armour quharof,ſum tyme thou reiolſt
With the I leif,for ay to be enioſit
Unto thy parentis handis,and ſepultre
I the beleif,to be entirit quod he
Gyf that ſic manere,of tryumphe and coiſt
May do thame pleſure,or ellis into thy goiſt
Bot thou vncilly chyld,ſa wyll of rede
Do counſort here,wyth thy lamentabyl dede
That thou ouer machit art,and thus lyis ſlane
Be the gretcſt Eneas,handis thrane

Syne

Syne he his feris, can repreif and chyde
That thay sa lang, delayit him besyde
Makand na haist, to bere his corps away
And he him self, betuix his handis tway
The dede body vp lyftis, fra the ground
That with rede blude, of his new grene wound
Besparkit had, his zallow lokkis brycht
That ayre was kemmyt, and addressit rycht

¶ Fra mezentius knew young Laulus deeris
Him to reuenge, his lyke loist in the prys

The mene sellown his fader, with his feris
Doun at the flude syde of tyberis
Stanchit his woundis, with water by and by
Welchand the swete, and blude from his body
His helme of stele, besyde him hang wele ne
Apoun ane grane or branche, of ane grene tre
His vthir wechty harnes, gude in nede
Lay on the gers, besyde hym in the mede
His crafty chosen verlottis him about
And he ful sore woundit, all in dout
Studelenand with his wery nek and bonis
Out ouer ane bowand tre, wyth sary grones
Hys wele kemmyt berde, hingand doun ful straucht
Upon his breist, vntil his girdil raucht
And fele tymes, on Laulus manys he
Brayand ful oft, he micht him saukelie se
And mony messengeris, vnto him has send
To wythdraw hym the feild, and to defend
That he abyde, na lang zare in bar gane
And schaw for hym, quhat, sorow his fader had tane
Bot than Laulus dede out of the feild
Hys wofull feris, carryit apoun ane scheild
Wepand sa grete ane man, was brocht to ground
And discomfest, wyth sa grisly ane wound

Wezentius mynd, and conſait the ilk tyde
Sulpek and the harmes, quhilkis war tho betyde
On fer conſiderit, the caus of thare murnyng
And on his canois hare, the duſt can ſlyng
Wyth mekil pouder, fylland his halſart hede
And baith his handis, in that ſamyn ſtede
Towart the heuin, vpheuis in ane fary
And he the goddis, and ſternes faſt did wary
Syne leyand on his ſonnis coꝛps, thus cryis.
O my dere chyld, and tender get heir lyis

Wrzetius lamentis his ſonnis dede.

Had I ſa grete appetite, and delyte
Unto this wzechit lyfe, ſa ful oflyte
That I the ſufferit, to entir in ony ſtede
Under our fays handis, and with thy dede
Wy lyfe is ſalſit, ſa I thy fader here
Quhilk the begat, my onely ſon ſo dere
Suld I be ſaif, and leiffand eftir the
Throw thay, ſa griſly woundis that I ſe
Allace vnto me, wzechit catyue thyng
Wyne eyne now at laſt, and bamaſſyng
Becummyn, is hard and vnſufferabil
The ſtound of deith, the panys lamentabil
Is depe ingrauyn, in myne hart vnſound
Now am I ſmytyn, wyth the moꝛtal wound
I the ſelf man, the caus was of thy dede
Wyth my trelpas, my chyld in euery ſtede
I ſtit the gloze, and honour of thy name
Thy bie renoume, beſpottand wyth my ſchame
As I that was, by inuy and hatrent
Of myne awne pepil, with thare bale aſſent
Expellit has, my ſceptre and my tyng
And was addettit, foꝛ my miſdoing
Unto our cuntre, to haue ſuffert pane
I gucht and wourthy was, to haue bene ſlane

And

And to bane zeld, this wikkit saul of myne
Be all maner of tozment, and of pyne
Foz till amend my offence, and feid
Ha now I leik allace, and thou art dede
Zit want I not of men, the cumpany
Nouthir licht of lyfe, noz clereues of the skye
Bot sone I sall thame leik, and part therfra
And sayand thus sampyn, with mynd full thra
He rakit him vp, apoun his woundit the
And determyt, to reuenge him ozd e
Foz thocht the violence, of his sare smert
Wald him vnfery, zit his stalwart hert
And curage vndekyit was gude tumede
He bad ga fetbe Rhebus, his riall stede
Quhilk was his wourschip, and his comfozt hale
And his suppozt, his kais till assale
Foz by his bozs, in euery grete tourney
Came fra the feild, victoz eschapitt he
Quham to Mezentius, but ony mare abayde
Seand the sted droupand, and sad thus sayd
Rhebus we twa, has leikit lang yfere
Gif that to mozrall wichtis, in this erde here
Ony tyme may be reput, lang of, quod he)
Outhir this day, beis thou reuengit with me
Of lausus dolozus deith, and wreik our schame
And sall vs victoz, with the bringin hame
Sone bludy spulze, and Eneas hede
Oz gif na strenth, noz fozce into that stede
Will suffar ony way, that it be so
We sal in feild sampyn, de baith two
Foz o thou moist fozcy stede, my louit fole
I can no wise beleif, that thou may thole
To be at ony vtheris, commandment
Noz at the leist dedenete, gif I war schent

Tyl obey ony maister, or lord troiane
And say and thus, ful cowartlie anone
The stede bekend held to his schoulder plat
And he at eis vpon his bak doun sat
And baith his handis fillit with dartis kene
With helme on hede, birnist bricht and schene
A bone the quhilk, his tymbret buklit was
Lyke til ane lokkerit mane, with mony tas
And into sic array with swift cours he
Furth steris his stede, and drait in the melle
Depe in his hart, boldynnys the felloun schame
Mixt with dolour, anger and defame
The feruent luke, of his son zong of age
Can caching him, to the furius rage
Tharto also persuadis to the richt
His hors wele knawin, his hardiment and mycht
And in sic pont, throwout the routis al
With mychty voce, thyris did Eneas call
Eneas hard him cry, and wele him knew
And glaid thareof, can towart him persew
And prayand sayis, the fader of goddis hie
And eik mychty appollo, that grant to me
Thou wald begyn the bargane on this land
To mell with me, and to mett hand for hand
Thus carpis he, and with sterne lause but tary
Furth steppis, for to mete his aduersary
Bot mezentius se, and him cummand
Cryit to him anone, and bad him stand
O thou maist cruell aduersare said he
Quhat wenis thou so to affray, and boist me
Sen thou my son, has me bereft this day
Quhilk was onlie, the manere and the way
Quharby thou mycht, ouercum me and destroy
Now sen that I haif tynt all warldly toy

Nowthir abhoz I the dede, to sterue in fecht
Nor rek I ocht, of ony goddis mycht
Delyit oz ceis to bosit me, oz mannace
For I am cummin to de in this ilk place
Bot fyrst I bryng the, thir rewardis quod he
wyth that word, at his fa ane dart lete fle
And eftir that, ane vthir has he cast
And syne ane vthir has he firit fast
About hym pykand, in ane cumpas large
Bot al thir dintis, sufferit the goldin targe
Thyrle on the left half, fast as he weir wond
About Eneas rade he quhare he stude
Thyk wyth his handis, swakkand dartis kene
And thrys this troiane prince, ouer al the grene
In tyl his stalwart, steilit scheild stekand out
Lyke ane hare wod, the dartis bare about
It last as he ennoyit, of thys deray
This Irksum trasin I, Iowking and delay
And commerit, wor fa mony dartis in vane
Thus oft to draw furth, and to cast agane
As he that was machit that tume but fale
wyth hys fa men, in bargane Inequale
Quhilk ay was at ane auantage, and on flocht
Full mony thyngis, reuolvit he in thocht
Syne on that were man, ruschit he in tene
In the forehede, betuix the horlys ene
He kest his spere, with al his force and mycht
Vpstendit than the, stalwart stede one hicht
And with his helis, slaug vp in the are
Doun swakkis the knycht, sone wyth ane kelloun kare
Founderis forduart, flatlingis on his spald
Ouerquhelmyt the man, and can hys keyld vnfald
Than the latynis, and eik pepil troianis
The heuynnis dynlyt, with ane schout atanis

Eneas gird aboue him, with ane braide
Hynt furt his ſwerd and forther thus he ſaide
Quhare is he now mezentius, ſa ſterne
Quhare is the ſtout keirs curage, of that berne
Quham to mezentius, this ilk prince tyrrhene
Fra that he nycht, alifting vp his ene
To ſe the heuynnys lycht, and draw his breith
And his richt mynd agane, recouerit haith

Mezentius laſt anſcuer afor his decht.

Thus anſweris, O thou diſpitefull fo
Quharto me chydis, thou reprochand ſo
And Wannallis me the to dede, by and by
Of my ſlanchter I thinke na velany
Nor on ſic wiſe, here come I not on feild
That I ſtand aw to ſwelt vnder my ſcheild
Nor I beleik na freyndſchip, in thy handis
Nane ſic trety, of ſauthning nor commandis
My ſon Lauſus, band vp with the perfay
Bot of ane thing I the beſeik, and pray
Gif ony plefure may, be grantit or beild
Till aduerſaris that lyis, vincuſt in feild
That is to knaw, ſuffir my body haue
Ane ſepulture and with erd, be bygraue
I knaw about me ſtandand, in this ſtede
My folkis bitter, baitrent and grete feid
Defend me from thare furour, I requere
And grant my corpis beſyde, my ſonnys in fere
In to ſum tumbe entirit, for to be
And ſayand thus, knawand that he muſt de
Befoir his ene perſault the birneſt brand
That thrau his gorgeit went, from Eneas hand
Within his armour, ſchortlie to conclude
Furth bruſchis the ſaule, with ſtremes grete of blude

Be

Be this the sun declynit was almoist
So that the latynis, and rutilianis oist
Quhat for absence, of thare duke Turnus
And new slauchter, of bald Mezentius
Withdraw thame to thare reset in affray
And troianis went vnto thare rest quhil day

Finis.

The prolog of the xi buk of Eneados

HOw the renowne of martis cheualrie
Quhilk gladis euery gentil wycht to here
Gif thou micht mars or Hercules defy
Quharfor bene nobillis to fallow prowes swere
Wele auchten eldaris, exemples vs to stere
Tilbie curage, al honour til ensew
Quhen we consider quhat worschip therof grew
Gif vice detest, and bertew lat vs lere

In thes prologue theauthor tractis of war and cheueleys both spirituall and temporall

Proues but vice, is prouit lesul thing;
Be haly scrypture, into sundry place
Be mathabeus, Josue Dauid kyng
Michael and eik his angellis ful of grace
That can the dragoun, furth of heuynnys chace
With bailzeand dintis, of ferme mind contrare
None vyle strokis, nor wappinnis had thay thare
Nouthir spere bud zeis, staf polax sword nor mace

The iust causes of war suld be considerit be al wyse pryncis.

In takin that in cheualry and fecht
Our mindis suld haue iust intencioun
The ground of batal groundit apoun richt
Not for thou list to make discencioun
To seik occasioun of contencioun
Bot ripe the querel, and discus it plane
Wranges to redres suld were be vndertane
For na conquest, reik stayt nor pensioun

To speke of moztall vertewis, hardyment
Oz rathir of diuyne, is myne entent
Foz warldly strenth is febill and impotent
In goddis sicht, and insufficient
The psalmist sais, that god is not content
In mannis stalwart lymmys, noz strenth of cozs
Bot in to thame not traisting, in ther kozs
Alsand mercy, and dzedand iugement

Strang kozitude, quhilk hardyment clepe we
Aboue the quhilk the vertew souerane
Ac ozding pzincis heich magnanymyte
Is ane boct set, betuix vices twane
Of quhame fule hardines, clepit is the tane
That vndertakis, al perrillis but auyse
The tothir is nampt, schamefull cowardise
Voyde of curage, and dolf as ony stane

Fozt'tud ful hardenes towartenes

The first is hardy, all out by mesure
Of tyme noz resoun geuis he, na cure
Noz dout he castis, bot all thinkis sure
Nocht may he suffir, noz his hete indure
The tothir is of all pzoues sa pure
That euer he standis, in fere and felloun dzed
And neuir dar vndertak, ane douchty dede
Bot dois all curage and manhede samyn smure

The first soundis towart vertew sum dele
Hardy he is couth he, auisit be
Of hardyment, the tothir has na feile
How may curage, and cowartnes agre
Of kozitude to compt zou, euery gre
As Aristotil in his ethikis, dois expzes

It wald as now contene ouer lang proces
Quhareof of vthir cheuelry, carp wyl we

Gyf Cristis knichtis, lyst vs be
So as we aucht, and promyst has at font
Than man we bide baldly, and neuir fle
Nouthir be abasit tepit, nor zit blont
Nor as cowardes to eschew the first dont
Paul witnessis, that nane sall wyn the croun
Bot he quhilk duelie makis him redy boun
To stand wichtely, and fecht in the forefroun

And quhay that sal not wyn the croun of mede
That is to say the euerlastand blys
The fyre eternale nedelinges, moist thay drede
For Crist in to his gospell sayis I wis
Quha bydis not with me, contrar me is
And gif thou be aganis god but were
Than art thou wageour vnto Lucifere
God saue vs all, from sic ane syre as this

The armour of our cheuelry perfay
So the apostle teachis vs expres
Not corporal, but spirituall bene thay
Our conquest hale, our vassalage and prowes
Aganis tyretis and princes of myrknes
Not agane man, our awin brother and mate
Nor zit aganis our maker to debate
As reuel til all vertew and gudnes

The fleschc debatis agants the spirituall gostl
His hie curage, with sensuall lust to law
And be the body vyctor, baith are lost
The tyrete wald vp, the cors ay doun list draw

Diuyne cheualrye

The

The ſecound ka the warld ane vthir thraw
Makis ſtrang aſſaltis, of couatice and eſtate
Aganis quham, is ful perrellus debate
The kais familiare bene, full quent to knaw

Leik in thy fleſche, as maiſter of thy cors
Leik in this warld, as not ay to remane
Reſiſt to freyndis, with ſticht and al thy force
He is the ancient enemy, werſt of ane
Ane thouſand wilis he has, and mony ane trane
He kendillis oft the fleſche, in birnand hete
He cauſit wrechit pleſance, ſem ful ſwete
And for nocht, of this kals warld makis the kane

He is thy ka, and aduerſare principale
Of prompſtioun, wald the expel the land
For he the ſampn loiſt, and caucht ane kal
Enforce the ſtranglie, contrary hym to ſtand
Rais he the targe of kayth, vp in the land
On hede the haleſum helme, of hope vnlace
In charite, thy body al imbrace
And of deuout orſoun, make thy brand

Stand at the defence, and ſchrink not for ane ſchore
Think on the haly marthyris, that are went
Think on the pane of hel, and endles glore
Think how the lord for the, on rude was rent
Think and thou fle fra him than thou art ſchent
Think al thou ſufferis, vntil his pane nocht is
Think how with precius price, as thy ſaul bocht is
And ay vnto his wourd thy mynd be bent

Fele bene thy kais, fers and kal of ſticht
Bot be thou ſtal wart camptoun and knycht

In feild of grace, with fore said armour bricht
Thay mayd debait, thame lithlie in ilk ficht
For of fre will, thyne actioun is sa wicht
Nane may it peirs, will thou resist and stande
Becum thou towart crawdoun, recriand
And by consent cry cok, thy dede is dicht

Think how that sa is waik, and impotent
Way vincus nane, bot thame list be ouercum
Ye sall the neuer ouerset, but thy consent
Eith is defence to say na, or be dum
And for thy wele lo, this is all and sum
Consent neuir, and thou sal neuir be loist
By disassent, thou may vincust ane hoist
And for anis, za tyne thy mede euery crum

Na wounder is forby exemple, we se
Quha seruis his souerane in till all degre,
Full meny dais, and eftir syne gif he
Commyttis any trespoun, suld he not de
Les than his prince of greter humanite
Perdoun his fait, for his lang trew seruice
Gif he wald mercy craif, the samyn wise
We bene forgeuin, so that repent will we

Bot quhat walis begin ane strang melle
Syne zeild the to thy fa, but ony quhy
Or tewartlye to tak the bak and fele
Na sall nane obtene, hie victorie
Les thay sustene, the bargane douchtely
And sa quha persueris, to the end
Ane conquerour, ane campioun euir is kend
With palme of triumphe, honour and glorie

Clompart lone.

The

The maist busilly kind of fortoun is
To haue bene happy Boecius techis vs so
And to haue bene in welth, and hartis blys
And now to be decayit and in wo
Richt so quha vertuus was, and fallis tharefro
Of verray reasoun, mallewrus hat is he.
And zit by grace, and his fre volunte
He may recouer merit, agane also

I say be grace, for quhen thou art in grace
Thou may eik grace to grace ay more and more
Bot quhen thou fallis be syn, therfra allace
Of the merite, thou gettis it neuer more
zit quhen thou deulie disponis the tharfore
Doand all that, in the thare may be done
Of his gudnes, the eternal lord allone
Restoris the merite, with the grace in erlis of glore

Hale thy merite thou had tofore thy fall
That is to say, thy werkis meritabil
Restorit ar agane, baith grete and small
And grace thareto, quhilk is sa profitabyl
That thou thareby to eik merite art habyll
Bot not ilk gre of grace, thou had befoze
That gettis thou not sa sone, quhil forthirmoze
Be war tharefore, fal not bot standis stabyll

For lyke as quha offendit had his lord
That lang tofore, his trew seruandis had bene
And syne agane, becummys at ane accord
With his maister, althocht hys lord wald mene
On his ald seruyce zit nethelcs I wene
He sal not sone be tender, as he was are
Newar tharwith and kepe zon fra the snare
Tyne not zour labour, and zour thank betwene

Exemple takis, of this prince Enee
That for his fatal cuntre, of bebell
Sa feil dangeris sustenit, on land and se
Hic strike in stoure so oft, with spere in reist
Quhil he his realme conquest, bayth west and eist
Sen al this did he, for ane temperale ring
Preis vs to wyn, the kinrike ay lesting
Addres vs fast, for till attene that feist

He may be callit, as sayis sanct Augustyne
Ane delicate ouer esy chrisstin, knicht
Refusis to thole trauell, sturt or pyne
And but debait wenys, to obtene the richt
To wyn the feild, and neuir preik thy mycht
That war nyce thing, thy king Chryst in batell
Quhat sufferit he for the, o catine wicht
Lyis thou at eis, thy prince at bargane fell

Eschames of our sleuth, and Cowardise
Heand thir gentilis, and thir paganis auld
Ensew vertew, and eschew euery vice
And for sa schorte renowne, warren so bald
To sustene were, and panis tere vntald
Than lat vs striue, that realme for to possede
The quhilk, was echt to Abraham and his sede
Lord that vs wrocht, and bocht graunt vs that hald.

Finis
The .xi. booke of Eneados.

After the feild, Enee made sacrifice
Offerand the spuize to mars as was the gise

During this quhile, furth of the ley did spring
The fresche auroza, with the bryght dawing
Enee albeit, his hasty thochtfull curis
Constrenit him, as twichyng sepulturis

Of his kolkis new slane, and berying
For to proude ane tyme, maist accordyng
And greitlie eik in mynd, he troublit was
For the slauchter, and dede corpis of Pallas
Zit netheles, as first the son vpspreut
Schedding his bemes, in the orient
As victor he vnto the goddis, als tyte
With sacrifice, can his vowis acquite
Ane akin tre was huge, grete and square
The branschis sned and cut, about alquhare
Apoun ane metis hicht, vpset has he
And all with schynand armour, cled the tre
The coist armour, and spulze tharon hang
Of mezentius, the bailze and campion strang
To the gret god of striue, armypotent
In signe of trophe, thareon was vpsett
His creist and hewmond, all besprent with blude
The brokin trunscheons, of his speris rude
And his fyne halwbrek, with spere swerd and matis
Allayit and peirsit, in twys ser platis
His stetit scheild, did on his left syde hing
About his gorget, or his nek armyng
Was hung his swerd, with euore scalbert fyne
And thus exhortis Enee, his feris fyne
The chiftanis all about him, iolykit war
Quhilkis glaidsum werren, of thys Joyus fare
O douchty men quod he, wourthy in weris
The gretest party, of our werkis and efferis
Bene endit now, sa that in tyme cumming
All fere and drede ar passit, of ony thing
Thir bene the spulze, and first wereke wede
Reft from the proude king, be my handis in dede
Lo here mezentius vincust, lyis doun bet
Now to the wallis, and laurent and thrzet

Eneas ex-
hortis his
folkys e-
hotryng
them to ba
tellagane.

The way is made, to kyng latyne to wend
Tharefore addres zour myndys and attend
To armes and to werefare, euery ane
Prouidyng in zour conflatis, for bargane
So that ze reddy be, and na delay
Gay stoppin zou, nor stonis ane vthir day
Bot zour awin fleuth, for lak of gud forlicht
Eyk ze vnwarnist, beis callit to licht
Als sone as first, the god omnipotent
Be sum signis, or tak innis lyst consent
The enseneis, and baneris be vp hynt
And al the zonkeris met, for swerdis dynt
Of thare tentis, conuoyit in array
Heze al reddy be, than but delay
And the mene quhile, let vs to erd haue
The corpis of our fallowis, and vnbegraue
Quhilk onlie honour, is haldin in daynte
At acheron, the lawest helles se
Pas on he sayd, thay saulis vailzeand
Quhilk with habundance, of thare blude besprent
Pas conquest vs this realme, apoun sic wyse
Do honour, with thare funeral seruice
And wourschip, with the fynale last rewardis
Bot first befor al corpis, of thay lardis
Vnto Euandrus dolorus ciete
Of zoung pallas, the body send mon we
Quham wantand na vertew nor prowes
The wofull day has vs bereft erpres
And with ane wofull slauchter, caucht allace
Thus sayd he, wepand, salt teris ouer his face
Syne tuke his vayage, towart the ilk stede
Quhare Pallas lifles corps, was liggand dede
Quham Ancient acetes, thare did kepe
With flottrit berde, of teris all bewepe

Eneas lamettis the dethof his fred pallas

The

The quhilk atetes, had tokoze be
Squyare to king Euander, from the cle te
Of Parrha, cum in to Archadye
And at that tyme, was lend in cumpany
With his dere koster child he had, in cure
Bot not as are, with happy auenture
About the cozps, alhale the multitude
Of seruitouris, and commouns trotanis stude
And dolourus Phrigiane wemen, on thare gile
With hare doun schaik, and pieteous spraichis and crys
Bot kra that enterit was, Eneas hald
Within the portis, of that large hald
Ane huge clamour thay ralit, and womenting
Beting thare breistis, quhill all the lift did reyng
So loude thare wokull bewaling haboundis
That all the palice dynnys, and resoundis
This prince him self kra that he did behald
The snaw quhite visage, of this pallas bald
His hede vphald not, the self sustene
And eik the gapand, dedely, wound has sene
Maid by the speris hede, rutulane
Anyd his sneith, and kare slekit breist bane
With teris brist, and krom hys ene thus plenit

A lamentable mone for palaze dede.

O douchty child, maist wourthy to be menit
As forthun me inuyit, sa kar that eft
Ouer wele is cummyne, thus art thou me bereft
Sa that thou suld not se, ouer reyng said he
Noz sik, ane victoz with prosperite
Unto thy kaderis ciete, haue retoure
Sic promys, hecht I not the lattir houre
To thy kader euandzus, quhen that he
At my departing, last embrasit me
And send me to conqueis, ane large empire
And dzedand eik for the that lordelie sire

Us monist to be war, and auyse
Becaus the men quham with to do had we
Ware bald and sterne, said we had were at hand
Wyth bustuous folk, that wele in stryke durst stand
Now certis he leuand, in hope in vane:
For thy prosper returnyng, hame agane
Perchance dois mak prayer, and offerandis
Chargeing the altaris, oft with his awin handis
Bot we his likles child, quhilk aw na thing
Unto the goddis, of the heuinly ryng
With womentene here, menand tenderly
And vane honour, accompanyis by and by
O fey vnhappy, kynge Archadian
Now thy sonnis dede, corpis cruelly slane
Thou sall behald allace, the panis strang
This is ouer hamecome, thou desyrit lang
This sall be ouer tryumphe, now lang abaid
To se thy awin son, on this here tre laid
Ha quhat is this my promys, and gret faith
Bot o Euander beis, not with me wraith
Thou sall not se, thy son was dryfe abak
Wyth schamefull woundis, that he caucht in the bak
Not thou his fader, war he alyue this day
Suld neuer haue lak, of him na for him pray
For his desert he dett, ane schamefull deith
And now wyth, honour be has said the breith
Bot nethcles quhat harme, full wayis me
How large suppose, ha quhat beild or supple
In him has tint, Ausonia the ryng
And how grete dele, has loist Alcaneus kyng

¶ Pitifull exclamation for Pallas.

¶ consolation.

¶ Now Pallas corpis is tyl Euander sent
Wyth al honour/accordyng to hys tyrement

Quhen he bewaled had on this manere
This woful corps, he bad do lift on here
And with hym send ane thousand men in hye
Walit of euery rout and cumpany
For to conuoy, and do hym falloschip
At his last honour and funerall wourschip
And to be present, at the lamenting
Of his fader, to confort the murnyng
Thocht smal solace, was that to his regrate
Quhilk was sa huge, bot to his estate
Accordyng wele that sic thyngis suld be
Quhen all wichtis mycht, rew on hym to se

I lang nar racion con tenyng the honour of Pallas fu neral en: tyrment

Sum of Eneas keris besely
Flokis to plet thaym pretlis, by and by
And of smal wikkeris, for to beild vp ane here
Of sowpill wandis, and of brounys sere
Bound wyth the syouns, or the, twillis sle
Of smal rammel or stobbis of Akin tre
Thir beddis beildit, on funerall luttetis
Sic tumbis as for dede corps efferis
Wyth grene burgeouns, and brāschis fare & wele
Thay gan ouerheild, and stintis euery dele
Amyd the quhilkis, of blumes apoun ane bing
Strowit ful hie, thay laid this Pallas zing
Ligging tharon, as semely for to se
As is the fresche flouris, schynand bewty
Newlie pullit vp, from his stalkis smal
With tendir fyngeris, of the dampsell
Or the soft Violet, that dois freschely schyne
Or than the purpoure floure, hate Iacinctyne
Quham al thocht the erd, his moder wyth sap
Him nurisis not, nor comfortis on hir lap
Zit than his schyne, cullour and figure glaid
Is not al went, nor his bewty defaid

Eneas

Eneas syne twa robbis furth gart fald
Of riche purpoure, and styf burde of golde
Quhilk vmquhile dido quene of Sydones
Of sic labour, sul besely tho I ges
As at that tyme, to pleis him wounder glaid
With hir awin handis, to him wrocht and maid
Wrocht in sul wele, and brusit as riche wedis
Of coistly stuf, and subtil goldin thredis
And with the tane of thir, sul doloruslie
Eneas cled the young Pallas body
To be his fynale and his last honour
His lokkis and his harts the selfe houre
Quhilkis war to be brynt, in assis cald
Into the tothir habit did be fold
Aboue al this reu ardis, mony ane
Iconquest in this batel laurentane
In hale hepis, with him has he send
And bad thay suld tak gude kepe attend
To lede the pray, peroradoure pompusly
Feil horsis as he gaif thame by and by
With wappinnis eik, and vtheris precius gere
That he had reft his famen in the were
The prisoneris also, quham he had tak
He sendis with handis bound, behind thare bak
Quhilkis at the obsequyis or intyrement
To the infernale goddis suld be sent
And with thare bludis sched, as was the gise
The funeral famd, strinklit in sacrifyce
He bad the capitanis, and the dukis al
In signe of trophe, or pomp triumphal
Grete pykis bare, of trene syplyne that square is
Cled wyth armour, of thare aduersaris
To wryte and bring thareon, bath al and sum
The names of thare inemys ouercum

Furth led was, the silly Achates
Ouerset with age of sorow, mycht not ceis
Now bludy and vyth his awin breist with his knyis,
Now with his nalis, his face renuis and breistis
And oft doun fallis, speldit on the rede
wyth mony goule, and ane ful pietuous reed
And furth war led riche carts, for the nanys,
By spyent wyth blude, of the Rutuliani3
And eftir come Aethon, his werely stede
Dispulezit of his harnessing and wede
wepand he went, for wo men mycht haue sene
wyth grete teris, slodderit his face and ene
Ane bare his helme, ane vthir bare his spere,
For the remanis, of hys harnes and gere
Sic as his riche girdil, and coit Armour
Turnus victor, byreft him in the stoure
Furth haldis syne the dirry cumpany
Of Troianis and Tyrrene Dukis thaym by
And wofull Archades, in signe of dolour weris
Scheildis reuersit, and doun turnit thare speris
And eftir that, Perordour by and by
Thay benc kyn th passit, euery cumpany
Eneas tho gan stentyn, and abaide
And wyth ane pietuous regret, thus he sayd
The horribill batellis, of thire sampn weris
Til vtheris funeral, womentyng and teris
Callis vs from thens, we may not follow the
Thyne entrement, for to behald and se
Adew for ay Pallas, belouit best
Fare wele for euer intil eternal rest
Na mare he sayd, bot went towart new Troy
Enterit therin wyth teris of ennoy

How Eneas vnto the latynis gaif
Twelf dayis of respit the dede corpsis to graif.

BE this war cummin, fra kyng Latynis cete
Embassiatouris, wyth branche of olyue tre
Besekand fauouris, and benefolence
That he wald suffir, to be caryit from thence
Thay corpis dede, quhilk on the feildis broun
Lay strowit here and thare, with swerd bet doun
And thame restore agane, of his gentrice
To suffir thame, begrauin for to be
Assuring thame thare, mycht be led na were
On vincust folkis, that likles micht not stere
And prayit spare thare peopil, at sic mischance
Quhilom clepit his freyndis, and acquentance
Quhen that Eneas, heynd curtas and gude
Thare peticioun, sa resonabyl vnderstude
As man that was fulfillit of bounte
Thare hale desire, ful gladlie grantit he
And forthir eik, vnto theym thus he sayd
O Latine folkis, quhat myscheyf vnglaid
Has you inuolut, in sa vnhappy were
That ye chace vs away, your freyndis dere
Desire ye peace, bot for thaym that bene loith
By martial fate, and flane into this oist
And I forsouth, til al that leuand be
Wald gladly grant the sampyn, I say for me
Neuir hidder had I cummin, war not perfay
Into this stede, the fatis hecht for ay
Our resting place, promouit and herbry
Ne na werefare, with your pepill lede I
Bot your king, has our confederance vp geik
And rathir has settin, al his beleik
On Turnus vassalege, and his hie prowes
Thocht moze equale, and ganand war I ges
To thys Turnus, the brekar of our pete
To auenture him self, to de in preis

Eneas answer to the latynis.

Gif he pretendis, in battale with ane brand
To end the were, or troianis of this land
For to expel, here is mynt hym vnder scheild
With wapinnis, to rescounter me in the feild
That nane bot ane of vs, war left leuand
Quhois lyfe god list, withhald ouer his rycht hand
Now haldis on, and al the likeles banis
And corps of zour wrechit cietezanis
Do birne and bery eftir zour awin gyle
Sayis Eneas the troiane war and wyse
Than of this speich, so wounderit war thay
Kepit thare silence, and wist not to say
Bot ather, towart Turnus but mare
And can behald his fallow, in ane stare
The eldest man, amang thaym tynalie
Clepit Drances, that had ful grete inuy
At zoung Turnus, alway to him inclest
Or auld malice, or of cryme manifest
Begouth to speik, and anicere thus agane
O huge grete is thy fame, thou Duke troyane
Drances oppinion. Bot fer greter, all out we may espye
Thy dedis of armes, and thy cheuelrye
With quhat louyng equale, I may compare
The to the goddis in heuin, aboue the are
Quhidder sall I fyrst extoll, and wounder in the
Thy grete gentrice, and sa tuft equyte
Or the grete force, and labour bellicall
Gladly forsoith, now hamewart bare we sall
Vntyl oure native, boundis and siete
Thir sa grete signis, of humanite
And gif that ony chance, can fynd the way
We sall do fully, all that euer we may
To the contone, with kyng Latyne in hy
That Turnus quhare him list go seyk ally

And

And furthir eik, wele lykis vs at all
To help to rayis, this fatall mally wall
And for to bere apoun, our schulderis war loye
Thir stones grete, to thys new werk of troy
Thus layd Ilyances, and all the remanent
Thare to cryis, wyth hale voce and consent
Twelf dayis of trewis, thay band to stanche debate
For to kepe prie, and weris sequestrate
Than throw the woddis, and thir holtyes he
Troyanis and Latynis, samyn he and he
Quhare so thaym list, wanderis but dangere
The hie eschis soundis, thare and here
For dyntys rude, of the scharp stelit ax
Doun weltit, ar with mony granand strax
The firris rekand, to the sternes on hye
The mekill sillis, of the warren tre
wyth wedgeis, and with proppis bene diuide
The strang gustand Ceder, is al to schid
Ne ceis thay not apoun, the girgirand wanys
The grete atkis, to turs away attanis

Mawis to taken for xii. dayes

¶ The King Euander complenit sore and waried Quhen hys son pallas dede was to hym caryed

Than came wyth this als, fast as sche mycht spring
As messingere, of the grete womenting
Flaw furth, and al with murnyng fillis sche
Euander king, his Pallice and siete
Quhilk late to fore, had schewin that Pallas
In latyum land, sa victorius was
Now sayis sche, lo is he brocht on bere
The Archades ruschit, to the portis in fere
And euery wicht, in handis hynt als tite
Ane hate fyrebrand, eftir the auld rite
In lang ordoure, and rabil that al the streites
Of schynand flambis, lemys brycht and gletis

Quhil al the large feildis, of the licht
Wycht souerain, be reknyt at anc lycht
The troyane routis, one the tothir hand
Wyth thaym adionis, thare folkis fare wepand
Quham as the matronis, behald on sic wyse
So dulfully went, to the kyngis palice
The doloyus toun, in euery strete and way
Wyth pyetuous schrykis, and glouling fullit thay
Than was na force, Euander mycht not refrene
Bot in amyddis thaym, wyth grete diddane
He ruschis Pallenzeand, on woful manere
And fel on gruke, aboue dede Pallas bere
Wepand and waland, as his hert wald breke
Embrasit hym, but na wourd mycht he speke
And skars at last, wyth grete difficulte
The condutis of hys voce, war louslit fre
Quhen he mycht speik, than thir his wordis was
This is not the last cummand son Pallace
Thou promyst not so, vnto thy fader dere
Bot that thou suld pas mare warly in were
And not in dangere, of the cruell mart
Quer wele I wist, wyth harmes at my hart
Quhat auenture, and of how meikil mycht
Til any young man, the first seild into fycht
Was grete desyre, of new luke and glorye
And how swete was renowne, of Theucirye
Allace the first commantement and assayis
To young men bene in were, full key al wayis
And richt hard bene the first, enteichement
Of haisty batall, to thaym bene not acquent
Quy vowis nor my prayeris, grete and smal
War not accept, to nane of goddis all
O thou my blissit spous, deceissit or now
Full happy of that dede, in fayth was thou

King Euãderis lamẽtabyl and pyetefull oratyõ for his sone Pallas.

That

That to this sorow, not preseruit was
Bot to the contrare I, allace allace
Quer leuit has my fatis, prosperabil
And am alyue, as fader miserabil
Quham wald god, in sone samin mortal weris
Rutulianis had ouerquhelmyt, wyth thare speris
That followand to the feild, my feris of troy
I mycht haue said, this saul ful of emmoy
So that this funeral pomp, quhilk here is wrocht
My body and not Pallas, hame had brocht
Na bid I not zou Troyanis to argewe
Of amyte and alliance, bound of new
Nor oure rycht hand, and promyssis quhilkis we
In frendschip knyt, and hospitalite
This my sworn is myne, of auld thirllage
As therto determe in my wrechit age
Bot had this haisty dede sa vndegest
Sufferit haue, bot my sone ane stound to lest
Quhil of Rutulianis, he had slane thousandis
And inuestit the trotanis, in thare landis
That is to say, in Latinum or lauyne
Wele likit me, that he had endit syne
And forthir eik, Pallas my son so dere
Na mare richely, couth I lay the on bere
Nor with mare worschip list me entyre the
Than is prouidit, be reuthfull Enee
Be mychty troyanis, and princes thirrene
For al the tuskane menze, as here is sene
Sa riche trophee, and riche spulze hidder bryngis
On parkis richelie cled, with thare armyngis
Quham thy rycht hand, in feild has put to dede
Bot o thou Durnus, in the samyn stede
Amangis vtheris here, suld haue be
In forme and, mancre of ane slok of tre

Gif ze of age had bene equale, of yeris
And bayth elik cummyn, to zour strenthy zeris
Bot now allace, I fey vnhappy wicht
Muharcto delay, I troianis from the ficht
Was hame in hast, and remember to say
Thir my deliris to zour prince I zou pray
Euander sayis, that thy richt hand Enee
Is al the cause that he delayis to dee
Or that his hastum lyfe, sustene he wald
Sen now is lost, his son Pallas the bald
Say til him, that he oblist is of det
Bayth to the, son, and the fader to set
zone Turnus slauchter, for our recompens
To the Eneas only but offens
And to fortoun remaynis this torney zit
Muharewyth thou may thankfully be acquyte
Tell him na lust, to lyfe langare selk I
Unlesum war, sic pleasoure I set by
Bot for ane thrawdelyne, I tarlest here
Turnus slauchter, and deith with me to bere
As glaid tything is vnto my child and barne
Amang the gostlis law, and skuggis derne

Here athir party takis bely cure
The dede bodyis to graue, in sepulture

The mene sellown, Auroza rasit hir licht
Rycht comfortabil, for euery mortal wicht
Rendring agane, the oportunite
Of laubour, and of wirking as we se
The prince Eneas, and the king Tarchone
Grete bingis has of treis, mony one
Upbeildit, by the bowand coistis bay
Thidder euery ane did cary, but delay
Efter thare eldaris, gif that vnto that stede
The corpis of thare freyndis, that war dede

As

As for to do, thare obseruance of det
And thare vnder, the smoky fyre has set
Quhil that the hie tynnis hie, did warm dirk
Inuoluit with the reky stewis mirk
And thyis on fute, al samyn euery man
In secyuand armour, about the feris ran
And thyis the wofull funeral, tyglis thay
Circulit, about, on horsis bak in array
With gowing and with vocis miserabil
Quhil that of trigland teris lamentabil
The feildis strowit war in euery place
Armouris al wet with weping and thare face
The clamour of the men an trumpis steum
Gan springing vp on hecht, vnto the heuin
Syne cummis sum, and in the fire dois sting
The werelie wedis, spulze and arming
Rent from the latinis, slane in the were
As helmis, scheildis, and riche swerdis sere
Bydyllis and al thare stedis trappouris sare
The haistly hurland chariot, quhelis square
And vthir sum kest in the fyre sic gere
As wele bekend the corps, was wount to were
Thare awin wappinis, and thare vnsilly schildis
Quhilk micht not thame defend, in to the feildis
Ful mony carcage, of thire orim grete
About the firis, war bystnit and doun bet
And bustuous bonkis, of thir birkit swyne
Out feildis al direkt, from euery hyne
Thay stik the bestis, and swakkis in the fire
Endlang the cotstis, al the birnand schyre
And can behald how that thare feris bryst
Obseruand wele, the gledis half out queynt
And eik the assis half bryst of the dede
Ne may thay thens be harlit of that stede

Quhil

Quhil that the heuyn, ouerquelmit the dirk nycht
That ganand is, for fyry sternis bricht
And netheles the latinis lamentabil
In placis sere fyris innumerabil
Upbeildit has, and sum with wokful rerde
Feil corps dede, bedeluit vnder erd
And som also in cartis hawe thay send
To townes in the feldis, adiacent
And sum also, was send to the ciete
To be entyrit as thame accordit be
The remanent al samin, assemblit ouer alle
But nowmer and but ordoure, euery ane
Of corps slane in huge hepe birn thay
And thus on athir sidis, the hie way
And large feildis, did oft fyrys schyne
As that the third dayis licht efter syne
The dirk nicht removit fra the sky
The allis depe, murnand, with mony cry
Doun did thay cast, and scrappis out att anis
The hete ameris, and the birsillit banys
And zit all warme vncruit sone thay haue
Bedeluin thame, and to the erd thame graue
Bot certis than renewis the womentyng
Within the michty burch, of latyne kyng
The rumour rais, and murmoure principally
Of bewalyng al out the maist party
The wokful moderis, and matrouns wepis here
The eldmoderis, and eik the sisteris dere
Thare mycht be herde, with dulefull breithis grete
The zoung babbyis waling, on the strete
That had thare faderis slane, this hendir day
Cryand ych ane, allace and welaway
Thay curs and wary fall, this vengeabil were
And turnus wedloke, bannis with mony ane tere

All in ane voce, thay cry desyrand he
Suld vndertak the batell and mele
And fecht allane, to mak end of this thing
Ishe the quhilk pretendit, to weild the ryng
Of Italy wyth, honour principale
Desyrand that he suld, be lord of all
The brym drances, aggregris wele this thyng
And bure on hand baldly, before the kyng
Nane but this Turnus, challance wald Enee
Turnus only, to feght desyrs he
And be the contrare, mony sensemenis
For Turnus schawis, evident argumentis
Of quene Amata, the grete authorite
Dekkis and defendis, him wyth wordis fle
And his grete fame, and actis tryumphale
Hys querrel did sustene, aganis thame all

¶ Before kyng Latyne and his counsale in dede. a. enulus schawis respone of Diomede

ABoue al thys, lo the ilk stound anone
Thir messengeris, all trist and wo begone
Returnyt hamewart, in to thare maist nede
From the grete siege, of schir Diomede
Reportand ansuere, that all hale was loist
Thare lang trawel, and maist sumptuous cost
Schortly thay had done, thare na thyng that docht
The riche gyftis, nor gold auailit nocht
For all thare large requesitis, and prayeris
To help the Latyne people, in thare weris
Bot lykis thame to seik, vthir supple
Or to mak pece, wyth troyane prynce Enee
Herand thir wourdis, this auld latyne kyng
Falis all curage, with grete lamentyng
For patently the goddis, wraik him thocht
Schew that by fate Enee, was thiddir brocht

Trenulus ansuere the kynge.

The kyng callis hys counsal

And manifest mycht, of goddis did him sustene
That schew the new grauis before thare ene
Quharefor ane gret counsel, assemblis he
And callis the cheif ledaris, of his meinze
Thar geand thay suld, in his palice conuene
Unto the rial chymes, tho bedene
Thay flock sa fast that euery way was hid
This ancient king, did set him doun amyd
The cepturit men, as first and principall
Bot nothing semyng glad of chere at all
Than the ambassiat, that was returnit agane
From Diomedes riete, Etholiane
He bad do schaw the credence that thay brocht
Herefore doure alhale, thare answere falland nocht
Sylence was maid ilk man, his toung held than
And venulus, of thaym the gretest man
Beg outh for till obey, the kingis charge
And schew his credence, planelye thus at large

Venulus eloquent lernit oratiõ

O cietezanis, we haue besyt Diomede
And sene thay strenthis, bythaym of arge in dede
Up beildit in the boundis, of Italie
The wayis thidder, we haue met by and by
And eschapit all dangeris by the gate
Al thocht our Journey, was not fortunate
We haue twitchit, that samyn douchty hand
Be quham of troy, distroyit was toun and land
Quhilk now as victor in the feildis plane
Besyde the skirtis, of the mont Gargane
Within the boundis, of Japigia tulezę
That now on dayis, apulze cleping we
Quhalmg bas the ciete Argiripas
Quham fra his native pepil he nampt was
Fra that we enterit, war in his presence
And for to speik was, geif vs audience

The

The giftis and rewardis present we
Our credence our estate, and our contre
Declarit plane, and quha with were vs socht
And quhat occasioun, has vs thidder brocht
He hard vs wele, and one ane freyndly wyse
Thus answerd he, wyth wourdis wer and wyse
O fortunat folk, quham saturne regnit sua
The anciant pepil, of Ausonia
Quhat mysauentur, and vnkindly hete
you steris from your lang rest and quiet
Prouokand you to mouing, rais and stere
Sa perrellus vncouth, and vnthrifty were
For euery ane of vs, that did offence
In tropis boundis, wyth swerde and violence
Or cruell handis, set for to inuad
King Priamus, and of his realme degrade
Ilk vntald, al thaym that in the feild
By tropis wallis, has swelt vnder scheild
Or that the flude, of Symois by the toun
Drownit in stremes, warpis vp and doun
Quec al the warld of vs hale the remanis
Bene punyst sore, wyth vnreherssibil panis
And sufferit has, al maner of torment
Ful wel knawis my wourdis quhat I ment
The sorowfull constellation, of god mynerue
Quhilk caulst mony douchty man to sterue
And on the coistis, of Ebroica
The rokkis beris wytnys zit allsua
And the montane Caphereus godwote
That vengeance take, and wrak apoun our flote
From that we rokare, and cursit cheuelry
We cachit ar to sundry coistis ler by
Our natiue boundis, and auld heretage
Lo menclay ane of the theil barnage

And

And Atrytus son, clepit Atrydes
To Protheus pillaris hatt Ptiamedes
Constrenyt is in exile, for to wend
Ulixes a sa, as ful wele is kend
Betuixt is wyde, quhare ouer al the se
So that the Ciclopes of Ethna saw hy
Quhat suld I say, of Neoptoloneus
That vthir wise, to name is hatt Pirrus
The hard myschance, and tynsel of his ryng
Or how agayns Idomeus, the kyng
Hys kyndly goddis, and cuntre did rebel
And hym agayne, of hys natyue realme expell
Or how the Locris, Liar, Delius ost
Now dois inhabit the waist Libiane coist
Syne he hym self, the gr.te Agamenone
The kyng of Myce, and cheif Ledare of one
Of al the Grekis oistis in batail
Ha schame to sa, foulely befall
That by the handis of his awin wyfe
The first nycht, in hys palyce loist his life
And he that vincust, Asia lyis dede
The se adultrare, Occupyis his stede
The goddis eik, so fer dyd me inuy
That my natyue land, neuer sal I spy
Wy chaist spousage, like as before has bene
Ne Calidone my Realme of crymes clene
And now also, ane grisly thyng to se
Ane selcouth monstoure, to betid has me
Wy feris loist, wyth Plumes in the are
As thaym best likis, ar fleand ouer alquhare
Allace of my folkys, the wengeabil wraik
Transformyt in foulis, wanderis by the laik
And of thare lamentabil and wofull soundys
The large coistis, Dymmys and resoundis

Thir myscheuis for my trespas, and cryme
I may traist has me bettid, sen that tyme
That I witles, and so reckles perfay
The heumlie bodyis, durst with swerd assay
And with inwert wound was ouer presumptuus
To violate the richt hand, of venus
Bot sist no more quod he, persuade me not
That to so dangerus, battellis I be brocht
Eftir the betting doun, of troyis wallis
With the tewcranis, quhat chance that euer be fallis
I will no more debatis, mak nor werris
Nor of our auld strike, thir hunder zeris
That so myscheuus was, and bald to se
Nay I gladlie remembir, now said he
Thay giftis riche, and mony fare presandis
Quhilk ze to me, has brocht out of zour landis
Returne and bere, vnto prince Enee
Contrare his kene dartis, ellis stand haue we
And hand for hand, matchit him in sicht
Beleif me as expert, how stout and wicht
He is outhir in battell, place or felde
And how sternlie, he railis vp his scheild
Or with how grete thud, in the melle
Ane lance towartis, his aduersaris thrawis he
Forthir I said, I certifye zou alsua
That gif the forsaid ground of Phrygea
Twa vthir sic men fostrit had, or bred
The cietes all of arge mycht, sore haue bred
And of the offspryng, of dardane eselye
Wycht in our realme arriut by and by
So that grete suld haue murnit euery toun
The fatis auld, reuersit vpsyde doun
Alhale the stope resistence, and delay
Wade at troy wallis, quhil the sege thare lay

Was by the handis of Hector and Ence
The grekis conquest lang tyme traistis me
By thame was stintit, apoun sic manere
That it prolongit was, quhil the tent zere
Athir of thame, in bounte and curage
Excellent war, and ful of vassalage
Athir of thame, maist souerane and douchty
In dedis of armis, prowes and cheualry
That this Ence was, first out al exprès
Of reuth compassioun, and of gentilnes
Tharfore al samin adionis zour richt handis
In ferme alliance, of concord and sic bandis
Be ony wise, seze obteue quod he
For gif we stert to armes in melle
Be war with thame, for to debate I rede
Maist nobil kyng of kingis, in this stede
His answere has thou herd, as I haue tald
And twichand this grete batel quhat he wald

¶ The kinz prayonis with Ence to tak pece
Incontrare Curnus/and thereto perswadis Dyances.

SCars had the messingeris, thir wordis said
Quhen al the latynys, ernblit ful vnglaid
Fra, hand to hand, quhilperis fast and roundys
On diuers wyse, deming with murmour soundis
Lyke as the swift wattir steemys clere
Sum tyme routand, men on fer may here
Quhare it stoppit, with thir stanys round
That of the ruerys bruit, and brokyn sound
Bysland on skellyis, ouer thyr demmyt lynnys
The bankis endlang al the studis dynnnys
Bot eftir that thare mudis melit were
Thare wauerand wourdis, stanchit and sic bere
With reuerence, first billand the goddis myght
The king thus carpis from his trone on hicht

O Latyne pepil forsotth, I wald algāt
And so had be ne, fer bettir wele I wate
Full lang or now assist, had we be
Twiching the commoun wele, and materis he
And not at sic ane poynt, apoun this wise
Our counsele for to assembil, and to auyse
Quhat our kais, and aduersaris ar boun
For to besiege the wallis, of our toun
O cietezanis we moue, and ledis at hand
Ine were inportune, quhilk is vnganand
Iganis folkis of goddis, clan discend
That bene inuincibil, and wele can defend
So that no bargane may, thame irk nor tyre
Nor thocht thay vincust war, bayth man and syre
Way thay resist, ne withdraw the melle
Gif ony hope or confidence, had we
In cheuelry, of the Etholianis
Quhilkis in Naplis, With Diomede remanis
And for thare men of armes thidder send
Do all sic traist away, and zou defend
Let euery man in his awne self haue hope.
Bot how febill sic traist, is ze ma grope
And eik before zour ene, clere ze may se
In how grete perrell, and proplexite
All vther materis lyis now, or standis
All sic thingis bene brade, amang zour handis
I wyll accus nor argew, now na wicht
Alhale the force or strenth, mycht be in kicht
Exercit was I wate, sene all the floure
And pissance, of this realme did sterue in floure
Now is it so, that I wyll breuely end
And in schort wourdis, mak vnto zou kend
The doutsum purpois, in my mynd remanis
Attendence gif and hardines all attanis

Heng Aeneidis oras pri.

I haue belyde Tyber, the tuskane flude
Ine auld feild vnpzofitabill, and rude
Far strek and west to the boundis, quhare remants
The cecil pepil, quhilkis clepit ar sitanis
The folk armitane, and of rutuly
This ground sawis, full vnthriftely
With scharp plewis, and steil flokkis sere
Thare hard hillis, hirstis foz till ere
And on thir wild holtis, hars also
In kaynt pastoure dois, thir beistis go
All that cuntre, and band of hillis hie
Sa full of rochis, pynnakillis as we se
Lat it be geif foz ampte, and concord
To the troyanis, and Eneas thare lord
Syne offer thame, equale trety condigne
And as our peris, do call thame in thys tyng
All samyn lat tham duell, here by and by
Gif thay haue sic desire, to Italy
Do lat thame beild, thare ciete wallis square
Bot gif so be that thay list, ellis quhare
The othir coilis, oz pepil foz to wend
Thare duelling place, foz ay to apprehend
And possibil, be that of our boundis thay
May so depart, and from thens wend away
Twysten schippis, lat vs beild agane
Of strang tymmer, and treis Italiane
And gif thay wald complete, may in this land
Ther lyis now all redy, by the strand
Of thare schippis the noumer, and the maner
Lat thame commaund, and we sall furnis here
The trne grauth the werkmen, and the wichtis
And all that to the schippis, langis of richtis
And foz ther eik it likis, me quod he
To ber. my wourdis, to thys prince Enee

And

And to conferme our freyndschip, and our pece
Ane hundreth gay ambassatouris, but lets
Of gretest blude, of the latyne menze
And in thare handis reik furth, the peciabil tre
And bere him giftis, and rewardis large
Of gold and euoze, mony soume and charge
The chare oz sete, accozding foz the ring
Our rob rtall ensenzeis, foz ane king
Iwyse hereon amang zou, foz the best
And helpe to bzinge our febil, wik to reste
Ane Dzances tho, vpstude and speik began
The quhilk Dzances, was the self man
That as we said, haue latyne here to foze
Was richt molest, to Turnus euermoze
Quham the renowne, of Turnus and glozie
Pykkit full soze with lurkand, hid invy
Of moblis riche, and plenteous was he
And maist expert in speiche, and wozdis sle
Bot of his handis, in to battall stede
Full cald of curage, dolf as ony lede
And in to counsalis getting, he was hald
Ane man not vndegest, bot wise and cald
Bot ane seditioun, oz ane bzek to mak
Ha maister full tharin was, nane his maik
The noball kinrent, of his moderis syde
Maid him full grete of blude, and full of pzide
His fader was vncertane and vnknaw
And vp he stertis, in this ilk thzaw
With thir wourdis Turnus, to our charge
Aggregeing on him wzaith, and malice large
O douchty king thou askis counsele said he
Of that mater, quhilk as semes me
Is nouthir dirk noz doutsum, but full clere
That mysteris, not our auilis bene here

Dzances o
cationage
nis Turs
nus.

The pepil hale grantis, that thay wate
Quhat forteun schawis, and in quhat estate
Our matteris standis, bot thay ar arth to schaw
Quhilsperand amangis thame, thay stand sic aw
Bot caus him gif thame liberte, to speik
Do way his boist that thare breith may out breik
I mene of him, be quhais vnhappy werde
And fraward theuis now dede, on the erde
Sa mony chief Chiftanis, and dukis lyis
Forsoith I sall say furth, all myne auise
All thocht with braik, and boist or wappinnis he
We douth awate, and manace for to de
Forby his dedis may we se, expres
This cuete halely plungit, in distres
Quhilkis that he has made, him to allay
The troyanis strenth, and stall sa sone away
Hauand assurance, for to withdraw and fle
And into armes dois boist, the heuynn ys hie
But o thou al thare best, and riall kung
To all thir giftis eikis, but ane thing
Vnto thir prelendis, and wise wourdis sere
That to troyanys thou has bid say, and bere
Eikys ane gift, and lat neuir dempt be
The bustuousnes, of ony man dant the
Bot that thy dochter, O thou fader gude
Vnto ane gentill prince, of whurthy blude
Be geuin to be thy son in law, I wys
As he that wourthy, sic ane wedlokis
And knyt vp pete, but mare disseuerance
With all eternall band, of alliance
And gif sa grete dreddour, or drede haue we
Within our myndis, or our breistis quod he
That for Turnus we dar not, do sic thing
Than lat vs for the welefare, of this ryng

Beseik hym tharfore, and with hale intent
Requer hym that he, wald grant his consent
So that the king, at his fre volunte
Wycht vse and do, his proper dewite
And for the wele public, of this land,
Desire that he na wise, thareto gane stand
O Turnus hede, and cauſere verely
Of thir myſcheuois grete, in Italy
Quhareto ſa keil ſpis, in plane perrellis now
Thir silly wretchit cietezanis, warpis thou
Nane hope of welefare, haue we in this were
For pece halile, we all require
To giddir with Lauinia, the ſchene may
Quhilk is the pand or plege, this dar I ſay
Of pece to be kepit in violate
And I forſoith quhilk is, by thy conſate
Thou kenys thy euyll willare, for to be
And for the commoun wele, ſa mot I the
So for to cum, I refuſe not gude brother
Bot lo me here now, formeſt of all vthir
Humelie the beſeiking, I require
Haue mercy lord, of thyne awne freyndis dere
Lat be thy ſtout mynde, go thy way but lak
With ane mare ſtrang, rebute and dryue a bak
Dede corps bet doun ynew hane we ſene
Our large feildis, and boundis all betwene
Left deſolate and waiſt, of Indueller is
Bot gif thy faine, and gret renoune thou ſteris
Gif in thy breiſt ſa hie curage, and mycht
Thou has conſault think and the ſo wicht
And gif that on ſic wiſe this hald riall
Suld be thy dowry, and riche gift dotal
Thou beris in hert, and is to the ſa dere
To vndertak, this thing, and end the were

Addres

Addres thy body baldly, and not spare
For to recounter agane, thy aduersare
To that intent, that Turnus al his lyfe
May weild the kingis douchter, to his wyfe
So that we dolf of curage, as the lede
Be not doun strowit in the feildis dede
In cumpanyis vnberyit, or bewalit
Bot thou that has in feild sa fele assayit
Gif ony strenth thou has, or hardiment
Or marcial prowes, sterne thine entent
For thy cuntre, aganis the for his richt
Behald thy ta prouokand the to ficht
Sounder al reddy, to make his party gude
Delay no mare, but manfully go tude

¶ Turnus at drancis speche/commouit sare
Wyeht subtelly allegeis the contrare

Turnus inuectyf oration aganys drancis.

The keirs mind of Turnus this bald syre
At sic sawis kindillyt, hait as fyre
Sichand richt sore depe, in his breist anone
Thir wourdis pronouncis, with ane pietuos grone
Drancis forsoth quod he euer has thou bene
Large and to mekil of speche, as weil is sene
Now quhen the batel destris werk at hand
The counsel sittand, first thou dois vpstand
Bot not with wourdis suld the court be fyllyt
Set thou be grete tharin, and ful euill wyllit
With haltand wourdis, skrand from the here
Quhen thou assouerit art, of al dangere
Sa lang, as that our strenthy wallis gude
Our memies debarrit, dois exclude
Or quhil the fowlys of our forteres
Kinnis not ouer, of bludy spate Iges
Thare fore trump vp, blaw furth thine eloquence
As thou was wont to do, make thy defence

Bot than thou may drances, be mine auyse
We to reproche of kere, or cowardise
Quhen that thy riche hand, in to batal stede
Sa mony hepis of troians, has laid dede
And quhen thou takinnit has, sa vnwourthely
With signe tropheal, the fild as haue I
Ful cith it is, for til assale and se
Quhat may our spryty force, in the melle
And als full wele, is knawin to vs eik
Our ka is bene not fer, from thens, to seik
Bot plant about the wallis, of our toun
Aganys thame, go make vs redy boun
Quhy duellis thou, and tarpis thus al day
Quhiddir gif thy marciall dedis as thay war ay
In to thy wyndy clatterand toung sal be
And in thy cowart fete, suir wount to fle
Sais thou, I was repulsit, and dryfe away
O maist vnwourthy wicht, quha can that say
O me Iustely reprocheing, of sic lak
That I rebutit was, and doung abak
By me quhen thou beheld, mycht Tyber flude
Boldyn and ryn on spate, with troyanis blude
And al the kemel, of Euander king
Brocht vnto ground, alhale and his ofspryng
And the Archades confoundit, and ouerset
With mony ma in armes, I doun bet
The gry sly bytais, and Pandarus hys brothyr
Thay ar expert gyf I fled, ane or vthir
And eik thay thousand saulys, on ane day
Is bytor I to hel send, hine away
Quhen that I was inclusit, at dystres
Amyd my ynemyis, wallys and forteres
Thou sayis in were na hope, is of welfare
O wrles wicht pronunce that and declare

¶ confuta
cio of dris
ers argu
mentys

Sic

Sic chance betid zone dardane, capitane
And spay sic thingis, vnto thy dedis ilkane
And forther eik sen thou art made becum
Ceis not for to pertrubil all and sum
And with thy kellound, reddour tham to sle
The kevil mychtis, of zour pepill key
In to batal twyis vincust, schamefully
Spare not for tyl ertoll, and magnify
And be the contrare the pissance of Latyne king
Do set at nocht, but lichtlie and doun thring
Now the nobil myrmydone, capitanis
Quakis in armis, for fere of the troianys
And now Tedeus, son diomedis
Agast is, and Larissiane, Achilles
And Ansidus the swift, Rowand riuere
Rynnys contirmont, frawart the ley for fere
And quhil also this ilk, schyreuit wycht
That is contrawar, of many wikkit slycht
Fenzeis him sleyit, or abasit to be
That he dar not chide furth incontrare me
Than with his dzede, and sle contrawit fere
My cryme aggregeis, he on his manere
Deliste dzances be not abasit, I pray
For thou sall neuer leis, schortlie I the say
Be my wappin nor this rycht, hand of myne
Sic and peuis and catiue, saule as thine
And tat it duel with the, as best may gane
Within that wzechit cozps, and thare remane
Now O thou grete kader, and prince souerane
To the and thy counsale, I turne agane
Gif thou list no thing traisting, nor affye
In to our armes, nor our cheuelrye
Gif that we be of help, all desolate
And hale at vnder, in to this last debate

Distroyit for ay, and na help may mak
For that our oist was, anis dreum abak
And fortoun has na returne, nor regres
Lat vs beseik, for peace at sic distres
Mak him requeist to rew apoun our harmis
And reik him furth, our richt arme bare of armis
Now beit o wald god in this extreme nede
That ony thing, of curage or manhede
Remanit, as was wount with vs to be
Abuse the laik, thame wourthy thinkis me
Waist fortunate, in fatis marcial
And excellent, in hie curage, ouer al
Quhilkis wilfully, as thame seikin wald
That thay ne suldon, sic myscheif behald
Feld dede to ground, be fatal happy werd
And with thare mouth, anis byte the erd
Bot gyf we haue riches, and moblis sere
And euir assayit, zit freische zoung powere
And in our helpin, of Italianis
Citeis and peplis, haboundis and remanis
Or gif that also, to the troiane syde
Wyth effusionn of blude, and woundis wyde
This victor betid, as traistis me
Thay haue als feie dede corps, as haue we
Gyf thys tempestuous traik, of the batal
On baith the halfis, is al out equale
Quhy failze we sa schamfully our mycht
Into the fyrst entre, of the ficht
Quhy quakis thus oure membris, vp and doun
Before the bludy blast, and trumpis soun
For time feleslyis, and eik the baryant chance
Of our instabyl lyfe, hing in ballance
Reducyt has, ful mony vnlykly thyng
To better fyne, than was thare begynnyng

And

And koztoun interchangeabill, with blenkis quent
Full mony ane diſtaunt, has and ſchent
Syne efter in ane thraw, thus wele I wate
Reſtozit, thame agane, to thare ferme eſtate
I put the cais ſet, the Etholianis
With Diomede, and the pepill arpanys
Liſt not tocum, in our help noz ſupple
Zit than the bald Meſapus wele, will be
And the happy columpnyus, alſua
With all the vthir dukis mony ma
That fra ſa feil pepillis, bene hidder ſent
And nane litill renowne be myne entent
Followis the choſin folkis, of Italie
Noz tham that dwellis, in Laurente feildis hereby
Haue we not eik, the ſtalwart Campilla
Of the kampyll, and kinrent of wolſta
Ledand thare armyt oſtis, and ſterne feildis
In burniſt plait arrayit, and ſchynand ſchildis
Bot gif the troiane pepil, euery ane
Deſiris me to feill, fecht in feild allane
Gif that be pleſand vnto the, ſchir king
And I ſa ker eftir Dzances mening
Gane ſtandis the commoun, wele in to that cais
That ſchame, fall neuir betid me in na place
Foz victozy me hatis, not dar I ſay
Noz liſt ſic wyſe withdzaw, thir handis tway
That I refuſe ſuld till aſſay, ony thing
Quhilk mycht ſa grete beleif, of weil inbzing
With ſtout curage agane, him wend I will
Thocht he in pzowes pas the grete Achill
Oz ſet in cais ſic armour, he weris as he
Wzocht be the handis, of god Vulcanus fle
To zou and king Latine, my fader, in law
I turnus here, quham ful wele ze knaw

Turnus ſtoutlyp3 myſes to fecht wyth Eneas

Na thyng behynd,na to be reputes
To name of all our eldaris,in prowes
Thys saul and lyfe,the quhilk sa wele I tuk
Dotth promys and auowis,for zour behuffe
Thay say allone,me challancis Enee
And I beseik grete god,he challance me
Na bid I not that dzantis dere aby
Ocht with his deith,quhare appolit am I
Nor quhiddir this turne,to goddis waikfull wraik
Or hardyment and honour,we vndertak
Na thing at all thareof,salbe hys part
The chance is myne,I will it not estart

During this disputatioun/ as is said
Enee his ost,about the toun has laid.

QVhil thay thus,at grete altercatioun were
Amangys thame self,in doutsum thingis sere
Eneas all his oist,and hale armye
Has rasit trumpin,to the toun in hye
Ane messingere come ruscheing,in with haist
Amyd the trautis ran,as he war chaiste
Than with huge rumour,and ferefull dyn
Fyllit anone,the kingys riall In
And with grete dzede,the ciete stuffit all quhare
Schawand how that thare fais cummyn ware
In plane batall arrayit,to conclude
The trepane barnage,from Tyber the flude
With ordynance of tuskane,that did spzed
In forefront all the large feildis,on bzed
Anone the pepillis hartys affrayit war
And commonis bzeystys proplexit all for fere
In sum the greyf,and Ire dyd fast haboynd
Rasyt wyth bzaithfull stangis full vnsound
And with ane felloun dzede,allon stere
Thay hynt to harnes,and cryis eftir thar gere

Harnes

Harnes harnes, all the zoung cietezanis
With kelloun bzute, and noyis schoutis attanis
The febill agit faderis wo begon
Can plene and wepe, with mony ane piteous grone
In euery part the grete clamour, and cryis
In diuers opinionis, rais vp to the skies
Nane vthir wise, than as sum tyme we knaw
The flicht of birdis foydyanys, the thik schaw
Oz than the rauk, bocit swannys in ane rabil
Houndand and southand, with nois lamentabill
Endlang the lemand stankis, and stremes clere
Of Padusa sa full of fyschis sere
Turnus that fand his time, so opoztune
Now baldlie sais he, cietezanis haue done
To call zoun counsell, taking auisement
Syttand at eis vkane, say his entent
Carpis of pece, and ruse it now lat se
Quhen that thay zounder, inuadis zour cuntre
Zour mortal fais enarmed zou assale
Na mare he said bot stertis vp, sayis sale
And of the cheif palice, sichit furth in hy
Thus carpand to the nobillis, stude him by
Gotite Voliscus, to the banereris
Of the wolstanis, and thame that stanrdatis beris
Charge thame thare enseneis, foz to rais on hicht
And in thare armour addzes, thare men to ficht
And ze Mesapus Cozas, and zour bzoder
The hozsmen all enarmed, ane and vthir
Conuoyis furth vnto the feildis bzade
Ane part of the cietezanis, he said
Do stuf the entres, and the pozris defend
Syne to the touris, and wall hedis ascend
The remnanent of al zour hale menze
Quhen I command, lat thame set on with me

Turnus exhoztacion to his men.

Quoth

Amone ouer all the ciete, by and by
Apoun the wallis ryn, thay vp in hy
The king Latine his counsal, full vnglaid
And grete materis, quhilkis he begunyng had
Left and deferrit, quhil ane vthir day
Trist in his mynd, and trublit of that delay
And mony wayis him self, he accylit
That he sa lang had sleuchit, and refusit
To reskit gladlie, the tropane Enee
Repenting sore for wele, of his ciete
That he had not requirit hym, and drawe
Or than to be his mauth, and son in law
Sum tho thare ciete enter for to kepe
Before the portis, delfis trinschis depe
Sum to the zettis weltis, wechty stanys
And sum grete geistis, and sylys for the nanis
The bais trumpet, wyth ane bludy soun
The signe of battel, blew ouer all the toun
The wallys than thay stuffyt, round about
With diuers sortis of mony, syndry rout
Bayth wyffis barnis, chyldir men and page
Na kynde of state was, sparyt tho nor age
The hiest poynt nor lattir resistence
Callit euery wycht to labour, and defence
The quene also amata, furth can hald
And to the tempil, and pallas souerane hald
Borne in hir chare, and walking hir about
Of Matrouns, and nobil wemen ane rout
Offerandis and gyftys, brocht with hir scho had
Nixt hand hir went, Lauinna the made
The cause of al this harme, and wokul tene
That doun for schame, did cast hyr lusty ene
The matrouns enteris in, the goddis presence
And smokis the temple, with swete vapour and sence

And

And reuthful vocis, warpis vp on hie
Als lone as thay, atteynit the entre
O thou sayd thay, Pallas armipotens
Tritonia clepit, made and prelident
Of batal and of weris, euery one
With thy virginal handis, breke anone
Yone trolane Ryueris, wappinnis and his spere
Him self als tite, doune to the ground thou bere
Under our portis, and our wallis hie
Doun warp him dede, that we that sycht mych se

Heere Turnus and camilla, can deuyse
Practikis of were, the troianis to suppryse

TUrnus him self, als feirs as ony glede
Ful besely addressit on his wede
Destrus of the batall, and bergane
In til ane clois curace, rutiliane
Be than his body wele cubralit had he
His birneit armour auful for to se
Wyth lynnmes claspit, in platis gilt with gold
And hede al bare, zit as him self in wald
The dedely brand, he beltis by hys syde
And schynand al of bricht gold kast can glyde
Throw out the palice rial, here and thare
Reioisit in his mynd, as thocht he were
In ferme beleif, for til ouerset his fo
And on sic wise, can walkin to and fro
With hart hingand, on the toly pyn
As sum time dois the courser, sterk and tyn
That brokin has his band, furth of his stall
Now gois at large, ouer the feildis al
And haldis towart the stedis in ane rage
Quhare meris walkis, in thare pastorage
Or than vnto the depe ruinand ruere
Quhare he was wont to drink the water clere

De

He ſpentis furth, and ful proude walloppis hie
He ſtrekand vp his hede, with mony ane ne
Out ouer his ſpaldis, and lang nek by and by
Vys loker and mayne, ſchakand wantonly
Siclike this Turnus, ſemys quhare he went
And as he bradis furth apoun the bent
The maide Camilla, cummys hym agane
Accumpanyit with hir, oiſtis wolſtane
Before the portis, doun lichtis the Quene
Quham al the rout, has followit bedene
Diſcendand from thare hors ſis eſely
Syne on ſic wyſe, this lady ſpak in hye
Turnus ſayd ſche, gif ony hardy wicht
May traiſt or zit allure in thare awyn mycht
I vndertak, and dar promys allane
To mache in feild, the oiſtis Eneadane
And baldly dar recounter in melle
Al the hors men, of the tuſkane menze
I the require, ſuffir me to aſſay
With my retinew, and thir handis tway
The firſt dangere in batal, or I ſtent
Byde thou behynd, on fute in the buſcheme nt
And kepe the wallis of this toune ſche ſaid
Turnus his ene, has firit on this maid
That verely was, and aukful for to ſe
Syne on thys manere, to hir, anſueris he
O thou virgine glory of Italie
Quhat thankis zeild, or rander the may I
Or quhat may I reker, to thy renowne
Bot ſen thow art, to all thyng reddy boune
Surmonting, al in curage ſouerane
Now at thys tune, of ſic labour and pane
Grant me my part, ſa that on athir ſyde
Betuix vs twa, the bargane be deuyde

Camillas hard ynes deſyrynge the bryme of the feild.

Turnus anſwer cõmendynge camillys ſtoutnes.

Herk I sal schaw you myne auise quod he
Yone detestabil, and myschoous Enee
As that the rumoure, surelye has made kend
And als my spyis, schawis was thidder send
Ane certane hoys men, licht armyt foy the nanis
Has send befoye, foy to foyray the planis
Hun self ascendis, the hie band of the hill
By wentis strate, and passage scharp and wil
Schape on our ciete, foy to cum pzeuilye
Tharfoy ane pzatik, of were deuyse wyl I
And ly at wate, in quyet enbuschment
And athir pethis hede, oy secrete went
In the how slake, be zounder woddis syde
Full dern I sal my men, of armes hyde
Set thou apoun, the hoystit tuskane roue
Wyth pynsellis semblit, sammyn with ane schout.
The stalwart Mesapus, with the sal go
The latyne barnage, and the bzethyz tuo
That capitanis come, fra tyburtyne ciete
Wyth al thare ordinance, and bale meme
Tak thou the cure, with thaym to reule and stere
Ithale that stalk army, into were
Thus sayd he, and with sic wordis at schoyte
Mesapus to the fecht, he did eyhoyt
And all his feris, syne euery capitane
And syne towartis, his aduersaris is gane
Thare lay ane bale, in ane cruket glen
Ganand foy slicht to enbusche armit men
Quham wounder, narrow apoun athir syde
The bewis thik, hamperith and dois hyde
With skuggis derne, and ful obscure perkay
Quhar thyow thare strekit, ane rod oy ane strate way
Ane narrow peth, baith out gang and entre
Full scharp and schrewit passage wounder se

Thoue

Abouc the quhilk, apoun thy hill on hicht
Quhare men myght spy about ane wel fare lycht
Thare lyis ane, plane, to the troianis vnknaw
Bot quha sa list, towart that stede to drauw
It is ane stellm place, and sobir herbry
Quhare oft in stail, or enbushment may ly
Quhidder men list, the bargane to abyde
Owthir on the richt hand, or on the left side
Or on the hicht, debate thame for the vanys
And on thare fays, welt doun weichty stanis
Thidder zoung Turnus held and did discend
As he that al the passage, wel bekend
The place he tuke, and ful priue vnknaw
Liggis at wate, vnder the derne wod schaw

¶ How that Opis was doun fra Diane send
And of what kinne camilla was dyscend.

THe mene sessoun, Latones douchter diane
Wythin hir sete, of heuynnis souerane
The swyft opys ane nimphe, ane of hir feris
Ane haly virgyne, of hie sort mony zeris
To hir callis, richt dolorus and vnglaide
And sichand sare, to hir sic wourdis sayid
O virgine dere, lo now Camylla gais
To cruel batel, agane her mortal fays
And al in vane, with hir into sic weris
Our wappynnys and our armour, with hir beris
I the declare, and certyfyis quod sche
Aboue al vthir, ful dere is sche to me
Na this luke southly, is not commyn of new
Nor zit of lait, in dianis breist vp grew
And wyth ane hasty sueitnes mouit my spryte
Bot of auld kindnes, lang tyme vnfor lete
For quhen hir fader, Mechabus the kyng
Was throw mony, expellit his ancient ryng

Camillis kynred

Of Niuerun, and for the cruelte
Of his pepil fled, from that ciete
Wyth hym he bare, the zoung infant so dere
To be hys fallow in exile and playfere
And eftir hir moderis name, hait Camilla
Camylla has clepit, ane lettie tane awa
Befoze him in his bosum, he hir bare
And socht vnto the wilsum holtis hare
His cruel fayis, with thare wappinnis kene
Him vmbeset, in al partis in tene
With armyt men, and wageouris, the wolfkanys
So nere almoist, belappit him attanis
Thare was na passage, quhare away to fle
For lo amyd the went, quhare ettillit he
Imalenus that riuere and fresche flude
Aboue the brayis, bullerit as it war wod
From the clouddis was bzist, sic spate of rane
The riuer flowis, ouer the large plane
He dzelland hym to swym, at the bank syde
For the luf of the zoung bab, moist nede abide
And for his dere birding, dzeading sore
Ilk change in haist, did row in hys memore
And skars his sentence, into his mynde
His douchter, for to clois wythin the rynde
And stalwart sipplyne, or bark of Cork tre
For in his hand, the selk tyme had he
Ane bustuous spere, percais baith stif and sture
As he that was, ane wourthy werlour
The schaft was sad, and sound and wele ybaith
Iwymplit in his bark, tho did he taik
His zoung douchtir, and with his awne hand
Amyddis of this lance ful sarlie band
Quhilk takand with his richt hand, sone on hie
Vnto the heuine aboue, thus carpis he

O blist it made Latonia ouer al quhare
Of wylde forestis, the Inhabitare
I fader here prokellis, seruand to the
This tendir zoungling, bund vnto this tre
Fleand his fais, throw the sayes lo
Knyt to the schaft, laulie beseikis scho
Resaue hir lady, and testify god wate
As thyne alhale, vnto the dedicate
Quhilk now thou seis, standis in dangere
Commyttit to the windis, and the aire
Thus sayd he, and anone with ane swak
His gardy vp has bendit, fer abak
And throw the spere, with al his force and mycht
The stremes soundit, of he schaftis flycht
Ouer this feirs riuer, to the forther bra
The fey vnsilly bab, zoung Camylla
Flaw knyt vnto this quhirland schaft of tre
Bot this mechabus, quhen that he did se
The grete preis, of his fais him sa nere
Na langar duelt, bot swam throw the riuere
And cummyn to hys purpois, blyith and glad
The spere anone, sa bukkith wyth the maid
In preland vnto the thrynfald diane
Furth of the grisly swarde he had vp tane
Na turale biggingis, noz zit na strang cete
Wald hym resaue, within thyz wallys hie
Noz thay wald him to herbry haue tane
His fers mynd, couth not subdew to nane
So that in manere of birdis, in pasturage
On wylde montanis, he wonnit al his age
Quhare that hys douchter, amang bukis rouk
In derne stadis and mony sloggy ouk
Wyth milk he nurist, of the beistis wilde
And wyth the pappys, fostirit be hys chyld

Of sauage stude meris in that forest
Oft tymes he thare breistis mylkit and prest
Within the tendir lippis of his get
And kra the child mycht kute, to erd set
And wyth hyr soles, first did mark the ground
With dartis kene, and hedis scharplie ground
Hir kist, and hir handis chargit he
And at hir sulder huklit on has he
Ane propir bow, and ane litil arrow cace
And for hir goldin garland or hede lace
In stede eik of hir syde garmound of pall
Ouer hir sulddaris, from hir nek doun with all
The greisly tygris skyn, of rent did hing
The selk tyme zit sche bot tendir zoungling
Thir dartis, and the takilis swyft let glide
And oft about hir hede, the ilk tyde
Wald warp the strmgis, of the stout staffe slyng
Quhare wyth fele syis, to ground dede wald sche ding
The cran of trace, or than the quhite swan
For not sche was, desirit with mony a man
And moderis fele, throw the townis tuskane
Desirit hir thare gude dochter in vane
For sche onlye ful ferme in hir entent
Of dyane goddes, of chaistite stude content
And list to hant euer in woddis with me
Cbe dartis schutting, and loue virginite
Remanand incorrupt, and ane clene made
I wald forsoith at this tyme sche abade
And had not haistit, to sic cheuelry
For to molest the troytanis stout army
Bot that ane of my feris suld be
As sche that is oft, al tyme dere to me
Haue done anone now nympbe Opis sche said
Wyth wskkit fatis sen bestad is zone made

Thou

Thou ſlide doun, from the heuin and that in hy
The Latyne keildis thou wely and eſpy
Quharein the woful batal and melle
To ane vnhappy chance, betaucht has ſche
Tak thir dartis, and ſene out of my cale
That ilk reuengeable, arrow thou out rale
Quha euer with wound dois hurt or violate
Hir haly body vnto me dedicate
Quhithir he be troiane or Italiane
Ill is elike, that he anone be ſlane
And with his blude, myne offence dere by
Wy ſelf thare eftir, the ruthful corps in hy
Amyd ane bois cloude, ſal cary away
Unſpulzeit of hir armour or array
And hir bigraue, redreit to hir cintre
In ſepulture, ful glorious ſaid ſche
Than Opis lichtlie, of the heuynnys glade
Throw out the ſkyis ſouthand faſt doun glade
Perſand the are with body, all ouer ſchroude
Addekkit in ane wattry ſabil cloude

¶ How that Eneas/ wyth hys hale power
Towart the ciete wallis, drawys nere

DUrng this quhile, the troyane power all
Approchis faſt, towart the ciete wall
The tuſkane dukis, and hors men routis alhale
Arrayit in batall, euery warde and ſtale
Quer al the plains, brayis, the ſtampand ſtedis
Ful galzeard in thare bardis, and werely wedis
Apoun thare ſtrate born brydillis brankand faſt
Now tryppand here, now thare his hede did caſt
The large groiand worth gruſly vnto ſe
Of ſtele weppinnis, and ſcharp ſpere hedis hie
And as the fyre al birnand ſchane the ſcheldis
Of bricht armoure, hie helmes and braid ſcheildis

Thyrreyti-
tal diſcryp
tionn of
warre.

Agains thaym anone, also apperis
The bald mesapus, bailezeand in weris
The agillatyne peppil, wyth hym was
Ane duke Catellus wyth his bzathir Cozas
And eik the weing, oz wolstanis pepil in feild
Wyth the stout wenssche Camylla vnder scheild
And furth thay stroke, thare lang speris wele far
Drew in thare armes, wyth schaftis chargett on fer
Salit vp dartis, takillis and fleand flanis
The counter oz first tocum, foz the nanis.
Ful ardent woir, and auful foz to se
The men birnand, to Joue in the melle
And furoure grew, of stedis stirand on stray
Now thay approcheing, sammyn in array
Wythin ane arrow, schot on athir syde
Sone made ane litil stopr, and stil did bide
Salit vp ane schout, bad on thaym wyth ane cry
Quhil bzute and clamour, foz dynnyt the sky
Thare feirs stedis, foz the bargane there
On athir halk, thay mak ane werelike fere
And ther withal, attanis on euery sydis
The dartis and fleand, takillis glidis
As dois the schoure of snaw, and with that flicht
Birkynnyt the heuynnys, and the skyis licht
Thirrenus tho ane, of the tuskane rout
And Aconteus, ane rutulsane ful stout
Togidder semblit, with thare sperris ran
To preif the first fal, samyn man foz man
Thay met in melle, with ane kelloun rak
Quhill schaftis, al to schudderis with ane crak
To gidder duschis, the stout stedis attanis
That atheris counter, fruschit vthers banys
And Aconteus, like thz thunderis blast
Smate from his sadil, an fer way was cast

Or lik ane ſtone, warpyt from the ingyne
That al to fruſchit doun, he did declyne
wyth ſic rebound, and rewyne wounder ſare
That he his lyfe has ſperpit in the are
Al ſuddanly, the Latynis tuke ane fray
And gaif the bak bedene, and fled away
Thare ſcheildis, ouer thare ſulderis keſt behynd
And to the toun ſpurris, als feirs as wynd
The troianis did perſewing on the chace
And faſt inuadis thaym pryncc Aſillace
Quhen thay approchein, to the portis nere
The Latyne pepil, returnis al in fere
Thare wele dantit hors, nekkis quhelit about
Syne gaif ane cry, and one thaym with ane ſchout
The tothyr party, than has tane the flicht
Leit ga the bridil, and fled in al thare mycht
Lyke as the flowand ſe, with fludis roude
Now ruſchis to the land, as it war woud
And on the ſchellys at the coiſtis bay
Up ſwakkis faſt, the ſampn wallis gray
And with his Jawpis, coweris in and out
The fate ſandis, ouer the bay about
Now with farde ſwift gois, ebband faſt abak
That with hys bullerand Jawis, and ouerſwak
With hym he ſoukis, and drawys mony ſtane
And leiffis the ſtrandis, ſchald and ſchaldis plane
The tuſkane folk, the latynys on ſic wyſe
Unto the ciete wallis, chaſit twyis
And twyis thare ſelf, did fle and gaif the bak
With ſcheildis, at defence, behynd thaym ſwak
Bot thare eftir, the thrid aſſay thay mak
The oiſtis ſampn, ioned with an crak
That euery man has choſin him hys fere
And than forſoith, the grauys men micht here

The oſtis ioyneto gether.

Of.

Of thaym that ſleruyng, and doun bettin bene
That armour wappinnis and dede corpis bedene
And ſtedis thrawand, on the ground that weltis
Wyddin with men, quhilk zeild the goiſt and ſweltis
Bedouin lay ful depe, in thare awin blude
The ſtoure entreſtis, furius and wod
Oſſilochus ane troiane, with al his force
Wyelis hys lance, at ane Remulus horſe
For hym to mete, he ſtude ane maner fere
The hede remanit, vnder the, horſs ere
The ſtede enragit, for the cruel dynt
And lawſus apoun hicht als fers as flynt
As he that was Impacient, of his wound
That Remulus doun weltis on the ground
Catillus ane of the brether tyberine
Pollas doun bet, and thare eftyr fyne
The grete armypotens wounder big of corps
Bot far bigger, of curage and of forss
Muhots hede and ſchulderis, nakit war and bare
And on his croun, bot lokkis and zallow hare
And thocht he nakit was and vode of gere
Na wound nor wappin mycht hym anys effere
Forganis the ſperis, ſo buſtuouſly blomyt he
That this Catillus ſtalwart ſchaft of tre
Throw girdis baith, his braid ſchulderis bainis
And wyth the dynt ſtude, ſchakand al atanys
Tranſkirrit ſo, and perſit euery part
It doublis and renewis the mannis ſmart
The blaknyt dedlie blude, ou athir ſyde
Furth ruſchis out of Werk and woundis wyde
The ſwerdis baithit, war in bargane rede
Fele corps kelit in the feild fel dede
And caucht ane douchty end to ſwelt in ficht
Vy hurtis fele, for to mant me the richt

How

How camylla hir kais doun can ding
And vincuſt aunus, for al his kare kitching.

THe aukful made Camylla the ilk tyde
Wyth cais of arrowis, catchit by hir ſyde
Amyd the ſlauchter and melle apoun hir fone
Proudly pranſis like ane wynſche amazone
That for to hant, the bargane or aſſay
Hir rycht pap had cut and brynt away
And now the ſowpil ſchaftis, baldlye ſche
On athir ſide, thik ſparpillis and lete fle.
Now not I, irkit in batal, ſtich to ſtand
Ane ſtalwart ar, ſcho hintis in hir hand
Apoun hir ſchulderis, the gultin bow turcais
With dianis arrowis, clatterand in hir cais
And gif that ſo betid in to that kitcht
Hir feris gait the bak and tuke the kicht
In to the cais oft wald ſcho turne agane
And fle and with hir bow ſchute, mony ane ſlane
About hir went, hir walit ſtalwart feris
The made laryna, and tulla young of zeris
And Cerpeia, that ſtoutly turnis and ſwakkis
With the wele ſtelit and braid billit ax
Italianis borne quham the nobil Camylla
Had to hir ſouuug and honour deput ſa
To bene hir ſeruand in ganand tyme of pece
And in battel to ſtand by hir in preis
Like as of trace, the wenſchis amazonis
Dymnys the flude thamodane for the nonis
Is in thare armour do thay kecht
Outher about hypollita the wicht
Or by the werelike made Pantheſille
Rolland hir cart of were to the melle
The woman routis baldly, with the aſſay
Wyth felloun brute grete reuery and deray

Furth

Furth hald's ſamyn, on the keildis ſone
Wyth crukit ſchildis, ſchapin lyke the mone
O thou ſterne made Camylla, quhat ſal I ſay
Quham firſt quham laſt, thou ſtrake to erde that day
Of how faill corps in the batal ſtede
Thou layd to ground, ouerthrew, and put to dede
And with the formeſt, Eumynius that was one
Son to Clyſeus, quhais brode breiſt bone
With ane lang ſtalwart ſpere, of the fyr tre
Throw ſmyttin tyte, and peirſit ſone has ſche
He cauis ouer furth bokkis, ſtreymis of blude
And with his teith, eik ſchortly to conclude
The bludy erde he bate, and as he ſweltis
Apoun his wound oft wrythit, tumlis and weltis
Abour this mixt ſcho, eikis vthir two
Lorys, and ane pagaſius alſo
On quham the tane, that is to ſay lorys
As that he forduart ſtoupan was Iuris
Cohynt his hors rene, that gan to founder
And the tothir preſent, to kepe him vnder
Furth ſtraucht his febil arme, to ſtynt his fal
To ground togidder, ruſchit ane and al
And to hir line, the ſon of hyppotes
Amaſtous hate dede ſcho, adionit in pres
And lenand forduart, on hir lance of tre
Terreas and herpa'tas, chaſis ſche
Perſe wand eik, ful buſtuouſly anone
The bald Tromps, and ſtrang Demop'hone
How fele dartis with her handis, keſt this made
Als mony troianis to ground, dede ſcho layd
Ane Ornitus ane hunter, fer on raw
In armur and in cognuſſence vnknaw
Rade on ane courſour of apulze, throw the feild
His brade ſchulderis, wele cled and ouerſchild

Recommendacione of camillais & Eoutnes in battail.

wyth

with ane ȝoung bullis hyde, newly of hynt
His hed couerit, to saif hym fra the dynt
Was with ane wolfis, hidduous gapand Jowis
Wyth chaftis braide, quhite teith and bustuous browis
To mak debate, he held in til his hand
Ane curale club, or culmes in stede of brand
And quhare he went amyd, the routis on hye
Aboue thaym al, his hale hede men mycht se
Camylla him at myschefe, has vnset
Scho bare hym throw, and to the ground doun bet
Nor na grete curage, forsoith was that no mycht
For al hys rout, to fore had tane the flicht
Bot forthir eik, thys forsaid Camylla
Wyth mynd vnkreyndly, can thir wourdis sa
Thou thirrene fallow, quhat wenyt thou to be
In woddis chasand, the wylde dere quod sche
The day is cummyn, that ȝour proude wordis hate
Ane womannis wappin, sal resist and debate
And not theeles, na litil renowne
From thens thou sal do turs, away with the
And to our faderis goistis, blithly schaw
That with Camyllais, glaue thou art ouerthrawe
Incontinent this madin eftir thys
Slew Orsilothus, and ane that hate butis
Twa byggest men, of body and of banys
Of al the oist, and fallouschyp troyanis
Bot this ilk Butis, standand hir before
Out throw the nek, did sche pers and bore
Betuix the hawbrek, and the helme on hye
In at hys hals, quhare sche dyd nakyt espye
For ouer hys left schulder, hang ane scheild
Bot this orsilothus fled hyr in the feyld
And gan to triūphe, with mony ane turnyng went
In cirkillis wide sche draue hym on the bent

with

Wyth mony ane cours, and Jouk about about
Quhare euer he fled, sche followis in and out
And at the last, sche has ouertak the man
And throw his armour all, and his harne pan
Hir braid pollax, rasit so on hie
With al hir kors and mycht, syne strikis sche
As he besocht, hir grace, with grete request
Sche doublit on hir dyntis, and so him prest
Wyth fell woundis, his hede has tozte and rent
His harnes hatt, ouer al his village went
And Awnus son, quhilk also awnus hate
On cais betid approche, in the debate
Towart this made, and als sone he hir saw
Abasit huffis, stil for dzede and aw
Into the mont openmpus duelt he
Amang ligurtane pepil, of his cuntre
And not forsoith, the lakest wertour
Bot korty man, and richt stalwart in stoure
So lang as fatis sufferit hym in richt
To exerce prattikis Jeoperdy and slicht
This awnus, fra that wele persauit he
Na wai to fle, nor eschew the melle
Nor mycht eschape, the quene stud hym agane
Than he begouth assay, hir with ane trane
And with ane fle dissait thus first he sayd
Quhat honour is, till ane stout wensche or maid
For tyl assure and traist, in ane strang hors
Leik thy swift stede, and traist in thyne awyn kors
At nane auantage quhen thou list to fle
Licht on this plane, and hand for hand with me
Addres vs to debate on kute allone
Thare sal thou se, thare sal thou knaw anone
Quhom to thys wyndy glore bost and abantis
The honour, or with pane the louing grantis

Thus

Thus sayd he bot sche than als hate as fyre
Aggreuit sore inflammit in felloun Ire
Alicht and to hir mait the hors betaucht
At his desire anone on fute vpstraucht
With equale armour, bodin wounder licht
The drawin swerde in hand that schamefull brycht
And vnabasit abaid, hym in the feild
Abuiseit onlie, bot wyth ane qubite scheild
The young man wenyng with his sle dissait
He had begilit hir, with his consate
About his bridill turnit, but mare delay
And at the flicht spyrent furth and brak away
And feil sydis let, his hors sydis feil
The scharp Irne spurris pryk apoun his heil
O quod the made, thou fals ligurtane
Quer trantoun, in thy proude mynd al in vane
O bartant man, for not perfay quod sche
Has thou assayit, thy cuntre craftis sle
Dissatfull wicht forsoith I to the say
Thy flicht and wilis, sal the not bere away
For hailskarth hyne do turs the hame fra vs
Vnto thy faderis hous, the fals awnus
Thus sayd the wenssche, vnto this vthir syde
And furth sche spyrent, as spark of glede and fyre
With spedy fute, so swiftly rinnis sche
By past the hors renk, and furth can sle
Befoire him in the feld, wyth grete disdene
And claucht anone, the coursere by the rane
Syne set apoun baldlie, quhare sche stude
And hir reuengit of hir fais blude
Als lichtlie as the happy gois halk, we se
From the hicht of ane rokit, pennakil hie
With swift wyngis, persewis wounder sare
The silly dow, hiech vp in the are

Quhan

Quham fynale he chepis at the laſt
And lonkit in his punſis ſarts faſt
Thriſtand his callouns, ſo throw hir entrallis
Quhil al the blude abowndly, furth rallis
And wyth hir beik, depluman̄d on al ſydis
The licht downis vp, to the ſkyis glidis

¶ Tharchone grete chiftane of the tuſkane oſt
The ſeand folkis to mene agane can boſt

THe fader of goddis, and men wyth diligent eine
Has al hir dedis, vnderſtand and ſeine
And ſetuate in his heuinlie hous on hie
Induuis and commouis to the melle
Tarchone of Tuſkanis principal lord and fyre
In brathful ſtoundis, raſit brym as fyre
So that amyd the ful miſcheuus ficht
The grete ſlauchter and routis, takand the flycht
On horſbak, in this tarchone baldly draw
Wilful his pepil, to ſuppoyt and ſaw
The wardis al, of euery nacioun
Wyth admonicioun̄s ſere, and exhortacioun̄
And diuers wourdis, tyſtis to fecht for ſchame
Clepand and calland, ilk man by his name
Quhil thay that dreuin war abak and chaſit
Releuis agane to the bargane in haſt
O tuſkane pepil, how happinnis this fayd he
That ze ſal euer, ſa dullit and bowbardis be
Vnvrokin ſic iniuris to ſuffir here
O quhat be this, quhow grete eue drede and fere
How huge dolfne s, and ſchameful cowardyſe
Has vmbeſet zour mindis, apoun ſic wyſe
That ane woman al one, and thus belyue
Apoun ſic wiſe, ſal ſkattir zou and dryue
And gar ſa large routis, tak the flicht
Quhareto bere we, thir ſted edgeis in ficht

For

Or quhat awalis to hald, in hand lat se
For nocht thir wappinnis, gif we ane wife sal ge
3e war not wount, to be sa liddir ilk ane
At nycht battellis, and werkis veneriane
Or quhare the bowand trumpet, blew the spring
At Bachus dance to go in, karelling
Syne go to feist, at tabil and sit at dieis
Se cowpis full of mony, danty meis
Thare war 3our lust plesoure, and apetite
Thar was 3our, besy cure, and 3our delite
Quhen that the happy spayman, on his gyse
Pronouncit the festuale, haly sacrifice
And se fat offerandis, did 3ou cal on raw
The banket amyd the derne, blisfit schaw
And with that wourd, amydwart the melle
Reddy to sterk his boys, furth steris he
And awfully anone, with all his mane
Rulchit apoun venulus, stude him agane
And with his richt arme, can his fa enbrace
Sic wise as he did him, from his hors arrace
And with his huge strenth, fune did him cauth and lay
Befoze his breist, and bare him quyte away
The tuskanis rasit, ane clamour, to the sky,
And Latinis al about thare, ene did wry
This tarchone ardent, as the fyrie leuin
Flaw furth swift, as ane foule vp towart heuin
Berand with him, the armour and the man
And fra his sperys poynt, of brak he than
The stelit hede, and syne serchis all artis
Euir ilk entre, and all the opin partis
Quhare mycht he fynd, in to sic lityl stound
Ane place patent, to giue him dedis wound
And by the contrare, venulus, ful wicht
Wand al debait, and obstakle that he mycht

And can his hand eft ſpis, from his throte ſchop
With all his ſtrenth, his violence to ſtop
Like as ſum tyme, the zallow egil be licht
The eddir hint vp, and carys on hicht
Syne fleand in hir fete, ſtrenzeis hir ſo faſt
That of hir punſis, out throw hir ſkyn dois thrast
Bot the ſerpent woundit, and all to ſchent
Ylowpit thrawis, and withis with mony ane ſpent
Hir ſprutelit ſkalis vpſet, grilly to ſe
With quhiſſand mouth, ſtrekand hir hede on hie
Al thocht ſcho weil, and ſprinkil bent and ſkip
Euer the ſarer this Erne, ſtrenis his grip
And with his bowand beik, rentis greuouſly
Sampyn with his wyngis, ſourſand in the ſky
Nane wthir wiſe this trachon, turſſis his pray
Throw out the tyburtyne routis, glaid and gay
The pepil tuſkane quhilom, com fra lide
Seand the exampil, and proſper chance that tide
Of thare ſtout duke followis, his hardyment
And with ane ruſche ſampyn, in the bargane ſpent
Quhen as arnus, by his mortale fate
Vnto myſcheuus dede, predeſtinate
Circulis at the wate, and eſpys about
The ſwift madin Camyll of all the rout
In honeſt fate of armes, maiſt expert
And beſt betaucht, to ſchute or caſt ane dart
He ſekis by quhat wayis, or fortoun
To find the faſſoun and time opportune
Maiſt eſelie this lady, tyll aſſale
And all the wentis, and renkis ſans fale
Thys furious made held, mydwart the melle
The ſampyn gate, and paſſage haldis he
And priuely hir futeſteppis did eſpye
And quhare ſcho did returne, with victorye

wyth kute bakwart, thrawart hir aduersare
This ilk Aenus, was ful reddy thare
And thiftwislie anone, the samin wise he
withdrew his pais, and held on hir bis E
Lurkand at wate, and spyand round about
Now is to cum, now that onset but dout
At euery part, this peuth man of were
And schuke in hand, his vnscheuabil spere

Arnus the preist/ slais camila be slycht
Syne cowartly anone takis the flycht

PErchance that tyde Coreus of grete estate
Ane spritual man blissit and consecrate
That to Cibele, sum tyme preist had be
Ane wele lang space sound in the melle
Abulzeit richely, and ful glorius schane
In pompus armour and array phrygyane
Furth drawis he the kompy, sterand stede
wyth werelyke bardis, cled and scurit wede
Of corbulze or leddir with gylt malis
Conchit with plate of stele, als thik as scalis
And he him selfe in broun sangume wele dicht
Aboue his vncouth armour, blomand bricht
Schaftes he schot, and takillis wrocht in crete
wyth latiane bow, nokkit wyth hornes mete
And clatterand by his schulder for the were
His ganze cais, and golden auble stere
The helme of gold, schane on the preistis hede
Of saffroun hew, betuix zallow and rede
was his rych mantil, of quham the forbreist lappys
Ratlyng of brycht gold wyre, wyth gyltin trappys
Or cordis fyne, was buklyt wyth ane knot
Of nedil werk, al brusit was his cote
His hosing schone, of werk of barbary
In portrature, of subtil brusury

This

This man only, of all the mekill rout
The made Camylla, followis fast about
Quhiddir so it was, that tropane armour sche
List hing in templ, for memore of trophe
Or than desirit this wantoun hunteres
In goldin attire, hir seluin to addres
Quhilk scho in feild, berefit hyr aduersare
Throu out the oist, onwerlie went all quhare
Blynd in desire, this tropane to assay
In womanlye appetite, ardent of this pray
This precious spulze, and array so proude
Quhare with as said is, was this preist yschroude
Thys forsaid Arnus, liggand at the wate
Seand this mayde, on flocht at sic estate
Chosis his tyme, that was most opportune
And towart hir, his dart addressit sone
With voce expres, his prayere thus made he
O bricht Appollo, souerane god maist he
Of haly mont Soractis, the wardane
Quham principally, we wourschip euery ane
Quhen to the furie, smoik of scence we se
Bleis in the kendillit, byngis of fir tre
As we that wourschippis the, with obeysance
Bi suppost of deuote, obseruaunce
Oft with our futesteppis, and our nakyt soles
Doun thringis keil hait, sundry and fery coles
Grant me fader almychty now I pray
With our wappinnis, thys schame to do away
I aesk na trophe, nor the pompus wede
Of this made doun bet, or repulsit in dede
Nouthir bid I therof spulze, nor renoune
My vthir dedis syne, mot mak me boune
To repost honour and laude eftir this
Bot at this time I bid, na mare I wys

Bot

Gaik that this wenſche, this vengeabil peſt or traik
Be bet doun dede, by my wound and ſcharp ſtraik
And ſyne that I may to my kynd riete
Bot ony gloze, returne alyke quod he
Phebus him hard, and grantit to fulfyl
Of his aſking, ane party at his wyl
Bot for the tothir part, ſoith to ſay
He lete do waik, with ane ſwift wynd away
Conſentand, that he ſuld doun bete and ſla
By haiſty dede, the awful Campilla
Bot at his cuntre, hale ſkarth hame bas brocht
Suld he him eftir, that he grantit nocht
And in the cloudy blaſtis of the ſky
That boce and wourdis, flaw away in hy
So that als faſt, as from his hand ſtound
Thrilland the are, his takill gaik ane ſound
The routis can aduert, and takis tent
Turnaud thare lichtis, ilk wicht with ane blent
Towart the quene, ther lady thus Campl
Bot ſcho nane hede, nor tent has tane thartil
Nouther of haiſty mocioun, of the are
Nor zit the berrand ſound, this flicht made thare
Nor zit perſaut thes awful, ſchaft of tre
Diſcendand ſwiftly, fra the heum on hie
Quhil that the lance hir ſmote and hurt perfay
Quhare that hir pap was ſchorne, and cut away
And wedgeit depe, within hir coſt ſtuda
Furth ſowkis largely, of this madymys blude
His complicis al ſampn, in this nede
Stert to thare lady, in affray and dede
And ſone thay claucht and lappit in thare armes
This quene that fourderant was, for hir ſmert harmes
Bot firſt of al, for fere and fel affray
This armus fled, ful faſt and brak away

With blythnes mydlit, hauand panefull dzede
For he na langare durſt in to this nede
Aſſure for to debate him, with his ſpere
Na zit abide, the virginis wappin for fere
And like as that the wyld wolf in his rage
Knawand his recent falt, and grete outrage
Quhen that he has ſum zoung grete oxin ſlane
Or than wcryit, the nolehird on the plane
Forzeit his fais, with wappinnis him perſew.
Anone is he, to the hie mont adew
And hid him ſelfe, kukker out of the way
His tale that on his rig, befoze tymes lay
Under his wame lattis abaſitly
And to the wod, can haiſt him intil hy
Nane vthir wyſe, Arnus that fleyit wycht
Fled, and beliue withdzew him out of ſicht
Content onlie, to gif the bak and fle
Amang the thikeſt pzeis, him hyd has he
And this Camylla ſeruand the ilk ſtound
The ſchaft has pullit of hir dedely wound
With hir awin hand, bot zit amang th. banis
The ſcharp ſtele hede, fyxit to the rybbis remanis
In aue ful depe wound, and ane greuous ſare
Al pale and bludeles, ſtrarffis ſcho rycht thare
And in the deith cloſis, hir cauld ene
The rede cullour, vmquhile as purpure ſchene
Blak kynnyt and fadis, quyte out of hir face
And zaldand vp the goiſt, in the ilk place
Vnto ane of hir damicellis and ferys
Clepit acca that had bene monyzeris
Onlie maiſt traiſt, and wald in ſpecial
To Camylla, aboue the vtheris al
That knew alhale, the ſecretis of hyr hart
Wyth quham hir thochtful curis, wald ſcho part

Than

That tyme Scho spak, and sayd on this maneré
Acca acca, my leif sister dere
Unto this hour, I bef done at my mycht
Bot now this dolorus wound, sa has me dycht
That al thing dymmis and myrknys me about
Ga fast away, and hy the of this rout
Schaw Turnus, this my last commandis quod sche
Byd hym enter in fecht, in stede of me
And fra the ciete thyr troyanys dryue alway
Adew for euer I haue no more to say
Hampyn wyth that worde, the renzeis flyp lete sche
And slayd to ground, not of fre volunte
Than the cauld deith, and last stoundys mortal
The sprete dyssoluyt from the corps euer all
Hyr sowppl crag, inclynand and nek bane
Bowyt down hyr hede, that was wyth deith ouertane
Furth spreut hir armes, in the dede thrawyng
And fra hir cast hir wappynnis, and armyng
The sprete of lyfe. sted murning wyth ane grone
And wyth dyscene, doun to the goistis is gone

Opis the nymphe, wyth dartis of dyane
Campila to reuenge/has Arnus slane

ANe huge clamour, that dyd ryse on hycht
That sempt smyte, the goldyn sternys bryght
The bargane waris mare cruel and bate
Quhare that the stout Campilla, doun was bete
For al the routys of the bald troyanys
The thirrene dukys, semblyt al atanys
And eik Euandrus, wardis of Archadis
Hampyn in the pres, thare aduersaris inuadis
Bot Opys tho the nymphe, that wele thareby
By thrynkald dyane, sent was to espy
Hat ane lang space, apoun ane hyllys hycht
And vnabasyt, dyd behald the fycht

Syne

Sone thareftir on far ſcho,can eſpye
Amyd quhare as the ȝoungkeris,raiſis thir cry
Quith ſchameful deith ouertane Camylla the madé
Scho wepit ſore,and plenand,thus ſcho ſaid
Sobband full depe law from hir breiſt within
Alace virgine to mekill,and that is ſyn
To mekil all ouer,ſa cruel punyſſing
Has thou ſufferit certis,for ſic ane thing
Becauſe thou has inforſit,withal thy mycht
For till ennoy the troianis,in this fycht
Quhat profittis the,in buſkis thyne allane
To haue ſeruit ſa lang,this blyſſit diane
Or by thy ſyde,or than on ſchulder hie
So lang ouer quaneris,to haue borne quod ſche
And netheles,but honour in this ſtede
Thy quene has not the left,in poynt of dede
Nor this thy ſlauchter,but rein embryng
Amang all pepill,ſa ll not be nor menyng
Ne ſall thou not,thy ſchame ſuffer traiſt me
For to be tauld thou ſuld,vnwrokin be
Quha euer with wound,hes ſchent or violate
Thy fare body,to diane dedicat
He ſall repent the time,that euer thou ſeruit
And with his deith aby,as he has ſerunt
Under the montane law,thare ſtude fute hote
A ne bing of erth,vpheit like ane mote
Contenyng the cauld allis,and birnt banis,
Of auld dercenus king,of laurentanis
Ouer helde with akin treis,and bewis rank
Thiddir this goddes,haiſtand doun the bank
Hir ſelf has carpit,and thare huſſis ſtill
And from this knollis hicht,or liuli hill
Abidis this ilk Arnus,till eſpy
And fra ſcho him perſauis,gildand by

In riche armour schynand, wounder brycht
And all in vane, proude wantoun gay and lycht
Quhy haldis thou awayward so quod sche
Dres thiddir mare thy futesteppis, towart me
Thou cummys bidder to pereis, and to sterue
And caucht deuile, as thot thou has deserue
Thy reward for Camyllais, dede perde
On dianis dartis, ha sold sic ane die
And with that word, like ane stout wenssche of trase
The swift gilt arrow, schuke out of hir case
And richt amouit, hir hornit bow has bent
Quharin anone the takill, vp is stent
Syne halis vp in Ire, and felloun haist
Quhill that the bow, and nokkis met almaist
And now handis rapit, hyt euery stede
Hard on the left neik, was the scharp stele hede
The string vp pullit, with the richt hand in fere
Went by hir pape, almaist vnto hir ere
Arnus anone, the mocioun of the are
Semyng with the quhilling, of the takill square
Perfauit has, and eik the dint attanis
The dedely hede throw gird his body and banys
His ferris all has him, forzet allane
Quhare as he swelt, with mony ane wofull grane
And in ane vncouth feild, has left him dede
Bedouin with dust, and pouder will of rede
Syne opis with hir wyngis swift can sle
Aboue the skyes hicht, in the heuynnys hie

Opys flais Arrus

¶ Iuno to turnus schawis / camyllais chance
his armyt flede, and left all ordinance,

The swyft armyt and acrue, rout with this
Of Camylla fled first, the feild I wys
For thay had left thar lady, and capitane
The pillance bale, and eistis tyburtane

Thir crayis

Affrayit all togiddir, gaif the flicht
The bak has tane athynas, bald and wicht
The chiftanis bzak array, and went thare gate
The baneris left al blout, and dyſſolate
Bocht to warrand, on hozſbak he and he
Frawart thare fais, and held to the tiete
Foz nane of thame ſo mate, and ſo agaſt
The feirs troianis, quhilk thaim aſſailzeit faſt
Unto the dede, and myſcheif did inuade
With wappinnis anys, to ſtintin made ane bzade
Noz thame ſuſtene, noz zit reſiſt thay mycht
Bot all attanis, lamyn tuke the flicht
And one thare wery ſchulderis, with grete ſchame
Thare big bowis vnbent, has turſit hame
And the ſtedis ſtout, with thare hukkis ſound
With ſwift renkis, dynlit the doufty ground
The blak ſtoure of pouder, in ane ſtew
Als thik as myſt, towart the wallis thzew
On the barmkin aboue, and the turettis hie
The wemen bet thare bzeiſtis, was reuth to ſe
Raſand attanis ane woful, wyſely crye
Went to the ſternes, and thirlit thzow the ſky
And quha mycht fozweſt, with ſwift cours has thaim ſet
To bzeke in, at the opin patent zet
The routis of thare memis, nurt ouer ane
Apoun thame ruſchis and ouerthzowis mony ane
Noz thare eſchepe thay not the wzechyt death
Bot in the pozts zeildis vp the bzeith
Stekand amyd thare natiue wallis hie
And amang houſis, quhar ſouir ſemit thaim be
Ane pert cloſit the entre and the pozts
And to thare feris noz zit nane vther reſortis
The zettis liſting opin, noz mak away
Noz thocht thay oft beſeking thame and pzay

Durſt

Durſt thame reſſaue, within thare wallis ſquare
Ane duleful ſlauchter onone, vprisis thare
Of thame in armis ſtude, the portis to defend
And thaim with glauis, war kelit and made ende
The ſon furth ſchet, that ſicht was to ſene
Befoꝛe thare wepand, woful faderis ene
Sum in the how foulye, war tumlit doun
Sa thik thame cummeris, the preis thrang to the toun
Sum haiſtly and vnwarly, at the ſlicht
Slakes thare brydillis, ſpurrand in all thare mycht
Cay with ane ram rais, to the portis duſche
Like with thare hedis, the hard barris to kruſche
The moderis eik, and women all bedene
Fra tyme Campilla, kelit hane thay ſene
Knawand thare was, extreme neceſſite
With all debate ſtude, on the wallis hie
Sic tyme to do that tyme, and tuk in hand
The perfite luke thame caucht, of thare kynd land
And al agaſt dartis, and ſtains doun thꝛew
The ſillis ſquare, and hedis ſtingis ynew
And perkis grete, with bruſſillit endis and bꝛount
Full haiſtely doun ſwakkis, dount foꝛ dount
And foꝛ defence, of thare kynde wallis hie
Offerit thame ſelfe, with the foꝛmeſt to de
In the mene quhile, as Turnus at the wate
Lay in the wod, faſt by the paſſage ſtrate
All the maiſt cruel tythingis, fillis his eris
Foꝛ acca ſchawis to him, and all his feris
The huge effray, how the battall was gane
The wolſtan oſtis diſtroyit, and Campilla ſlane
Thare noyſum fais, entrelling furius rage
And by thare proſper martis, waſtllage
Diſcomfiſt al his oſtis euery rout
That now the ciete, wallis ſtode in dout

He wanis brane in furoure bellical
So desirus of deidis, marcial
For the hard fatis, and strang mychtis hie
Of the grete Joue, wald that so suld be
The hillis hicht he left, quhare that he lay
And froun the dern, woddis went away
And skarslie was he passit, out of sicht
In the plane feild, cumyn al at richt
Quhen that the pryncc Enee, with al his men
Has enterit in, and passit throw the glen
And ouer the swyre, schawis vp at his hand
Eschapthe derne wod, and wyn the cuntry land
So that bath twa, with thare hale routis at last
In al thare spede held, to the ciete fast
And na lang space, thare oistis war in sounder
Bot that Enee, the feildis reik like tunder
Of dusty stoure persauit, ane kare way
And saw the Latyne rowtis ryde away
And fers Eneas, wirkare of his harmes
Turnus persaut, al so ryde in armes
The dynmynge of thare hoys, fete eik hard he
Thare stamping sterage, and thare stedis ne
Incontinent, thay had to batal went
And in batal pryeuit, thare hardyment
Ne war on thame, the rosy phebus rede
His wery stedis had doukit, ouer the hede
Under the streimes, of the occane se
Reducing the dirk nicht, thay mycht not se
Al hale declynit, had the dais licht
To tentys than before, the toun ilk wycht
Bowning to rest, al thay that war without
And delays trynsch. al the wallys about.

They reste them thys nycht fra battel

Finis.

¶ The prologue of the .xii. boke of Eneados.

DIonea nycht hird, and wache of day
The sternes chasit of the heuin, away
Dame synthia, doun rolling in the seye
And venus loist the bewte, of hir Eye
Fleand eschamet, within Cilenyus caue
Mars vmbedrew, for all his grundin glaue
Nor krawart saturne, from his mortall spere
Durst langare, in the farmament appere
Bot stal abak, zound in his regioun far
Behind the circulate warld, of Iupiter
Nectymene affrayit of the licht
Went vnder couert, for gone was the nycht
As fresche auroza, to mychty tytane spous
Ischit of hir saffron bed, and euery hous
In crammesy clede, and gramt violate
Mith sanguyne cape, the seluage purpurate
Unschet the wynd, of his large hall
Spred al with rosis, and full of balme riall
And eik the heuinly portis, crystallyne
Upwarpis brade the warlde, till illumyne
The twynkling stremouris, of the ozient
Sched purpoure sprayngis, with gold and asure meynt
Perland the sabil, barmkin nocturuall
Bet doun the skyes, cloudy mantil wall
Eous the stede, with ruby hemmyts rede
Abuse the seyis liftis, furth his hede
Of cullour soze, and sum dele brovne as berp
For to alichtin, and glade our emysperery
Tha flambe out brastin, at the noys thirlis
So fast pheton with the quhip, him quhillis
To roll Appollo, his fadris goldin chare
That lichtoudith all the heuynnys, and the are
Quhil schortlie with the blesand, cozche of day

Abilzet

Ane Angu lar lettir prolong of the discrip tion of Maye

Ahizeit in his lemand freſche array
Furth of his palice riall, Iſchit Phebus
With goldin croun, and village glorius
Criſp haris bricht as, chriſſolite or thopas
For quhais hew mycht, nane behald his face
The fyrie ſparkis brasting, from his ene
To purge the are, and gilt the tendir grene
Defoundand from his ſege etheriall
Glade influent aſpectis, celicall
Before his regal hie magnificence
Wirkly vapoure vpſpringand, ſwete as ſence
In ſmoky ſoppis of donk dewis wak
Woch hailſum ſtouis, ouerheldand the flak
The auriate phanis, of his trone ſouerane
With glitterand glance, ouerſpred the occiane
The large fludis lemand, all of licht
Bot with ane blenk, of his ſupernale ſicht
For to behald it was, ane glore to ſe
The ſtabilyt wyndys, and the calmyt ſe
The ſoft ſeſſoun, the firmament ſerene
The lovne illuminate, are and furth ſmene
The ſiluer ſcalit fyſchis on the grete
Ouer thortht grete ſtremes, ſprinkilland for the hete
With fynnys ſchinand brown, as Synopare
And cheſal talis, ſtourand here and thare
The new cullour alichting, all the landis
Forgane the ſtanrys ſchene, and beriall ſtrandis
Quhil the reflex, of the diurnale bemes
The bene bonkis reſt, ful of variant glemes
And luſty flora, did hir blomes ſprede
Under the fete of phebus, ſuiſeart ſtede
The ſwardit ſote embrode with ſelkouth hewys
Wod and foreſt obumbrate, with thare bewis
Quhais blyſful branchis porturate on the ground

With

With schaddois schene schewrochis rubisund
Towis turettis, kirnalis, pynnakillis hie
Of kirkis castellis, and ilk faire ciete
Stud payntit euery fane pinoll and stage
Apoun the plane ground, by thare awin umbrage
Of Eolus nozth blastis hauand no drede
The suize spred hir brade bolum, on brede
Zepherus confortabill inspiratioun
Foz tyll resaue law, in hir barm edoun
The cornis croppis, and the bere new brerde
With gladsum gardmond, reuesting the erde
So thyk the plantis sprang, in euery pete
The feildis ferlyis, of thare fructuous flete
Bysly dame Ceres, and proude priapus
Reioising of the planis plentuous
Plemyst so plesand, and maist propirly
By nature nurisit, wounder nobyly
On the fertyl skyrt lappys, of the ground
Strekand on brede, vnder the cyrkil round
The varyant vesture, of the venust vale
Schrowdis the scherald fur, and euery sale
Ouerfret with fulzeis, and syguris ful dyuers
The pray bysprent, with spryngald sproutis dyspars
Foz callour humoure, on the dewy nycht
Rendryng sum place, the gyis pilis thare licht
Als fer as catal, the lang somerys day
Had in thare pasture etc, and gnyp away
And blyskful blossomes, in the blomyt zard
Submyttis thare hedys, in the zoung sonnys sakgard
Fue leuis rank ouerspred the barmkyn wall
The blomit hauthorne cled his pykis all
Furth of fresche burgeouns, the wyne grapis zung
Endlang the trasileys, dyd on twistis hing
The loukit buttouns, on the gempt treis

Duer

Diuerſpȝedand leuis,of naturis tapeſtryis
Soft greſy verdour,ekkit balmy ſchouȝis
On curland ſtalkis,ſmyland to thare ſlowȝis
Behaldand thame,ſa mony diuers hew
Sum peirs,ſum pale,ſum burnet,and ſum blew
Sum gres,ſum gowlis,ſũ purpure ſum ſanguane
Blanchit oȝ bȝoun, fauch ȝallow mony ane
Sum heuinly coloȝit,in celeſtial gre
Sum wattry hewit,as the hawwally ſe
And ſum depart in freklis,rede and quhyte
Sum bȝicht as gold,with aureate leuis lite
The daiſy did onbȝede,hir crownel ſmale
And euery flour,vnlappit in thedale
In battil gers burgeouns,the banwart wylde
The clauir cattluke,and the camyomelde
The flourdelyce,furth ſpȝede his heuynly hew
Floure damas,and columbe,blak and blew
Sere downis ſmal,in denthilion ſpȝang
The ȝoung grene blomit ſtrabery leuis,amang
Gimp geraſiouris,thare rone leuis vnſchet
Freche Pyrrois,and the purpour violet
The rois knoppis,ſtrand furth thare hede
Gan chyp and kyth thare vernale lippis rede
Cryſp ſkarlet leuis,ſum ſcheddand baith attanis
Reſt fragrant ſmel,amyd fra goldin granis
Heuenlie ipllyis,with lokkerand toppis quhyte
Oppynnit and ſchew thare creſtis redemite
The balmy vapour,from thare ſylkyn croppys
Diſtillandhale ſum,fugurat hony dȝoppis
And ſyluer ſchakeris,gan fra leuys hing
With cryſtal ſpȝayngis,on the verdure ȝing
The plane ponderit,with ſemelie ſcheitis ſound
Wedyt ful of dewy perlys round
So that vk burgeoun lyon herbe,oȝ floure

Ouer all enbalmyt, of the freſche liquour
And baithit hait did in dulce humouris flete
Quharc of the beis, wrocht thare hony ſwete
Be mycht Phebus operatiouns
In ſappy ſubtell exhalatiouns
Forgane the cummyn, of thes pryncc potent
Redolent odour, vp from rutis rent
Haleſum of ſmel, as ony ſpicery
Triakil dragis, or electuary
Seropys Sewane, ſuccure and ſynamome
Pretius muntment, ſauk or fragrant pome
Aromatike gummes, or ony fyne potioun
Muſt myr aloyes, or confectioun
Ane paradiſe it ſempt to draw nere
Thir galzeard gardingis, and ilk grene herbere
Wayſt amyabil waris, the emerant medis
Swannis ſouthis, throw out the reſp and redis
Ouer all thir lochis, and the ſludis gray
Serſand by kynd, ane place quhare thay ſuld lay
Phebus rede foule his curale creiſt can ſtere
Oft ſtrekand furth his hekkil crawand clere
Amyd the wortis, and the rutis gent
Pykland hys mete in alayis quhare he went
His wyffis toppa, and partelot hym by
As bird al tyme, that hantis by gamy
The paynctit poune, payſand wyth plummys gim
Keſt vp his tale ane proud pleſand quhele rym
Ichrowdit in his fedderane bricht and ſchene
Schapand the prent of argois hundreth ene
Amang the bronys, of the Olive twiſtis
Here ſmale foulis, wirkand crafty neſtis
Endlang the hedgeis, thik and on rank akis
Ilk bird reioſand with thare mirthful makis
In corneris and clere kenelleris of glas

Full besely aragne, wefand was
To knyt hys nettis, and his wobbis fle
There with to caucht, the litil mige or fle
So dusty pouder vpstouris in euery strete
Quhil gozby gaspit, for the feruent hete
Under the bewis, bene in lusty balis
within fermance, and parkis cloys of palis
The bustuous bukkis, rakis furth on raw
Heirdis of hertis, throw the thyck wod schaw
Wayth the brokittis, and with brade burnist tyndis
The sprutal calfys soukand, the rede hyndis
The zoung kowys, follow and the dun days
Roddis skippand, throw rounys eftir rais
In lesuris and on leys, litill lammes
Full tatt and trig, socht bletand to thare dammes
Tydy ky lowis welis, by thaym rynnis
And snod and sleikit wozth, thir beistis skinnis
On salt stremes wolk, dozuda and thetis
By rynnand strandis, nymphes and neadis
Swt as we clepe, wynschis and damysellis
In gresy grauis wanderand, by spring wellis
Ok blomed branschis, and flouris quhyte and rede
Plettand thare lusty chaplettis for thare hede
Sum ring sangis dancis, ledis and roundis
With vocis schil quhil all the dale resoundis
Quharesa thay walk, into thare karoling
For amourus layis, dois the roschis ring
Ane sang the schip salis, ouer the salt fame
Wil bring thir merchandis, and my lemane hame
Sum vthir singis, I wil be blith and licht
Wy hert is lent apoun, sa gudly wicht
And thochtful luvaris, rowys to and fro
To leis thare pane, and plene thare Joly wo
Eftir thare gise, now singand now in sozow

wyth hertis penssiue, the lang someris morow
Sum batlittis list, endite of his lady
Sum leuis in hope, and sum alluterly
Dispartit is, and la quyte ouer of grace
Hys purgatory he fyndis, in euery place
To pleis hys luke, sum thocht to flatter and lene
Sum to hant bawdry, and vnleiffsum mene
Sum rownys till his fallow, thaym betwene
Hys mery stouth and pastyme, lait zisterene
Symyland sais ane, I couth in priuate
Schaw the ane burd, he, quhat be that quod he
Quhat thing that mouth, be secrete said that vthir
Gude lord mysbeleue, zit zour berry brothyr
Na neuir ane dele, bot herkys, quhat I wald
Thou man be prcup, le my hand vphald
Than sal thou walk at euin, quod he quhiddir
In sic ane place here, west we hath to giddir
Quhare sche so fresche sang this hendir nicht
Do cheis the ane, and I sall quench the licht
I sall be thare quod he, I hope and leuch
Ya now I knaw the mater wele ynewch
Thus oft diulgate, is thys schamful play
Na thing accordyng, to our balesum may
Bot rathir contagius, and infectyue
And repugnant, that sellsum nutratiue
Quhen new curage, ettillis al gentil hertis
Seand throw kynd, ilk thing spryngis and reuertis
Dame naturis menstralis, on that vthyr parte
Thare blisful bay, Intonyng euery arte
To bete thare armouris, of thare nychtis bale
The Merle the Mauys, and the Nychtingale
Wyth mery notis, myrthfully, furth brist
Enforsing thayin quha micht do dink it best
The rowschot croudis, pirkis on the ryse

The

The ſtirling chaingis,diuers ſteuynnys nyſe
The ſparrow chirmis,in the wallis clyft
Goldſpink and lintquhite,for dynnand the lyft
The gukkow galis,and ſo quhitteris the quale
Quhil rinneris rendit,ſchawis and euery dale
And tendir twiſtis,trymblit on the treis
For birdis ſang,and bemyng of the beis
In werbis dulce,of heuinlie armonyis
The Larkis loude reſeiſchand in the ſkyis
Louis thare lege,with tonys curious
Bayth to Dame Natur,and the freſche Venus
Rendring hir laudis,in thare obſeruance
Quhais ſuggourit throttis,made glade hartis dance
And al ſmal foulis,ſingis on the ſpray
Welcum the lord of licht,and lampe of day
Welcum fosterare,of tendir herbis grene
Welcum quikkynnar,of fluriſt flouris ſchene
Welcum ſupport,of euery rut and vane
Welcum comfort,of al kind frute and grane
Welcum the birdis beild apoun the brere
Welcum maiſter,and reulare of the zere
Welcum welfare,of huſbandis at the plewis
Welcum reparare of woddis treis and bewis
Welcum depanter of the blomyt medis
Welcum the lyfis of euery thing that ſpredis
Welcum ſforare,of al kynd beſtial
Welcum be thy bricht bemis,gladand al
Welcum celeſtiall myrrour,and eſpye
Atteichyng all that hantis ſluggardy
And lyth this wourd in chawmer quhare I lay
The nynt morow of freſche temperit may
On fute I ſprent,into my bare ſarkis
Wolkful for to complete my langſum warkis
Twichyng the lattir buke,of dan birgil

Quhilk

Quhilk me had taryit al to lang ane quhyle
And to behald the cummyng of this kyng
That was so welcum, to al warldly thyng
Quith his triumphe, and pompus curage gled
Than of his souerane chymmes, as is said
Newlie arising, in his estate ryall
That by his hew, but oyliger or dial
I knew it was past, four houris of day
And thocht I wald na langare ly in may
Leis phebus suld me lesingere atteyne
For progne had or than, sonng hir complayne
And eik hir dredful sister, philomene
Hir layis endit, and in woddis grene
Hid hir selwin, eschamit of hir chance
And Estatus, completit his pennance
In ryueris fludis, and euery laik
And peristera biddis luffaris awake
Dolerk my lady venus, here with me
Lerne thus to make zour obseruance quod sche
In to my hartis ladyis swete persence
Behaldis how I beyng, and dois reuerence
Hir nek scho wynklis, trasing mony fold
Quyth plumis glitterand, Asure apoun gold
Rendring ane cullour, betwuix greue and blew
In purpure glance, of heuinlie varient hew
I mene our awin natiue bird, gentil dow
Singand on hir kynde, I come hidder to wow
So pryking hir grene curage for to crowde
In amorus voce, and bowar soundis lowde
That for the dymmyng, of hir wantoun cry
I rysit of my bed, and mycht not ly
Bot gan me blis, syne in my wedis dressis
And for it was are morrow, or tyme of messis
I hynt ane scripture, and my pen furth tuke

Syne thus began of virgil the twelf buke

Recomendacion of the proleg

THe lusty crakty preambul perl of may
Of the intitillit crownit quhil domysday
And al with gold, in signe of state riall
Woist bene Illumynit, thy letteris capitall.

Finis.

¶ The .xii. Booke of Eneados.

¶ Turnus persauand the latine pepill fale
Prompttis Eneas allane/hym to assale.

QVhene Turnus knew, the latyne pepil hale
Irk of the were, and saw thare curage fale
By the thrawart aduersitetis of mart
Quhilk was to fore vnwrokin and stout of hart
And thocht the tyme, requirit hym but abade
For to complete, the promys he had made
Semyng as towartys him, tho euery wicht
And to that effect, addressyt thare luke and sicht
Than vnquirit, be insactabil desire
Langand to fycht, and birnand hait as fyre
Ful hie rasand, his curage and his chere
He gan amyd, the audience appere

Recompartson of turnus stout nes compare to a lyone.

Fers as ane wylde Lioun, zond in trace
By the huntare woundit, in the chace
Quhen the smart straik, in his breist al kalt is
For Ire the lokkeris, of his nek vpcastis
Than first begynnyng, to rais his sterne mude
Reioisit of the batal, keirs and wod
Vnabaisitlie rasthand, the schaft in sounder
And on the man liggand, at wate thare vnder
Him to reuenge, wyth bludy mouth dois bray
Nane vthir wise ferde Turnus, the ilk day
Smytin so brym, in fertuent violence
That al commouit, in the kingis presence
On this manere begouth, to speik and say

Thare

Thare sal in turnus, be found no delay
For al for not 3one cowarte Eneadanis
Thare promyssis, and thare wourdis cummys agans
Willing retrete, thare behestis and sawis
Sa sal thay not, for we will nane sic lawis
I sal thare fallyhede resist, and gane stand
And fecht contrare, thare chiftane hand for hand
Thow rial prince, and fader kyng latyne
Do sacrifyce and conferme, thys conuyne
For owthir sal I, with thir handis twa
3one ilk troiane, forhoware of Asia
Do put to deith, send doun to hell quod he
Lat latyne pepill sitting by, to se
How myne allane, wyth swerde in thare presens
I sall reuenge and end, our alleris offence
Or than so betid he wyn the gre
Lat vs all vincust, til him subiect be
3eild hym the crowne enduring the terme of lyfe
And lat him Ioris lauinia, to hys wyfe
kyng Latyne, so with sad, and degest mynde
To him answeris, and said apoun this kynd
O douchty 3ounker, excellent of curage
How ser as by thy forcy vassalage
Wyth febil age, thou dois excede quod he
Als fer mare, diligentlie pertenis me
And ganandis to counsale and prouide
And examyne euery chance, may be tide
As I that has in parte ane manere fere
Be lang experience, knawand the doutis of were
Thou weildis Dawnus, thy faderis realme and land
And feil cieteis, conquest, wyth thy awne hand
Thareto thou has also, ane gentil hert
Liberale and fre, and in were maist expert
And king Latyne, has gold to gif the eik

Kyng latyne his ozaci onto turnus dissuadyng hym fra battell

Perfay

Perfay enewch vtheris, not fer to ſeik
Of madynnys bene, vnwed in Latyum wyde
And in the laurent feildis, here beſyde
Of blud and fryndeſchip, na thyng myſſemand
Bot wourthy to be, quene of ony land
Thole me I pray the, all diſſait done away
Thir wourdis quheyn, of wecht till the to ſay
And ſamyn prent, thir ſawis in thy wit
Unleſum is I ſuld, in wedlok knyt
My dochteris till wowaris of this land
That hir to fore had aſkit in ſic band
Al the ſpaymen, and goddis reueling
Declarit thaym that was vnleſum thyng
And netheles I vincuſt clene but were
For lufe of the my ſpouſis couſing dere
Quer cumming, by hir wofull teris and ſite
All maner bandis, thou has brokin quite
And fra my ſon, in law ful wrangufly
His ſpous vnto him promyſt, reft haue I
And forthir on him, mount and vikkit were
Sen ſyne in quhat chance I ſtand and dangere
And how fers batellis, now perſewis me
Ful wele thou wate, and ſeis Turnus quod he
And how huge trawell, thou has tholit and pane
As principale mayſt douchty capitane
Lo twyis in batal Vincuſt haue we be
As now ſkantlie within our wallit ciete
The hope and wele, of Italie defendis
Now of our recent blude, as notourly kend is
The ſlude of tyber waris hate agane
And of our huge banys, quhite ſemes the plane
How am I ſterit, thus in purpois ſere
And quhiddir flow I thus oft thare and here
Quhat mad folie, all to changis my thocht

Syk

Gyt that I reddy be, and doutit nocht
The trotanis for my frendis to reſſaue
Gif ſo war Turnus dede, war and bygraue
Quhat aucht I not, ker rathir end the were
He beand in proſperite hale and fere
Quhat wald our coulingis the Rutulianis
Or quhat wald ſay the vthir Italianis
Gif I ſuld thus wise ſa wilfully
Aſking our dochteris wedlok, and ally
Expone or offer, to the dede quod he
Fortoun defend that chance, that ſa ſuld be
Behald the chance of batal variabil
Perſaue of were the fikkil waede vnſtabill
Haue reuth and mercy of thy fader ald
Quham Ardea, now his cuntre doith withhald
Diuidit fer and diſſeuerit, from the
And for thy ſaik, how wo begone is he
Thus ſayd the king, bot the violent curage
Of turnus hie mynd, bowit neuer ane ſtage
Quha wald with cure of medicins him mete
The more increſs, and growis his male ets
And eftir that he firſt, micht ſpeik agane
Thus he began expreme with wordis plane
O thou maiſt ſouerane fader, I the pray
To ſauf my honour, thou wald do away
Thir curis thochtis, and ſollicitude
For me thou takis, and ſchortlie to conclude
Suffir me for to plege, my dede in wage
For glorius renowne, of vaſſyllage
For we fader can ſwak dartis and brandis
Not with febil, but ſtalwart richt handis
And of our woundis, the rede blude ruſchis out
The zounder proude trotane, that clepit is to ſtout
His moder at this tyme ſal be fer to ſeik

Turnus enſure.

Quhilk

Quhilk ȝ oddis, wyth hir subtyl slychtis eild
Hyr son accustumyt, ay to take the sycht
Was wount to deik, and to hyde out of sycht
Wythin ane wyseler cloud, as for ane trane
And heild hyr selfe also in schaddois vane
¶ The quene persuadys Turnus fra tryste deild
Bot he for batel/can agane reist

Quene Amatais oȝation dyssuadyng Turnus fra battell

BE than the quene Amata, al in terē
Of this vncouth and new mancre of were
Wepyng ful sore, al dedelyke ful of harmes
Hyr son in law, Turnus hynt in her armes
That was so feruent, in his ardent desyre
Turnus sayd scho, thou best belouit syre
Be thir ilk wofull teris, I the pray
And be the wourschip thou alwe tyl Amata
Eyk ony honour, of hyr or thy kyn
Twichis or mouis, in thi breistis wythin
I the beseik ane thyng mine alrin knycht
Decist and ceis, to mache troianis in tycht
Thou onlie comfort of our febyl eild
Thow al our rest, our welfare and our beild
Haue reuth and piete, of my wofull bale
In the power, and michtis rest alhale
The wourschip and empyre, of kyng latyne
His hous and famyl, thou lyke to declyne
In the remanis, and is by the vp boyre
I the allure, and certyfyis thareforе
Quhat auenture in this tycht, sall happin the
The self chance Turnus, sal betide me
Samyn wyth the, gif thou endis in that stryfe
I sal depart out of this irk sum lyfe
Nor neuer thral, sal I remane to se
Sone ilk Eneas sum in law to me
Lauinia the made, wyth sore teris smert

hyr moderis wourdis, felt depe in hir hert
So that the rude did hir visage glow
And kul of teris, gan hir chekis strow
The feruent fyre of schame, rilis onhie
Kyndland mare large, the rede colloyt bewtie
So that the natural hete, the blude did chase
Ouer al the partis, of hir quhitlie face
Quhill that this fyrgine, in this wokful rage
Sic culloris rendris, from the freschе visage
As quhay byspark wald, the quhite enoure indane
Wyth scarlot droppis, or with broun sanguane
Or quhare the schene lyllies, in ony stede
War pulderit with the vermel rolis rede
The hate luf trublis sore the knycht
That on thys made, he kitis al his licht
And al the more, he birnis in desyre
Of bargane into armys hate as fyre
Syne to the quene Amata but abade
In few wourdis, on this wyse he sayd
O my dere moder, of thy weping ha
I zou beseik, do not do not so
Persew me not thus, wyth zour gretand teris
Nor quhen I pas in to thir mortal weris
In marcial bargane contrary my fo
Do way to prelent me sic takyn of wo
In Turnus michtis, lyis not quod he
The chance of deith, to mak him selfin fre
I say gif deith this way be to me schape
Now may I not astart, nor zit eschape
For at this time instant, my messengere
Idmon clepit, my credence hecht to bere
Now to zone troiane, tirrant reherlyng
Wy wourdis, quhilkis lykys hym nothing
That is to knaw to morow als arely

Turnus answers:

As

As bricht aurora, in the orient skye
With rosy chariot, liftis vp hir hede
The firmament schrouding in cullour rede
That he moue not aganis rutulians
His ostis nor nane, army of troianis
Bot athir haif, fra batall for the best
Baith sal troianis, and rutulians them rest
And lat vs twa the bargane to conclude
Betuix vs only dereyne, with our blude
And into zounder feild, in sicht wart strike
Lat athir seik Lauinia, to his wife
Fra this was said fast to his in he spedis
And bad anone, lat do him se his stedis
Behaldand thaym retolis he in hert
To se thaym stand sa feirs, with curage stert
Quhilk kind of horss, quhilum as thay say
Orithia the lusty fresche may
Of Athenis the kingis douchter and are
As ane maist rial present wounder kare
Send from hyr cuntre to king Pilumnus
Was ferd grantsein vnto this ilk Turnus
The quhilk stedis schapin at all delite
Excedit ker the snaw, in cullour quhite
To spelk of spede, thare swiftnes, was vntald
For thay the wyndis blastys, forryn wald
The bely knoppis, and berlotis of his stabil
About thaym stude, ful zape and seruiabil
And with thare bow luffis, gan thaym chere
Vp clap and straik, thare leyndis to make them stere
Thare lokkerand manis, and thare creistis hie
Dressis with trelzeis, and kamis honestly
From thens vnto his chalmer, went he syne
About his schulderis, assayis his hawbrek fyne
Of burnist maile, and schyn and rychely

Of fynest gold and quhitly alcompe
Tharewith also, his swerd addzessis he
Quhat way he wald it vse, in the mele
His sowir scheild assayis he also
And eik his tymbzit helme, with creistis two
Quhilk swerde was made, vnto Dawnus hys syze
Be Vlcanus the mychty god of fyze
That forgit thys blade, and temperit with his handis
Hate glowand dippit in the Stigeane strandis
Syne wyth grete force enarmyt in al his gere
Ful lichtlie vp he hynt, his stalwart spere
Quhilk tho amyddis, the hal lemand stude
Vp by ane pillare huge square and gude
Quhilum the spulze, he berekt from ane
Clepit Attoure, ane Capitane Armicane
The schaft he schuke, and bzangillis lustily
Thareto with loude voce, thus can he cry
O now thou spere, that neuir failzete in dede
Quhen I the callit to my desire in nede
Quhilum the beildit, Actoure the maist douchty knicht
Now the in hand withhaldis Turnus wicht
Now is the tyme, that I mayist mylter the
For to doun bet, the corps thou grant to me
Of zounder Phrigiane, is skant balk ane man
That wyth my stalwart I may than
His hawbzek, of his body to arrace
Hakkit and rent, and perfit in mony place
And in the dusty pouder, here and thare
Suddill and kule, his crispe and zallow hare
That are made creis, and curlis now sa wele
Yplet ilk nycht, on the warme bzocht of stele
Dekkit and donit, in his wiselie manere
Of fragrant myz, vthir enuntments fere
With sikkin furie, rage caucht is he

That

Quhat thus he carpis, to ane schaft of tre
And from the village, sk this ardent syre
The sparkis glidis, as the hote fyre
For verray feruour, of the kereful tene
Schyns and brissis furth of baith his ene
Lyke as the bul, that bargane begyn wald
Geuis terryfyl routis, and lowis mony fald
Or than aggreuit, busteous and furth bosne
Wrysys his tyre, to allay wyth his bosne
Leuand hys spald, to the stok of ane tre
And wyth his dynt, the wynd to rentis he
Or for to make debate, apoun the land
Wyth his hard cluke, vpwarpis fast the sand
In the self tyme, na les of curage Euee
Cled in hys moderis armour, aukful to se
Scharpys him self, in furour martial
Rapsland his greif, for ardour bellical
And ioyus wox of were, to make ane end
Be sic proffer, and poynement as was send
Syne conkortis he, his feris dolorus
And mesyt the drede, and sayd Ascanius
Declar and thame, the fatal ordinance
Thare destany, and goddis purueance
And to the kyng of Laurentius latyne
Twichand the forsaid treyp and conuyne
Bad the messengeris, bare hame but delay
Sour answere, as thay dasirit alway
And of the pece and truce, as thay spak
Proclame artikles, and lawis of contrak

¶ Juno knauand Turnus, last delay and end
To stop the bargane, thay Iacurna send

Scarsly vpsprang, the nixt day following
Sched and the bemes, of hys bricht morning
Upoun the toppis of the mountanis hie

Ascendis fledis, fyll of the depe see
Rycht thare hedis, and noyis thyrllis on hycht
Quer al the feildis, blawand the cleire lycht
Quhen that the troianis and rutilyanis
The grouind meburis euynnys, dichis and planis
Under the wallis, of the cheif cietie
Thare as the feyld, and fechtin place suld be
Amyddis quham the harrdis vp thay set
Quharon the kiris, suld be made and bet
And to the common goddis, eik bedene
The altaris couerit wyth the scheruald grene
Sum vtheris brocht, the fontanis wattir fare
And sum the haly ingil, wyth thame bare
wyth lynning balis, or lyke apyonis lycht
Thay war arrayt, and thare hedis dycht
In wyppys of the haly herb baruane
The legioums tho behaldis to the plane
And al the routis, of aulontanis
That vtbir wyse, are hate Italianis
Furth thryngis at the portis, ful attanis
wyth lancis lang, and pikkys for the nanys
Thydder al the troyanis wardis by and by
And thirrene ostis, ruschis hastely
Bodin ful wele, in nobil armour fere
Nane vtherwyse wyth wappynnis and wyth gere
Arrayit for the batal, al at rycht
Than thocht the furie of mars, callit thame to fycht
Amyd the thousandys, lowtly throw the planys
Furth spryntis lustely thare cappytanys
In ryche purpour arrayit, and fyne gold bryche
Assarytus sonnys, and Gyas cheus wyche
And on the tothir part, strang Atlas
And bald Nesapus, also wyth hym was.
Neptunus son, expert in hors dantyng.

And

And eftir that, the trumpet blew ane ſing
Than euery partyment bownis to thare ſtand
And gan thare ſperis, ſtik doune in the land
Set by thare ſcheildis, to behald the fyne
The women wedois, and the matrouns fyne
Deſirus for to ſe the bargane ſtout
Of childer and of commons, mony ane rout
That couth na wappins weild, nor armour were
Wyth the vnweildy agit folk in fere
Clam on the hicht, and hedis of the touris
The wallys al and houſis riggingis flouris
And ſum aboue, apoun the portis hie
Aſcendit, or to behald the melle
Bot Iuno tho doun, from the hecht ywys
Of the mountane, that albane clepyt is
Now in our dayis, ſet then this hillisdoun
Had nouther name honour, nor renone
Scho did behald, amyd the feildis plane
Thir battellis and the oſtis twane
Baith of troianis, and the lawrenteis
And kyng latinis ciete, eik ſcho ſeis
Anon to turnus ſiſter, apoun hie
That clepit was Iuturna, carpys ſche
Thys goddis to that halp nymphe mayſtres
Of wellis ſtankis, and routand ſtremis erpres
Quhilk honour Ioupe, the king of heuynnys hie
Hir gaif, for the bereft virginite
Sayd o thou nymphes, wourſch ip of fludis clere
That to my ſaul, is hald maiſt leif and dere
Thou knawis wele, I the preferit ay
Til al the vthir damyſellis, perfay
Of latyne cuntre, quhat ſoeuer thay war
That wranguſlie, aſcendit or draw nar
The bed vnprofitabil, of Iupiter maiſt he

And

And gladdi eik, haue I not stakit the
In till ane parte, of the heuyne alsua
Herk now thy sorow, thou Juturna
And wite me not, bot I the warnit haue
Turnus and thy cheik ciete, haue I saue
Sa lang as that the fatis sufferit me
And quhil werde sisteris, sa tholit to be
And now I se that young men, baith but fale
To mache in feild, wyth fatis mequale
The lattir terme and day, approchis ne
Of fatale force, and stran3est destany
Nowthir this bargane, 3ounder on the grene
Nor conselderatioun, may se wyth ene
Pas on for thy dere brother germane
Gif thou dar suffir ony mare dredefull pane
To the thys semys, and pertenis quod sche
Gif that percase, ony better may be
Or ocht betyde vnto 3one cattius kend
Scars had Juno, chir wourdis brocht to end
Quhen that the nymphe, Juturna bedene
Plente of teris, furth 3et from hir ene
Hir fare quhite breist, thare as sche did stand
Thrys or foure tymes, smate wyth hir owne hand
Saturnus get, this Juno sais thay teris
Na wise to thys tyme pertenis nor efferis
Haist the gif that thou can, be any way
Wythdraw thy brothir, from the deith away
Or than do mak the otstis, bayth on stere
Provoke the batal, and thaym moue to were
And this conuyne, and trety new consaik
Do brek disturbe, and wyth the wynd bewaik
I sal the warrand, and thy wirkare be
To mak the baldly, vndertake quod sche
On this wyse Juno, can this nymphe exhort

Iuneis a
cession

Juturnas
answers

And lekt hir hale in were, and dout at schout
With mynde full trist, wo begone and vnsound
Full depe smytting, with the sorowfull wound

There followis the sacrifyce and prayere
Fyrst of Eneas, syne of kyng Latine in fere

IN the mene tyme, the kyngis of athir rout
From thare cieteis, and strenthis Ischis out
Amyd ane fair quhelit chare, Latyne that thrawe
With huge pompe, by stedis foure was drawe
Quhais haris and his templis, war wele dicht
With ryall croun of fyne gold bryniss bycht
Quhareon sturettis twelf, lyke bemes schene
As it ane riche adornament, had bene
Of clere phebus, that was his grantschire hald
Nixt came furth, was rollit prince Turnus bald
With ane iwa quhelit cart of delyte
That drawin was with stedis, twa mylk quhyte
In athir hand held he, in fere of were
The bryde hede, brangillaud Ieuilling spere
The fader Eneas also, furth with all
The romane lynnage, the originall
Apoun the tothir half, come thame agane
With bryniss scheld, that bricht as sternis schene
And hetimly armoure, lemand all of lycht
Besyde him rade Ascanius, the swete knycht
That semit wele, to euery mannis doome
Ane vthir gude beleue, and hope to grete rome
Furth come the preist, quham to accordit mak
The sacrifice of concord, and contract
In vestement clene, for sic religioun wrocht
And ane young bullit swyne before thame brocht
With ane rouch, twynter schepe samyn in fere
Quhais woll or fleis, neuir clepit with schere
The beistis furth has tyrsit, this Ilk tyme

A commendation of Eneas & hys sonne Ascanius.

Vnto the altare blesand, of hate fyre
The princis tho quhylk, suld this peace makyng
Turnus towart, the bricht sonnys uprisyng
wyth the salt melder, in thare handis raith
The korrettis, of thir beastis toppis baith
Thay clepe and mesure, as tho was the gyse
And coupis ful of wyne in sacrifyce
About the altaris zettis he and he
wyth drawin sword, syne the reuthful Enee
His orison furth made, and thus he sayd
O thou brycht son, wyth the schene bemes glaid
Be witnes now, to my behest I pray
And this ilk ground, mot testifye quhat I say
For quhen sa grete pane, and aduersite
I suffert haue feil syis, on land and se
And now almychty soup, here my prayere
Saturnus douchter thou his spous sa dere
Now more benyng, than thou was of before
Swete goddis here me, now I the Implore
And gentil Mars, thou takis tent heretyl
That wythaldis, and withis at thy wyll
Euery batal stryue, werefare and debate
Under thy hie power deificate
All fludis I cal kountanis and stremis clere
And al manere of goddis reuerent fere
Abuf the heuin ydrad and starrit sky
And zou eik blisfit wichtis I testifye
That vnder erth, or law in hel doun bene
Or in the fomy seyis, stremes grene
Gif so betyde that, fallis the victory
To Turnus, on the anfomane partie
It is conuenient, and we grant to fle
Is vincust folk, to Euandrus cete
Ascaneus sall a is tyte, thir feildis wythdraw

Eneas oration for gud for coune of battell.

Nor Eneadanis, neuir from the ilk thrāw
Aganis zow sal rebell, or moue were
Ne with wappinnis, eftir this cuntre dere
Bot gif sa beis, Mars our god glorius
The victorie in our hand grantis vs
Is I beleif aker rathir sal befall
And that als tyte conferme sal goddis al
Throw the grete mychtis of thare dette
Gif that so fare fortoune betydis me
Ne will I not, command Italianis
To be subiect, nor obey the troianis
Nor zit this realme, desire I not to me
Bot athir of oure pepil mot go fre
Unthral vnuincuit, in lawis all cuiplte
Conferate in perpetual allye
The wourschipping of goddis in sacrifice
And I sal thaym lerne and teiche, at my deuise
My fader in law the kyng latyne here
Moist reule the pepil bayth in pece and were
My fader inlaw as souerane lord and syre
During hys lyfe moist bruke, solempnit Impire
Suffir my troianis than, as we ar boune
For me to beild ane strenth, and wallit toun
And to this ciete, quhare we sal duell at hame
Lat the madin lauinia, gif the name
Thus first Eneas layd, and eftir syne
Apoun thys wise follows kyng latyne
Behaldand towart heuyn, quhare he did stand
And to the sternes vpheuis, his richt hand
Kyng latynus oratiō
Be thts ilk erth, seyis and sternes hie
I swere in like wyse, vnto zou Enee
And be latonys birth, or twinnis twa
The bricht Appollo, and chaist Diana
And be the doubil frontit Janus and all

The

The pitſance, of the goddis infernall
And by the dirk ſanctuarie, blak as ſabyl
Of greuous Pluto, that god reuengeabyll
The hie fader aboue, mot here my cry
That dois with thunder, fic concord ratifye
I twiche thir altaris, and Ingill preſent quod he
And teſtifyis ilk, godly maieſte
Shall neuir tyme ſeſoun, nor day betyde
To brek the peace, on the Italiane fyde
Na this conſiderance, anis part in two
Quhat way that euir happin, the mater go
Ne na maner of violence, boiſt nor aw
Shall ony wyſe, me therfra withdraw
Bot ferme and ſtabyl, all ſall haldin be
All thougt the erth, wald myddyll wyth the ſe
And with diluge, or Inundatioun ſchent
Couir and confound, ather element
Or thocht the heuin, in hell reſolue wald
Or promis ſall, Inuiolat be hald
Lyke as this ilk ſcepture, wand we ſe
Perchance that tyme, ane ſcepture in hand bare he
Shall neuir burgeoun, nor ſprede branſchis lite
Nowthir rank leuis, nor bloſſum of delite
Sen it is anis in wod, thare as it grew
Law from his ſtock, hard by the rutis hew
And wantis now his moder of nurilling
For all the ſyouns and twiſtis wount to ſpring
Or grew therfra, as ye may ſe perfay
Wyth edgeit lomis, bene ſued ful quite away
Umquhile ane grouand tre, quhare it did ſtand
That now thus by, the craftſ werkmannis hand
Incluſit is, and couerit luſtely
In birniſt gold, and fineſt alcompe
And geuin our forefathers, of Latine land

As ſcepture riall, for to bere on hand
Wyth wourdis fit and ferme relatiouns
Thir fynale ſure confederations
Athir princis, had confirmid and ſworne
Amyd thare nobillis, ſtandand thame befornne
Syne eftir thir auld ceremonis and gile
The beiſtis deuly, addreſſit for ſacrifyce
Thay bryntyt haue amang the flamis rede
And rentis out, or thay war fully dede
The entrellis of thare beiſtis, zit on lyue
Syne furth of platis, or ballantis belyue
Wyth paſit fleſche, plennyſt the altaris large
Thareon beſtowand in hepis mony ane charge
Bot tho begouth of new, this ilk bargane
Seming to the rutilians, euery man
To be ane richt vneuinly interpryſe
And diuers rumour, can in thare breiſtis ryſe
Wyth mony ſundry deimyng and conſate
He thinkys thus, and he ane vthir gate
And ay the nerer, and mare diligently
That thay the mater conſider and eſpye
Wele thay perſaue, and behaldis ſans fale
Thir campiouns war not of ſtrencht equale
And vnto this opiniouu the ilk thraw
Helpit mekil, that wyth ſtil pace to law
This turnus mufand, towart the altaris paſt
And it laulie adornit, with face doun caſt
Wyth cheikis warm leyn to thare lemyng
Quharon the ſoft berde, newlie did furth ſpryng
As al to zing, with ſic ane to haue dale
Thay thocht his viſage, al becummyne pale

And eftir that this ilk commonyng
Thus warand mare and mare, by mony ane ſtyng
Iuturna hir ſiſter did perſaid
And ſaw the commoun vulgare hartis waik
In diuers ſentencis, and intentis ſere
Than in amyd the routis drew ſcho nere
In ſorme and liknes, of Camertis bald
Of nobil blude cummin, and lynnage ald
And of his fader the brute and renownee
Was magnifyed in wourſchip wounder he
Thareto him ſelfe, maiſt douchty cheualrye
In dedis of armes and in fate of were
Hardy and ſtout, liberal ſyncere
Amyd the oſtis, this wyſe did ſcho thryng
Not vnexpert, to conuoy ſic ane thyng
And diuers rumouris, in the preis ſtalis ſche
Syne ſic lyke wourdis, carpis apoun hye
O rutulianis eſchame ze not for fere
Into ſa grete ane perrell, and dangere
Ane ſilly ſaule, to put in auenture
That for zou al ſal, vnderly ſic cure
Quhidder ar we not equale in our entent
To the troyanis in nowmer, or hardiment
Lo al the troianis, and archadianis
Before vs here, arrayit on the planis
The fatall piſſance is hale in this ſtede
And the tuſkanis, that Turnus has at fede
Sa few thay bene, ze may behald and ſe
That gif we liſt mak, vnſet traiſtis me
The half of al our menze, grete and ſmall
Sal not fynd zounder, ane ſa to mache with all
Zone turnus, to the goddis aboue ful ſtraucht
To quhais altaris, hym vowit and betaucht
He has for zou, al that ze ſe ſayde ſche
Wyth fame eternale ſall wpheit be

As eulrmare alike,and maist name kouth
Carpit and sang,in euery wannis mouth
Quhen we as thrallis,leif sall our native land
And vnto proude tyrrantis,has the ouerhand
Sall be compellit,as lordis tyl obey
That thus now sleuthfully,sa kant and fey
Huffis stull on thir feildis,as we war dede
And for our self list schape,for na remede
Wyth sic lyke wourdis,the mindis and consate
Of the zounkeris,was inflammyt hate
And mare and mare,now all the feilde about
The murmoure crepis,out throw euery rout
So thay quhilkis,are delyrit peace and rest
And for the commoun wele,thocht it was best
To mak end of the bargane,on this wyse
Ar alterit halely,in ane vthir auyse
For now defyre thay batall,but abade
Prayand god this contract,had neuer bene made
And has compassioun,caucht in hart but fale
Of Turnus chance,seeing so inequale
The self tyme cik,has Juturna I wys
Ane vthir greter wounder,ekit to thys
And heich vp in the heuin,befoire thame plane
Ane takin has sche,schawin auguriane
Sic ane sygne that nane,vthir to that entent
Was mare effectuous,nor conuenient
To trubyl Italiane myndis,and mak thame rank
And wyth fals,demonstratioun to dissaik
For Jouis koule the Eirne,come forand by
Sleand vp heich,toward the bricht rede sky
Befoire hun cachand,ane grete flicht or oist
Of koulis that did hant,endlang the coist
Quhilkis on thare wyngis,sore dredand his wraik
Skrymmis here and thare,with mony spreich and craik

Quhyl

Quhyl ſuddanly this egil,wyth ane ſours
As he towart the ſtudis,made his cours
Deſpituouſly,in tyl his punſis he
Has claucht ane ſwan,excellent of bewte
Than the Italianis,apoun athir ſyde
Raſit thare myndis to ſe,quhat ſuld betyde
And ſone the vthir foulis,heich in the ſkye
Couped agane with mony,ſkreyme and cry
To chais and to aſſale,thare aduerſare
Ane wounder thing to ſe,vp in the are
The licht thay dirkin,wyth thare pennys thik
And throw the ſkyis,wyth mony ane ſcraik and pyk
Hamyn in ane ſop,thik as ane clud but balde
Thare fa thay did aſſailze,and inuade
Sa lang quhil that by forſ,he was ouerſet
And of the heup byrdin,ſa mait and het
That his micht failzeit,and of his clukis rude
The egyl lete his pray,fall in the flude
And vp amang the cluddis,flew away
Than the Rutulianis,al full glaid and gay
wyth huge bryte,and clamour loud anone
Saluſt this ſigne,or takin augurione
Syne ſped thare hand,and made thame for the lycht
And fyrſt of vtheris,columnyus,the wycht
That was ane ſpaman,and Diumour ſle
za this was it,za this was it quod he
Quhilk oft I weſyit,and deſyrit by and by
Thys gude takin I reſaue,and ratifye
And knawis the goddis,fauour in our ſupple
Rutulianis hynt zour wappinnis,and follow me
Quham now zone wayngeour,zone ilk ſtrangere
Affrayis ſo,wyth hys vnwourthy were
Lyke tyl vnweyldy foullis,on the coiſt
And our marchis with forſ,and mekle boiſt

Inuadis

Inuadis rubbis, and ſpulzeis as ze ſe
Ye ſal forfere, gif ſone the bak and fle
Wak ſale anone, and hald for euir away
Throw the depe ſe attoure, the fludis gray
Tharfore ze ſal, al ſampn with ane aſſent
Aſſembill now zour routis here preſent
And into feild defend, as men of mane
zour king Turnus, he be not rekt and ſlane
Thus ſaid he wyth that wourd, als ſo faſt
Towart hys fayis, forganis hym dyd caſt
Ane werely dart anone, with al his dir
The ſouir ſchaft flew, quhiſſilland wyth ane quhir
Thare as it flidis, ſche rand throw the are
Onelthewabil, baith certane lang and ſquare
Sampn wyth thys, bpryſis for the nanys
Ane huge noyis, and clamour, al attanys
Wyth ſic effray, and hidduous dyn and bere
The wardis all, and oiſtis war on ſtere
That for the rerde, and deray hait in Ire
The hartis kyndillis, of euery bald ſyre
Furth flew the taikill, richt ouer forgane his face
Thiddir as for the ilk tyme ſtude percaſe
Wyne brethir germane, freſche and zoung of age
Nane in thare oiſt mare ſemely perſonage
Quham the trew faythful wyfe, thirrene Ilkane
Bere tyll hir ſpous, Gelip, archadene
Of quham this dart hit ane, thare he did ſtand
Ane gudly ſpringald, ane fare zoung galland
Richt ſcharplie maid, in armoure ſchynand brycht
And at the myddil markit hym ful rycht
Quhare as the wouyn girdil ourſche
Aboue his nauyl, was beltit as we ſe
And ſmate hym euin, into the ſampn place
Nere quhare the bukkil, his ſydis did embrace

Throw

Throw gird his body, wyth ane grevous wound
And spelpit him stark dede apoune the ground
Bot than hys bald brether, in ane rout
Wod wroith, for wo sum hynt swerdis out
Sum claucht in hand, the darte with the stele hede
And in thare blynde furye, full of frede
Rulchit on thare fais, wythane ferkull braid
Aganis quham to resist, and mvaid
The routis of the army laurentanis
Ran to rescounter thaym, and tho ettanis
Agane assemblit, as ane spate of flude
The troyanis and the tuskanis wroith as wode
Wyth thaym of archade, in arrayit feildis
Wyth burnist armour and thare payntit schetldis
Apoun sic wyse that al with ane assent
Caucht hale desire, to fecht apoun the bent
And to dereyn in feyld wyth bitand brand
The hale mater, sum schot doun wyth thare hand
The altaris markit for the sacrifyce
Beliue ouer al the lift byspempt rise
The fell tempest, of dartis schott and flanys
So thik as ony schoure, of scharp hailstanis
As did incress this fycht of stelit hedis
Full grevous grew, the bargane in al stedis
Sum ran to the wyne, flaccouns for grete Ire
And sum hynt vp the furnes ful of fyre
The kyng hym self, Latynus for the affray
Fled to the ciete, and turnit wyth hym away
Hys goddis, and his mawmentes dreuin abak
Wyth ane schamefull rebute, and mekil lak
Left the concord vndone, not brocht till end
Sum bridillis stedis, and cartis vp dyd bend
And sum in haist, with ane loupe or ane swak
Thame self vpcastis, one the horlis bak

And

And war all reddy, in the stoure at hand
With drawin swerd, and nakit birnist brand
Melapus full desirus, in the preis
For till confound the trety, and the peis
Anc kyng thirrane, anlestys in that stede
Wyth kingis ensenzeis, and with crowne on hede
Affrayis sore at hym, dryuand his stede
The tothir drew away, for fere and drede
And bakwart fallis, on hys schulderis and cronn
Unhappely apoun ane altare doun
Quhilk stude percace, behind him on the land
Melapus than ful feirs, wyth spere in hand
Apoun him drait, thocht he besocht hym kare
And with hys schaft that was also rude and square
As it had bene ane Cabir, or an spar
Doun from his stout coursoure, na thyng skar
Smat hym ane greuous wound, and dedelik bit
And syne thir wordis said, ha art thou hit
Ye that thou has, this is be myne auyse
To our grete goddis, mare ganand sacrifice
Italianis hurlis on him in ane flote
Spulzeit hys corps, his membris zit alhote
Charyneus tho that was, ane stout troyane
To mete ane Ebulus, come hym agane
That wald haue smyte hym, with ane bustuous dynt
And on altare ane birnand schide has hynt
And gan it rycht amyd, his visage stare
That blesit vp, his lange berde of hare
Quhilk scaldit thus, ane straug fleoure did cast
And forthir this Chorineus also fast
Ruschit on his fa, thus fyre fangut and vnsauche
And with his left hand, by the hare him clauche
Syne with his kne, him pollit with sit ane plat
That on the erde, he speldit hym al flat

And

And wyth hys ſtike ſtok ſwerde, in ſic ane ſtate
Throw bayth hys ſydis, at the firſt dynt hym ſmate
And Podalirius, with drawin ſwerde liſt not ceis
Alſus the herd to perſew, throw the preis
Quhilk ruſchis abak, for fere of his lyfe to ſaik
In the vandgarde, throw mony and poyntit glaue
Bot quhen he ſaw his ka, ſa nere inuade
That he na wyſe myght, eſchew nor euade
Vphelit he his brade ax rude and ſquare
And akwartlye ſtraik, at his aduerſare
Quhilk from amyd hys forehede, nere his croun
Vnto hys chyn, the edge did carlyn doun
That ker on brede hys armour, quhare he ſtude
Was al beſprent, and blandit ful of blude
Tho podalyrius, the herd reft did exprес
Or cauld or Iron ſlepe, of deithis ſtres
And vp the breith he zald in to thare kichs
With ene cloſit, in eirle ſtand nycht

¶ Eneas ſor wounclit, of the feild dyd pas
In quhais abſence turnus mare cruel was.

THan the reuthfull and pacient Eneas
Behalding all wrang how, the gam did pas
His rycht arme vnarmyt, to ſtynt thare feid
Furth ſtrekis, and vncouerit has his hede
And eyis clepis, on his pepil tho
Hy freyndis dere, quhiddir now hurle ze ſo
Iliane aganis vthir, how may this be
Quhat has mouit, thys haſty diſcord quod he
O ſtanche zour wraith, for ſchame or al is lorne
The peace and concord, now is twychit and ſworne
The artikillis, and eik the labris ding
Appoyntit vp, and promyſt euery thyng
Of det and richt, I aucht appoun this land
Iliane turnus recounter, hand to hand

Suffir

Enfkir me perfoyme, my derene by and by
And do away all dzede, and delany
I fall wyth my hand, fone mak ferme and ftabill
Our appoyntment, foz euir bmariabyl
Foz thys ilk facrykyce, violete in this ftede
Sall rendir anone, Turnus to me dede
Amyd fic fawis, as he thyz wozdis faid
Foz to affuage thare mynd, but mare abade
Ane quhirland arrow, lo with ane fedderit fycht
At fwift randoun, did in hys the bane licht
Uncertane fra quhat hand it was fent
Quhat kynd of fchot, noz of quhat inftrumene
The hie gloze, of fa notabil ane dede
Is hyd, that nane knew quhat it did but dzede
Noz wift quha wzocht, had to the rutulianis
Sa grete wourfchyp, and louing foz the nanis
Quhidder it betid on cace, and auenture
Oz of fum god, be dilpolitioun fure
Noz neuir perfoun, ektir he noz he
dyd hym auant, he woundit had Enee
Quhen Turnus, all the chiftanis trublit faw
And Eneas fare woundit, hym wythdzaw
Than foz this hafty hope, als hate as fyze
To mell in fecht, he caucht ardent delyze
He alkis hozs and harnes, baith attanis
And haltanely, in his cart foz the nanis
He fchippis vp, and muftouriz wantonlye
Furth fpzentand, thzow the feildis by and by
And at his wyl, quhare fo hym lift hym be
Wyth hys awne hand, the renzeis reulis he
And dziuand furth, thus into hys Ire
Laid feil cozps dede, and mony bald fyze
Doun frowand ek, vnder fute in the plane
Diuers vthzis, zit thzowand and half Lame

Eneas foze woundit.

Turnus blindit with alitle victozy of battell can notcomper hys affecti ons.

Quhic

Outhir wicht his cart, the rowtis he dzayt away
Or ass thay tuke, the flicht, for grete effray
Ce sting speris, and dartis scharp hynt he
And let thaym thik amang hys fayis fle
Sic wyle, as bludy armypotent god Mars
Be lyde his frosty flude, he dzum in trace
Ful haistely bowand, to bacel feild
Makis grete dzute, and clattering with hys scheild
Quhen he list mouing, were maist cheuelrus
Furth sterts hys stedis, feirs and furious
Quhilk fleis furth, sa wyth mony ane stend
Out ouer the planys, at large quhare thay wend
That thay forzyn, and gois, before alway
Zepherus and Notus, swiftest wyndis tway
And with the dyn, of thare fete and his carte
All trace gronys vnto the forther parte
About hym walkis, as his godly feris
Dzede wyth pale face, debat and mortall werris
The wzayth and Ire, and eik fraudful dissait
Ligging vnder couert, at ane buschement or wayte
Turnus sic like als chery proude and licht
Amyd the batall, eachis to the fyche
Hys stedis reikand of swett, quhare thay rade
And sa baldlie, hys fayis dyd Inuaid
Wyth syc slauchter, that pitie was to se
And sic deray, has maid in the melle
That hys swyft stedis, buskis quhare thay went
Spaugit vp the bludy sparkis, ouer the bent
Quhilk blude and dzame, in haboundance furth sched
Wydlit wyth sand vnder hors fete was trede
For he or nolu, has doun bet schelenus
And kelit eik, Thamyzus, and Dolus
The formest twa, he slew, macbit at hand
And thys polus, as he fer off dyd stand

On ker eſk ſlew he, of Imbraſius
The ſonnys twa, glaucus and Jaſius
Quham this Imbraſius, ſoſterit had baith twa
Into the kare cumtre of licia
And thaym inſtrukkit, had kul equaly
In kate of armes, and to hant cheuelry
Qwehir till aſſale, before, or zit behynd
Or wyth ſwift hors, for till forryn the wynd
Sound in ane ythir part, amyd the feild
Quhilk was the ſon and are, as that thay tel
Of agit Dolon, vailzeant in battel
The name he bare, of his fore grantſchir wicht
Bot the ſtrang handis, and ſtout curage in fichte
Of his awin kader, this dolon he bare
Quhilk at troy vmquhile, as the ſege lay thare
And was of ſa ſtout curage, and her wyl
That he durſt aſk the chariot, of Achill
To hys reward quhare that he ſa baldly
The grekis tentis tuke, on hand to eſpy
Bot the ſon of Tideus, diomede
Ane vthir kaſſoun hes him quyt his mede
For ſa ſtout vndertaking, and hym ſleuth
And zit for all his renowme prouit vneuch
Ne durſt he anis pretend, for all his dedis
That he was wourthy to weild Achillis ſtedis
Bot to our purpos, this forſaid Gumedes
As turnus did behald, zond in the preis
On the plane feld, as thare he dyd ryde
Firſt wele at him, ane ker way at him did he glyde
Ane ſteand dart, and furth wyth that rycht thare
Gan ſtynt his horſis, and his quhitland chare
And frelie, did lepand from his cart
And ſone apon his aduarſary allart

Quhilk

Quhilk tho was fal, to ground, and halfe dele dede
Syne wyth hys fute doun thrist, in the ilk stede
His fare nek bane, and out of his ryche hand
Rycht auſternly, has he thrawin the brand
Quhilk schynand bricht, into his throt he wet
And thareto ekit, thir wourdis wounder het
O thou proude troiane liggand thare at ground
Now may thou mesure, the keild that thow has found
Lo here the boundis, lo here hesperia
Quhilk thou to seik, in werefare was sa thra
This is the bounteth, thay sal bere away
That dar wyth wappinnis, or armour me assay
To hym in fere also, has he layd
wyth ane scharp casting hede, but mare abade
Ane butis and ekit him ane Thoreus
Syne Sybar dares and therssibotus
And Thymetes, ane man of grete kors
Castyng from his staffage skeith and hede streng hors
And as the blastis, wyth thare bustuos soune
fra mont Edane, in trace cummys thuddand doun
On the depe sey, Egeane kast at hand
Chaill and the flude and wallis to athir hand
And quhare the wyndis, assalis soith to say
The cluddis fleis kast, ouer the heuin away
The sarnyn wyse, quhat way that Turnus went
The routis red hym plane, roume on the bent
And al the oistis kast, abak did sle
And wyth stic kors, and karde furth drifis he
His bissy mouand tymbrell euery are
Catchis the wynd, and are forgane hys carte
Phegeus ane troyane, seand turnus al mad
Ha instantlie assail wyth strakis sad
Na langare mycht hym thole, bot wyth bald hart
Hym self kest in the way to meit his carte

And ke the reuzes, in his richt hand hynt
Syne wythit has, abaute oz euer he stynt
The kamy mouthis, of the haisty stedis
And as this douchty man, sa gude at nedis
Thus hang and harlit, was in euery arte
By the lymouris, and hames of the cart
That he hys mody, micht not kepe noz heild
To couer with his armour, and his scheild
The spere him followis, with scharp hede and bzade
And rent his hawbzek, of doubyl plyis made
Hurt his body some dele, not fully sound
Perisand the syde, and maid ane litle wound
He not the les agane his fa, furth spzent
Wyth his bzade scheild / oz targate euir bysteut
And in his hand heild, dzawin the bicnist blade
Cryand foz help, his aduersare tyll inuade
Quham tho allace, grete piete was to se
The quhirland quhele, and spedy swift extre
Smate donn to ground and on the erde lay plat
And as he fell, Turnus fallowis with that
And euin betuix the helme, can hym attrace
At vmaist roll oz hem, of his curace
Smate of his hede, cienly with his bzand
And left the cozps, like ane slok in the sand.

¶ No mannis cure, noz craft of surrigine
Wycht heill Esas / bot venus medycyne

AND as Turnus thus, in the bateill stede
Wyth the ouerhand, sa keil corps layd dede
The mene quhile mnescheus, and traist Achates
Has led the bald Eneas, of the pzeis
Ascaneus zing, with thame in cumpany
And to the tentis, bzocht hym all bzudy
Wyth steppis slaw, furth steppand all in fere
Leuand Ilk pais, one ane lang poynit spere

Wod wroith he wordis, for dispeit
That he ne mycht his feris succour als tyte
He writhis, and enforcis to withdraw
The schakt in brokin, and the hede wyth aw
He askis helpe at al, thare standand by
Quhat was the nerrest way, and maist reddy
And bad thay suld with ane scharp knyfe that tyde
Schere doun the wound, and mak it large and wyde
Rype to the bodum, welt and take good tent
To serche the hirnis, quhare that the hede was went
That thay maist haist chame selfe, but mare delay
To the batall, for to stynt this affray
Now was thare than, new present in the preis
Iapis that was, son of Iasides
Aboue all vtheris, to the god phebus he
Was best belouit, and haldin in daynte
Wyth quhais fauour, vnquhyle strangly caucht
This god appollo, has him gladly tauht
His craftis and his office, by and by
Of diuinatioun, or of augury
The musik tonis to play, on harp wele he
And for to schute, and lat swyft arrowis fle
Bot this Iapis, for to prolong perfay
His faderis fatis, quhilk as bedrel lay
Before his ȝet, of his liffe in dispare
Had leuer haue knawin, the science and the lare
The micht and fors, of strenthy herbis fyne
And all the cunning vse, of medicine
And with sic secrete craftis, priuely
To leid his lyffe, and tyme mare esely
Eneas standis, bitterly chidand
Lenand apoun ane, buskuous spere in hand
Amyd grete confluence, of chir childir ȝyng
And eik his son Ascanius, sare weping

Eneas
Iounes

Bot he na thyng hym mouit,at thys teris
Than this Iapis sage,and auld of zeris
wyth habit schapin,of the Sururgiane make
Uprollit weill,and wympit fer abak
Richt beselie,with hys nate handis tway
Ue gouth for tyl creym,and till assay
The wound,with mony crafty medicine
And mychty herbes caucht,be god appollyne
Bot al for nocht,his trauel and his pane
Oft with his richt hand,serchis he in vane
To ripe the out gate,of the wound so wide
And for to seik the schaft,on euery syde
wyth hys wynrys,and grippand turkes fle
To thrist the hede,and draw furth pressis he
Bot for na chance,that euer betid may
wald fortoun dreis,his hand the sour way
Na thyng auailit,his crafty medicine
Nor ocht hym help's,his maister Appollyne
And now the grysly drede,ay mare and mare
Ouer al the feildis walkis here and thare
Nerre drawis the perrell,and affray
So that al dirknit war,the clere day
Of dusky pouder,in the heuyn dyd stand
The boys men,al approchis fast at hand
That dartis thik,aimyd the tentis fell
woful clamour,wyth mony cry and zell
went to the skyes,of zoung men faucht in feild
And thaym that swelt,sare woundit vnder scheild
Uenus,his moder,tho thus pane to meis
Caucht reuth and piete,of hyr sonnys diseis
And from the wod,of mont Yda in Crete
Up has sche pullit,Dictam,the herb swete
Of leuis rank ripit,and woumder fare
wyth sprouttis sprayngis,and bany's ouer al quhare

Uenus ha ly's hir son Eneas.

As

As that we le on ſic verdoure ſpryngand
And on the top, ane purpoure floure curiland
Sic grefis gude bene, na wile vnknaw
Tho the wylde beiſtis, quhen that ony thrawe
Thay with the fleand arrow, bene ouer tak
The hede ſtikand out, in ſyde or bak
Thiddir brocht Venus, this herb and ſche was ſchroud
Baith face and body, in ane wattry cloud
And with the herb alſo mydlit, has ſche
The balefum thrifty matter, wounder ſle
That from hir breſt, lippis ſche ſet in by
And temperis and enbalmes, prluelie
The pleſſer thare with ſtrinkland, al other ane
The helſum Jus of herbe ambroſiane
And the wele ſmelland herb hecht penates
This antiant ſurrigiane Japis
With ſic wattir or Jus that he nocht knew
The wound malis and ſoftnyt has of new
And ſuddanlie the pane vaniſt, als clene
Of his body as thocht it had bene
Bot ane dirling or ane litill ſtonud
All blude ſtan chit and ſtude in the depe wound
Tharewith baith hed and ſchaft come furth droppand
But ony pull folowyng, of mannis hand
That ſtrenth and force, of new to mak debate
Reſtorit war, vnto thare auld eſtate
Harnes harnes, bryng him hiddir in by
Quhy ſtand ze ſa Japis, gaik ane cry
And wyth thys wourde agains thare fais he
Has firſt thare ſpete, inflammit to Melle
O Eneas quod he, I make zou ſure
Throw mannis micht, was neuir wrocht this cure
Nor be na maiſter, craft of medicine
Thow art not helit by this hand of myne

Bot be sum greter god, full wele I se
The quhilk to greter, werkis preseruis the.
Eneas tho desyrus, of bargane
Hys lymmes in legharnes, gold begane.
Claspit full clois, and dyd him self array
Bad spede in haist, for he hatit delay.
He schuke and brangillit, fast his spere that tyde
And eftir his actyue scheild, was by his his syde.
Couchit full mete, and on his bak full thyk
Sesit his curace, or his syne hawbrik
Ascaneus young, tenderly the ilk place
Wyth all his harnes, belappit dyd enbrace
And thorow his helmes, ventall ane lytell wy
Him kissit has syne, on this wyse sayd he
O thou my chyld, do lernyng I the pray
Eneas exhortatione to his sone Ascaneus to follow vertew & labour.
Vertew and veray, labour to assay
At me, quhilk am thy fader, as thou wate
Desyre to be chancy, and fortunate
At vthir princis, quhilkis mare happy bene
Now sall my richt hand, the querrell sustene
And the defend in batal by and by
To make the partis man of grete lenzeory
Do zou sicklike, I pray the mine awin page
Als fast as thou cummis, to perfyte age
Remember hereon, and reuolue in thy mynd
Thy lynnage, thy forbearis and thy kynd
Exempil of prowes, in the steris freyndis before
Saith fader Eneas, and thy vncle Hectore

¶ Iuturna gydis hyr brotheris cart/richt to
Frawartthe batall he sald not marche Enee

Quhen this was said, furth at the portis he
Schakand in hand, ane grete spere Ischit he
Wyth him also to the field ruschis out
Antheus Mnestheus, and ane full thyk rout

Ilhae

Alhale the barnage flokkis,furth attanis
Left bode the toun,and ſtrenth wyth wailly wanis
Than was the plane ouerſet,quhs come behynd
wyth duſty ſtew of powder,maid folk blynd
And for ſtampyng,and fele dynnyng of fete
The erde mount,and tryinlit euery ſtrete
Turnus apoun the party,ouer richt forgane
Perſauand thame,thus ſterand throw the plane
Than ſaw alſo,the pepil Auſontanis
And the cauld drede,for fere ran throw thare banis
Fyrſt of the Latynis, all this tlk made
Iuturna thane knew,and was not glaid
Sche herd the ſoundis,and the fell derray
And quakand faſt,for fere has fled away
Bot thys Eneas,full bald buder ſcheild
wyth all his oſt,drawthrow the plane feild
And with him ſwyftly,dryngis ouer the bent
Ane rouch cole blak,of the ſtew quhare he went
Lyke as the bub,or plaig of fell tempeſt
Quhen that the cluddis,brekis eſt or weſt
Driuis by fors,throw the ſey to the land
Doand the cairful huſbandis,vnderſtand
The grete myſcheif to rum and felloun wraik
Quhilk wyth ſare hartis,quakand allaik allaik
Sais lo zone bub, fall ſtreik doun grouand treis
Doun bet our cornis,and by the rute vp heis
And fer on brede,ouerturne all dois vp ſtand
Herk here the ſwoich cummys,brayand to the land
On ſiclike wyſe,this Ilk Chiftane troyane
The corſly paſand,Oſiris he has ſlane
Wneſtheus kelit Arebet,and achates
Behedit has the,wicht Epilones
Gyas doun bet Afens,the grete capitane
Doun fell alſo,the grete Anzuriane

Tolumnēus him self, at the ilk day
Throw the first dart, his fais till assay
Upry is than ane clamour and ane sky
Quhilk semyt, went vnto the sterait sky
Thare coms about, than the rutilianis
Has tane the slycht, and gayt the bak attanis
Skatterit throw out the feildis, here and thare
Quhil stour of poudet, vp strekis in the are
Bot the chiftane, this vailzeand Enee
Dedenzeit nane doun bett as, thay did fle
Na thame inuade that met him, face for face
All thocht thay faucht with wappinnis swerd or māce
But throw the thikest lop of dust in hy
Onlie Turnus went, to seik and espye
And him allane, according the tretie
He askis and requyres vnto melle
Wyth dzede herof, the mynd was simytin so
Of Juturna, the verray virgo
Quhilk terme to expoun, be myne auyse
Is ane woman, exercand mans office
Amyd the lyamis, and the thetes thare
Doun swakkis scho, miteūus the cartare
That Turnus chare, had for to reule on hand
And left him lyggand ker, zound on the land
Fra the cart, lymmouris, warpit ane grete way
And scho in stede, his office dyd assay
And wyth hir handis about wythis sche
The steribyl renzes frawart the melle
Berand the lykenes in al mancrthyng
Of myteūus voce, personand armyng
Als kele wynkis, and turnys can sche make
As dois the swallow, with hir plumes blak
Fleand and seirsand, swiftlie thare and here
Quer the grete lugeingis, of sum michty here

Apoll

Apoun hir wingis, cõmmand euery syde
Thir hie hallis, bene ful large and wyde
Gadderand the smal mozsellis, est and west
To bere hir birdis chepand, in thare nest
Now into gouſty pozris, dois sle
Now by the donky stankis, soundis sche
In sicklike wyse, this Juturna belyue
Throw out the oistis, can the hozsis dryue
Circulland about with swift karde of the cartẽ
The feildis ouer al quhare, in euery art
And schew hir brethir turnus, in his chare
Now brauland in this place, now boustand thare
Be na way wald sche suffir, that he
Assembil hand for hand, suld wyth Enee
Bot fled him fer, and frawart him held ay
Wythand hir cartis cours, ane vthir way
In na les haist, Eneas on the bent
His quhelis turnis, and wythis mony ane went
The men he setis, throw the effrayit routis
And on him callis, with loude cry and schoutis
Als keil syis, as he his ene kest
Apoun his ka, all tymes he hym addrest
To chace hym with, swift cours throw the melle
On hozs that semyt tym as koule dois sle
Bot euer als oft, Juturna ane vthir art
Alwayward turnis, and wythis hir brotheris cart
And thus Eneas, remanys al on flocht
In sundry motioun of Ire, bot al for nocht
Allace ne knawis he not, now quhat to do
Dyuers thochtis, and sere conflatis lo
Hys mynd in mony contrare purpois sent
And as he thus was trublit, in entent
Messapus that on cais was nere hand by
And in his lelt neik, haloys all reddy

Twa

Twa coupfl caſtyng ſpeiris,hedit wyth ſtele
Of quham that ane,ful couirlie and wele
Towart Enee,addreſſit dyd he glyde
Eneas hoult ſtil,the ſchot to abyde
Hym ſchroudand,vnder hys armour and his ſcheild
Bowand his hoch,and ſtude a lytle on heild
And netheles this ſpere,that ſcharplie ſchare
Of his baſnyt,the tymbrell quyte doun bare
And ſmate away,the creſtys toppis hie
Than mare in greif and Ire,vpgrowys he
Seand him caucht,wyth diſtate and ſyche
Quhen that he has perſauit in hys ſyche
Turnus horſs,furth dreuin ane vthir ar
Awaywart turnis ſa keyl ſyis his car
Tho mony tymes loud did he teſtifye
Grete Iupiter,how that ſa wranguſly
He was ſmurit,and conſtreint to fycht
To witnes drew he,als with grete vnrycht
The altaris of conkederance vyolate
And now at laſt,ful furius and hate
The mydwart of his inemyis did inuaid
Wyth proſper chance of batal ſo vnglaid
And terribil to his fais waxis he
That hale but ony difference of degre
All to wraik,for na man lyſt he ſpare
Ane cruel ſlauchter,he has raſit thare
All kynd of wraith and breithfull yre now he
Lete ſlip at large,but brydil wyth renze fre

Here followis of the ſlauchter mony kald
Made by Turnus and by Eneas bald

QWhat god cal now me teaching to endyte
Sa mony woundis,and this careful ſyte
Or quha me lerne in matir,to declare
Sa keil and diuers ſlauchteris as war thare

And grete deleis of Dukis, in that stede
Quer all the feild, strowin liggis dede
Quham euery ane, lampyn his cours abut
Now doun bet Turnus, now Eneas stout.
O Jupiter was it, plesand to the
Wyth sa grete motioun, oh crudelite
Athir pepill suld rusche, on vthir in pyeis
Quhilkis eftir suld be, ane in eterne peis.
Eneas fyrst that caryit, not to lang
Smate ane Sutrone, ane Rutulíane strang
Ane greuous wound, he hit him in the syde
Throwout his ribbis, can the styff swerd glyde
Peirsit hys coist, and breistis condict in hy
Thare as the fatell deith, Is maist haisty
This bargane first fermyt, troyanis to stand
That langeir fled Turnus, fra hand to hand.
Tho Turnus has recountrit, in the pyeis
Amytus and his brother, Diores
Quham fra thare hors, on the ground doun bet:
On fute in feild, strangly he vmbelet:
And the formest, with ane lang styff spere
Smate dede and with ane, swerd the tothir in fere.
Syne baith thare bedis, hakkit of in hy
And at hys cart hyngis, thame by and by.
The blude tharfra, droppand turlys away
Theself stede Eneas, at ane assay.
Or at ane vnset, has kelit Janaus
Talon also, and the stout Cethegus
Syne eftir thame, he kelit in the pyeis
The sad and ay sorowfull, Onytes
Renowned of Thebis blude, and the ofspryng
Descendyng doun fram Ethcon the kyng
And of his moder born, Peridia
This vther chif Captane Turnus kelit twa

Exclamatiõ for the gret slauchter follouing.

That

That bzethir war, and out of Lithia send
Appollois cuntre, troianis to defend
And eftir thaym, ane menett has he flane
Ane zoung man, that was bozne in archadaine
That al his dayis, euir hatit the melle
Bot al for not, for he moist nedis thus de
About the latk of larne and fludis gray
His craft was, for to fisching euery day
Ane pure cote hous he held and bure him law
Rewardis of riche folkis, war to hym vnknaw
His fader erit, and sew ane pece of feild
That he in hire gang, held to be hys beild
And like as that the fyre, war now vp bet
And in sum dzy widderit wod, vplet
Baith here and thare, at diuers partis seue
Amyd the soundand, buskis of Laurere
Or quhare the komy riuetis rede on spate
Hurlis doun from the mouth, of ane large gate
With hidduous bzute, and felloun farde attanis
Thare as thay rin, ouer flowand al the plains
Ilkane distroyis, waistis and dziuis away
Na flawar bayth, this Turnus, and Enee
Hurllis and ruschis, feirs throw the melle
The great hat and betuex turnus i Ene
Now now, the bzaithful Ire and felloun thocht
Within thare myndis, boldynnys al on flocht
And thay bzeistis, can na wys vincust be
Now bzeistis ful of greif, and cruelte
Now lasch thay at, with bludy swerdis bzicht
For to mak woundis wyde, in al thare mycht
The tane of thaym, that is knaw Ene:
Kyn Murranus, of ancestry mayst hie
Soundand the name, of his forefaderis auld
Quer al the clan, of Latyne kyngis bald
Obscruit man, be man vnto his day

Furth of his carte, has smittin qwite away
And bet him doun, vnto the erd wyndslaucht
wyth ane grete rouk, and qubirland stane ouer rauchte
That this murranus, the renis and the chetis
Quherewith his stedis, zok kit war in threttis
Vnder the quhelis, has do weltit doun
Quhare as he liggis, in his mortall soun:
Of his awne stedis, aboue him rap for rap
The sterand hukis, stampand with mony clap
Ouer treddis and doun thrungis, thare maister law
And can thare lordis, hie estate misknaw.
Ine Turnus has, recountert ane hilo
That ruschand hurlit, thro the melle tho
Full feirs of mynd, and austerne of curage
Bot this Turnus, for al his vassallage
At his gilt halfetis, ane grundin dart did thraw
That kyrt throw his helme, the schaft flaw
Perisand his brane, quhil out bruschit the blude
Nor thy richt hand, Creteus sa gude
Thou forcist greik, cummyng fra Archade land
Wicht the deliuer, from this tik Turnus hand
Nor all his goddis, Cupentus in the plane.
Wycht from Enee, come him agane:
Bot as his breist with the steill, poynt has met
That thirlit has throw all, and doun him bet
That newthir scheild, nor obstant plait of steil
This catinis breist, has helpit neuir ane dele
O Eoline the keildis, Lawrentane
Has the behald the ron, doun bet and slane
And with thy brade bak, in the riche wede
The ground thou has bespred, richt fer on brede
Thare lyis thou dede, quhom gregioun ostis in fycht
Nowthir Vincus, nor to the erde smite micht
Nor feirs Achillis, to the erde couth bryng,

That

That bzethir war, and out of Lithia send
Appollois cuntre, trotanis to defend
And eftir thaym, ane meneit has he flane
Ane zoung man, that was bozne in archadame
That al his dayis, euir hatit the melle
Bot al for not, fozhe moist nedis thus de
About the latk of larne and fludis gray
His craft was, foz to fischyng euery day
Ane pure cote hous he held and bure him law
Rewardis of riche folkis, war to hym bokmaw
His fader erit, and lew ane pece of feild
That he in hire gang, held to be hys beild
And like as that the fyre, war now vp bet
And in sum dzy widderit wod, vpset
Baith here and thare, at diuers partis leve
Amyd the soundand, buskis of Laurere
Oz quhare the fomy riueris rede on spate
Hurlis doun from the mouth, of ane large gate
With hidduous bzute, and felloun farde attanis
Thare as thay rin, ouer flowand al the plains
Ilkane distroyis, waistis and dziuis away
Na flawar bayth, this Turnus, and Enee
Hurllis and rulchis, feirs throw the melle
The great hatrand betuex tuex Ene
Now now, the bzaithful Ire and felloun thocht
Within thare myndis, boldynnys al on flocht
And thay bzeistis, can na wys vincust be
Now bzeistis ful of greif, and cruelte
Now lasch thay at, with bludy swerdis bzicht
Foz to mak woundis wyde, in al tharempcht
The tane of thaym, that is knaw Enee:
Kyn I Murranus, of ancestry mayst hie
Soundand the name, of his fozefaderis auld
Ouer al the clan, of Latyne kyngis bald
Obscruit man, be man vnto his day

Furth of his carte, has smittin qwite away
And bet him doun, vnto the erd wyndsauche
Wyth ane grete rouk, and quhirland stane ouer rauche
That this murranus, the renis and the chetis
Quhere with his stedis, zok kit war in thretis
Vnder the quhelis, has do weltit doun
Quhare as he liggis, in his mortall soun
Of his awne stedis, aboue him rap for rap
The sterand hufis, stampand with mony clap
Ouer treddis and doun thrungis, thare maister law
And can thare lordis, hie estate misknaw
Ane Turnus has, recountert ane hilo
That ruschand hurlit, thro the meile tho
Full feirs of mynd, and austerne of curage
Bot this Turnus, for al his vassallage
At his gilt halfeuis, ane grundin dart did thraw
That kirt throw his helme, the schaft sa law
Perisand his brane, quhil out brusche the blude
Nor thy richt hand, Creteus sa gude
Thou forcist greik, cummyng fra Archade land
Wicht the deliuer, from this ilk Turnus hand
Nor all his goddis, Cupentus in the plane
Wycht from Enee, come him agane
Bot as his breist with the sterll, poynt has met
That thirlit has throw all, and doun him bet
That nowthir scheild, nor obstant plait of steil
This catiuis breist, has helpit neuir ane dele
O Colme the keildis, Lawrentane
Has the behald the ron, doun bet and slane
And with thy brade bak, in the riche wede
The ground thou has despred, richt fer on brede
Thare lyis thou dede, quhom gregioum ostlis in fichte
Nowthir Vincus, nor to the erde smite micht
Nor feirs Achillis, to the erd: couth bryng

That

That was ouerquhelmare of kyng Pylamus rout
Here war thy methis and thy terme of dede
The houssis and tumell, of the nobyl stede
Of the kynrent stant, vnder mont Ida
In the grete ciete, of Troiesia
Bot in the feildis, of Laurentine sulze
Thy sepulture is made, for ay to be
Apoun this wyse the ostis, and wardis hale
On athir part, returnyt in batale
Aganis vtheris to fycht, sampyn attanis
All the latinis, and albale the troyanis
Duke Mnestheus, and the sterne Serestus
And the tothir halk, prince Messapus
That of grete hostis, the dantar clepit was
And with hym eik, the stalwar Asilas
The thirrene routis, semblit all attanis
And kyng Euandrus army Archadianis
Euery man for hym self, as he best mycht
At the vterance of all his fors, gan fycht
No rest nor tary was, thay so contend
Sum to confounding all, sum to defend

¶ How Eneas segit the towne agane
And quene Amata hyr self for wo has slane

AT this tyme the bargane, enduring thus
Eneas moder, the farest dame venus
In to his mynd, sche has put this Intent
To hald vnto the wallys, Incontinent
And stere his ost, the ciete til assay
Wyth hastly vnset, and suddane effray
At grete myscheif the Latynis tyl effere
Muthik of his cummyng, tho vnwarnit were
And as that he, trouing tyl espye
Turnus, thow sundry routis, by and by
On euery syde, he has cassin his Ee

And

And at the last, behaldis the cite
Haikles of batal, fre of al sic stryfe
But pane or trauel, at quiet man and wyfe
Than of ane greter bargane, in his entent
Al suddanly the figure dyd empyent
Ye callis Mnestheus, and eik Serestus
Chiftanis of hys oist, and strang Sergestus
And on ane litill mote, ascendit in hye
Quhare sone forgadderit, all the troyane armye
And thyck about hym flokkand, can but baid
Bot nowthir scheild, nor wapinnis doun thay laid
And he amyd one the knollis hicht
Unto thaym spake thus, herand euery wicht

Eneas cõmand to hiemen of warre.

Here I command, no tary nor delay
Be maid of my preceptis, quhat I sal say
Nor se that no man, be ware nor slaw to rin
Tyl our haisty vnset, we wyl begyn
Sen Iuppyter, assistis to our syde
Now herkis quhat I purpois, do this tyde
Thys day I sall destroy, and sone bet doun
Of laurent haik, the cyete and the toun
Quhilk is the caus of al our wering
And quyte confounde, the king Latinis ring
Les than wil thay, resaue the bydil at hand
Be at obeysance, and grant my command
And sone hie turettis, and thay topp tis hie
Of reikand chynnais sounder as we se
I sal mak plane and equale with the ground
Quhat suld I tary, or delay ane stound
Abiding here, in sic place, quod he
Quhyl turnus list, fecht wyth vs in melle
Or quhil that he ane vther time agane
Ouer cum and vincust, in to batal plane
Way haue refuge, to thys teym to be leist

Quhile efter in feild, vs recounter and greit
O cyteȝanis, the hede is this ciete
Of our wrelefare, and cheif of iniquite
Ewrs thidder in hy the hate byrnand kyte brandis
And wyth the blesand flammis, in zour handis
Renewis and require, agane said he
The trety swozne, and promist zou and me
Quhen this was said, thay put thaime in array
Togiddir al the ciete til assay
Thay pingil thraly, quhay mycht formest be
Wyth doure myndis, vnto the wallis hye
Knyt in ane lope, with grete puissance thay thryng
The ledderis to the wallis, or thay wyst
And hastely, fire blesys dyd appere
The town Quhen sum vtheris of the troyanis, ruschit in fere
Vnto the portis, and the first thaym met
Has kelit at the entre, and down bet
Sum vtheris schutis, Dartis, takillis and stanys
At thaym quhilk, on the bertinkin hede remanys
That wyth the slicht of schaftis, here and thare
Thay dirknit all, the skyis and the are
Enee hym self, wyth the formest can stand
Under the wallis puttand, to his hand
To the assalt and with loude voce on hye
The kyng Latinus, last accusis he
Diawand the goddis, to wytnes how agane
He is constrenyt on hors, to moue bargane
And how that he Italianis, thus twyis
At sundry tymes, schew them hys Inemyis
And how fully that day, they brokin had
The secund confederatioun, swozne and mad
Amang the cietezanis, into grete affray
Quhais distroyd, in mony sundry way
Sum bad vnclois, the ciete, and als fast

warp vp the portis, and wide the wallis call
To the troyanis, and thare grete prince Enee
Reſſaue as for thare kyng, in the ciete
Utheris ſtert to thare wappinnis, and thare gere
For to defend thare toun, of fere of were
As we may gyf ane ſimilitude, wele like
Quhen that the herd, has fund the byis bike
Cloſit vnder ane derne, cauerne of ſtanis
And kyllit has full ſone, that litle wanys
wyth ſmoik of ſoure, and better rekis ſtew
The beis wythin affrayit, all of new
Ouerthowrt thare hiuis, and wapy ten tis rymmis
With mekil dyn and beming in that Innis
Scharpand thare ſtangis, for Ire as thay wald licht
Swa here the laithly odoure, rais on hicht
From the fyre bleſis, dirk as ony rok
That to the rubis toppis, went the ſmoik
The ſtanis warpit, in faſt did rebound
Within the wallis, the grete bzute and ſound
And vp the rek all wod, went in the are
Quhar as na tenementis ſtude, nor hollis ware
Betide alſo to, thir wery Latinis
Quhilk ſo Irkit, at his myſcheif and pynys
Ane chance of myſfortoun, that all the toun
wyth womenting ſtraik, to the boddum doun
For as the quene Amata, ſaw ſic wiſe
The ciete vnbeket, with Inemyis
The wallis kyndillit, be with flammis hete
The fyre bleſis abone, the ruffis gete
Na Turnus army cumand, chame aganis
Na zit the offis, of Rutulianis
Sche fell vnhappy, in the batell ſtede
wenyt zoung Turnus fechtand had bene dede
And tho for verray ſorow, ſuddanlye

Quene Amata ſeig the towne ſtorny. hi gis hir ſelf

Hir mynd trublit,cane to rame and cry
Sche was the caus,and wite,of al thys greif
Wayth crop and rute,and hede of sic mycheif
And in hir doloꝗus kury,thus myndeles
Al enragit koꝛ dule,tho dyd exꝑes
Ful mony ane thing,and reddy to de wythal
Rent with his handis hir purpoure wede rial
And at ane hie balk,teyt vp sche has
With ane loupe knot,ane sark coꝛd oꝛ ane lace
Quharewith hir self,sche spilt with schamefyl dede
And fra the latine matrouns,wil of rede
Persault has this vile mycheuos wraik
Thay rent thare hare,with harro and allake
Hir dochter first,beside the dede coꝛps standis
Riuand hir gilten tressis,with hir handis
Hir rosy chekis,to toꝛe and startis sche
Than all the lait,that piete was to se
Of ladyis that about the dede coꝛps stude
Rentis and ruggis thayin self,as thay war wod
That of thare goling,greting and deray
The large hale,resouudis ane ker way
Quhill from the kyngis palice,inuiroun
Dibulgate went and spꝛede,ouer al the toun
The key vnhappy fame,of sic ane dede
Than euery wicht,tynt hart koꝛ wo and dꝛede
Wyth habit reut,king laomedon the gate
Warris wo begone,astonist of the fate
Of his dere spous,of the ciete syne
That sempt bꝛocht,vnto tynale re wyne
His cannois hare sare mouit in his entent
With vnclene pouder,has he all besꝑent
And mony tymis hym self in has accusit
That he sa lang has,lachit and refusit
To ressaue gladlie,the troiane Eace

Repentyng

Repentyng sare, for wele of the ciete
That he had not requirit him, and dyád
Or than to be his match or son in law

¶ The queues decetis fr a Turnus sleccly wyll
Went to the sege, Eneas to resyll

IN to the mene tyme, as wertour bridder scheild
Turnus zoud to the ker part of the feild
Ane few menze, perfewand ouer the plane
Quhilk at the stragil sled, in al thare mane
Bum dele or than, walxis dolf this syze
Seing his hozs begyn to sopt and tyze
That euer the les and les, ioyus was he
Of thare renkis and gate throw the melle
Thare with the wynd, and southing of the are
The fereful clamours, brocht to him rycht thare
Wyll wythin certane terrour and effere
The confusioun of sound, smate in hys ere
Come from the ciete, ane fellon murmuring
Rycht vnglade bzute, of care and womenting
Ha wa is me he sayd, quhat may this be
How bene the wallys trublyt, of this ciete
Wyth sa grete dule and sozow, as I here
Or how thus ruschis, sa fellon noyis and bere
And clamour fra the toun, at euery part
Thus has he sayd, and gan do stynt his cart
And al enragit, tyt the renzeis abak
Quham to his syster, the Iuturna spak
As scho that was turnyt, as I sayd are
In semblant of metestus the cartare
That hozs renzeis syde, renzeis and cart did sche
Reul and direct, amydwart the melle
Wyth sic wourdis, scho answeris him fute hate
Turnus lat vs perfew trotanis thus gate
Quhare victozy vs schewis the reddy way

Thare bene enew vtheris, be my fay
For to defend, and wele mantene the toun
Zone is Eneas makis the bzute and ſoun
That can inuaid, Italianis as ze here
Wydlit the batall, in ſic feare of were
Tharfoze lat vs wyth cruel hand in this ſtede
Lay als fele coꝛps, of the the troyanis dede
For wyth na les nowmer ſlane vnder ſcheild
Noꝛ les honour ſal thou wend of the feild
Turnus anſueris, O thou my ſiſter dere
I knew ful wele, that it was thou lang gere
That by the craft, and quent wilis ſa fle
Our conſideratioun, trublit and trety
And enterit in thys batal quhilk thou wꝛocht
And now goddes, thy wilis ar foꝛ nocht
Bot quha was that ſend the, from heuin ſo ſchene
So huge ſturt, and trauell to ſuſtene
Quhiddir gif thou come, to that entent to ſe
The cruell deith, of thy bzother ſayd he
Quhat ſall I do lat ſe, quhare ſal I now
Oꝛ quhat ſuccours, pꝛomittis foꝛtoun and how
I ſal my ſelf, befoꝛe myne ene lang gere
Grete Murranus, quham nane marc leik noꝛ dere
Unto was that leuand, is this day
Swete on the ground, and with loude voce perfay
On me did call, quhare as he lay vnſound
At eirth diſcumfiſt, wyth ane griſlie wound
And lo doun bet, and ſlane in his defence
Is not alſo, the ſtout Capitane vlence
That he ſuld not, our lak and ſchame behald
Hys coꝛps and armour, dois troianis bayith wythhald
Sal I als ſuffir thaym, doun the ciete ding
Of our myſcheif, thare reſtis bot that ane thyng
Now ſall I not, wyth thys ryght hand in hy

Confound schir dyantes, lynnage vnworthy
Sal euer this ground, behald or se sic lak
That I sall sle, or Turnus gyf the bak
Is it al out, sa wrechit thing to de
That or thay sle ruin, men suld rather sle
ze manes, clepit goddis infernall
Beis to me frendlie, now sen that all
The goddis myndis aboue, ar me contrare
He ze beneuolent, when that I cum thare
Ane haly saule to zou discend sall I
Saklis of al sic cryme and velany
Na wyse vnworthy, nampt for to be
wyth my eldaris, and forefaderis maist he
Skars has he said, quhene lo throw the plane
Ruschand ampd his kayis come hym agane
Ane sages montit, on ane fomy stede
And he was woundit sore, and gan to blede
In the face with ane arrow, vnder the Eee
Cryand help, Turnus be hys name quhare is he
Turnus quod he in the, and thy twa handis
The extreme help, and lattir welefare standis
Haue reuth and piete of thy awne menze
Now as the thunderis blast faris Enee
In bargane so enragit, he doith mennace
The cheif ciete of Itale doun to arrace
And to fynale rewyne to bet doun
The principale, and al the rial toun
And now into the thak and ruffis hie
The flambis of the fire, bleris dois sle
In the thare vultis, in the thare ene but fale
The Latine pepil, drellit has alhale
The kyng hym self, latynus the grete bere
Quhilperis and mulis, and is in manere fere
Quhem he sal cheis, or call vnto hys thrau

To be his douchteris ſpous, and ſon in law
Or to quhat freyndſchip or alliance kyne
Is beſt him ſelfin, at this tyme inclyne
And farthermare, Amata the fare quene
Quhilk at al tymes, chyne ane ſald freynd has bene
Wyth hir awne hand doth ſerue, lyggand law
And for effray, hir ſelfe has brocht of daw
Onlie Meſapus, and Atynas kene
At the portis, he dois the ſtoure ſuſtene
About thir twa, on athir hand thik ſtandis
Arrayit routis, wyth drawin ſwerdis in handis
Ful horribil and auſterne, athir barnage
Cled in ſteil wedis, wyth wappinnis man and page
And thou thus rolling furth the cart bedene
Waikys at auantage, on the wod grene
Turnus aſtonaid, ſtude doun in ſtudying
Smyte wyth the ymage, of mony diuers thyng
Depe in his hart, boldynnis the felloun ſchame
Al myxt with dolour, aagir and deſame
Syne feruent luk hym cachit, in furie rage
And has by kynd, hardiment and curage
As firſt the ſchaddois of perturblance
Was dryue away, and his remembrance
The licht of reſſoun, has recouerit agane
The bynand ſicht, of baith his eneſwane
So aggreuit, towart the wallis he reſt
And from his cart, blent to the cietie preſt
Bot lo ane ſwoyl of fyre, bleſis by thaw
Lemand towart the lift, the flamb he ſaw
Amang the plankis, and the loftis ſchyre
Stremand and kendylland, faſt the hate fyre
That caucht was, in ane mekil toure of tre
Quhilk tour of ſillis, and geiſtis grete belt hye
And thare vnder to rollyt quhelis ſex

wyth harts hie, and battilling wcrely bet Eneas
Now now lister quod he, is al and sum
The fatis has vs vincust and ouer cum
Bestt therfore, to mak me langare tary
Lat vs follow th at way, and hiddir cary
Quhare god, and this hard fortoun callis me
Now standis the poynt, I am determyt quod he
Eneas hand for hand, for til assale
Now standis the poynt to suffer in batale
The bytter dede, and al panefull distres
No langar sister germane, as I ges
Sal thou mese, sa schamfull vnwourthy wych
Bot I beseik the manlie, as ane knycht
In to this fetuent, furoure, suffir me
To go enragit to batal, or I de
Thus has he sayd, and from the cart in hy
Apoun the land he lap deliuerly
And left his syster, tryst and desolate
Thrist throw his fais, and wappin al fute hate
And with sa swift ferde, schot throw the melle
That the wyd routis and wardis, schudderis he
And lyke as the grete roche crag, with ane soun
From the top of sum montane, tumlyt doun
Quhen that it is ouer smyte, with windis blast
Or with the drumly schouris, spate doun cast
Or than be lang proces of monyeris
Lowsing alway the erd, and away werris
Is made tofal and tumbil, with al his swycht
Lyke til ane wikkyt hil, of huge wecht
Haldyng hys ford, the discence of the bra
Wyth mony skyp and stend, baith to and fra
Quhyl that the schout fer, in the plane ground
And al that be ouer rekys, doys confound
Woddys heirdis flokkys cattal and men

Ouer welterand wyth hym,in the depe glen
Towart the wallis,Turnus ruschit als fast
Throw out the routis,by hys hard doun cast
Quhare to the ground wet,and bedyit stude
Ane wele for way,wyth effusioun of blude
And large one brede,the skyes and the are
For schaftis schot,and quhisslilng here and thare
Ane bekin with his hand,to thaym maid he
And lampn eik,wyth loude voce cryis lat be
Stynt ze rutulianis,se ze fycht na mare
And ze Latynys zour dartis castyng spare
How euer the fortoun,standis at this tyde
The chance is myne,the fatt I mon abide
It is mare iust,and equale I allane
For zou sustene the pane,was vndertane
And purge the cryme,so happinnit now of late
Of thys confederatioun,violate
Lat me stand,to my chance I tak on hand
For to derene,the mater wyth thys brand
Than euery man,amydwart thaym betuene
Can draw abak,and made roume on the grene.

Eneas and Turnus fechtys hand for hand.
And turnus fled for hys had brokin his brand

THis kader than,this grete prince Ene
Herand the name,of turnus cryit on hie
The wallis left,and fra the toun went away.
Rycht haistelye,secludand al delay
Styntis al the werk,that he begunnyng had
And hoppis vp for Joy,he was so glad
The hussilling in his armour did rebound
And kest ane terribil,or ane fereful sound
Upraxit him be had amyd the place
Als big as Athon,the hie mont in trace
Or heith as mont Eryx in Cecily

Or

Or than the fader, of hillis in Italy
Clepit mont Apenunis quhen that he
Dois swoith or bray, with rosy quhynnis hie
and Joyis to strik his snawy top on hicht
Up in the are, amang the skyis bricht
That is to say, amang al vthir wichtis
Eneas semyt, to suremontng in hichtis
The remanent, of al the meikill rout
As thir montants, exredis the knollis about
And than forsoith, rutulians egirly
And al the troyane ostis, and army
Towart thare dukis, did returne thare ene
The rutulians I say, and eik bedene
All the latynis, that on the wallis stude
And al thay als to fore as thay war wode
The barmkin law, smait wyth the rummys fast
Now on thare schulderis, can thare armour cast
The king him self, latyne abasit to se
Tua men so big, of huge quantite
Generit and bred, in realmes, fer in sounder
Of sere partis, of the warld, that it was wounder
Twa of sic stature, vnmesurabil of hicht
For tyll assembill, samyn in to ficht
Or for to se thaym, machit on the grene
Betene the bargane, wyth thare wapponnis kene
And than athir thir campiouns vnder scheild
Quhen wodit wele, and rowmyt was the feild
That patent was, the plane ane wele large space
With baisty farde on fer, has tane thare rais
And gan speris cast, or thay come nere
Quhil scheildis soundit, and al thar vthir gere
And martial batall thay begin but baid
And athir sternlie did his fa inuaid
So did the straikis, dyn on thare siele wedis

The

The erdē grānys, and dynlis ker on bryde
Syne raschis togiddir, with swerdis or euir thāy styrt
And routis thik, thay doubil dynt for dint
With force of pyoues, and fatall auenture
Wydlit sampyn the bargane, thay indure
Like as twa bustuous bullis, by and by
On the hie mont thaburne, in champany
Or in the mekill forest, of Silla
Quhen thay assemble, in austerne battall thra
With front to front, and horn for horne attanis
Ruschand togiddir with crones, and kerefull granis
That the maisteris, and hirdmen euery wicht
Abasit geuis thame place, so brym thay ficht
For fere the beistis dum, all standis by
And all in dout squelis the young ky
Quha sall be maister, of the cattal all
Of quhilk of thame, the bowis follow sall
Thay twa bullis, thus striuand, in that stound
Be mekill forss wirkis, vthir mony wound
And dusthand fellynnys, fast that horne stout
Quhill that haboundance of blude, streme out
Than can do welche, body or al to baith
Thare grym nekkis, and thare spaldis baith
That of thare rousting, al the large plane
And woddis rank routis, and low is agane
Nane vthir wise Enee, the troyane here
And Daun us sone, turnus, sampyn in fere
Hurlis togiddir, with thare schetldis strang
That for grete raschis, al the heuinnis rang
Thus Jupiter him self, as has atheris chancs
Ane wele lang space, to hungin in ballance
Be equale mesure, and pasit has also
The fatis diuers, of thame both two
Quhom the stout laubour, suld deliuer fre

Scōpazicō
dicrzining
Eneas ȝ
Turnus
haldings

And

And quhaim the paſand weche, ouerwelit to de
Turnus at this time, wayis bald and blyth
Wenyng to caucht ane ſtound, his ſtrenth to kyith
But ony dangere, or aduerſite
He raxis him, and heuis vp on hie
His bludy ſwerd and ſmatt, in al his mane
Ane grete clamour, gaik the pepill troiane
And eik the latynis quaking, gan and ſchone
Full preſt thame to behald, ſtud athir oue
Bot his vntraiſt fals blaid, is brokin in ſunder
And ardent Turnus brocht, has in grete blounder
For it amyddis of his dynt, him falis
And deſolate him left, that nocht availis
To him his ſtrenth, his hardyment and mycht
Lese than be tak for his defence the ſlicht
In ſwifter than the wynd, he fled I gess
Quhen that he ſaw, his richt hand wappin les
And perſault the plomet, was vnknaw
For ſo the fame is, at the ilk thraw
Quhen he firſt ruſchit, in his cart in hy
And gart do zoik his ſtedis by and by
To go vnto the battal, the ſampyn daye
That for the ſuddane vnſet, and effray
The cartur Metiſtus ſwerd, hint in hand
And al forzet his faderis, nobil brand
And thys ilk ſwerd, was ſufficient ane lang ſpace
Quhil that he followit the troyanis in the chace
That gaik the bak, as we haue ſaid or this
Bot als faſt as it twichit, or marhit is
With diuyne armour made, be god vulcane
And theron ſmyten in all turnus mane
This vntrew, temperit blayd and fals brand
That forzyt was, bot with ane mortal hand
In ſtendzis flew, and at the firſt clap

Turnus flays.

As brokyll yle, in litle peces lay
Quhil the small partis, of the blade broken in tway,
As glas gletand, apoun the dun sand lay
Quharfore this Turnus, half myndles and brayne
Socht diuers wentis, to fle out throw the plane
Myth mony windis, and trynis all on flocht
Now here syne thare, vnsoutrly he soche.
Troyanis flude thyk, belappit enuiroun
In maner of ane compas, or ane croun
And on the tane half, eik ane laik braid
Hym so inclusit, that he micht not euaid
And on the tothir syde, fermit als has he
Myth the hye wallis, of the chief ciete
And thocht the wound tarpis, Enee sum dele
Vrocht to him by the takyll, with hede of stele
To weild his kne, maid sum Impediment
That he micht not brade, swiftly ouer the bent
Myth na les preis and haist, zit not for thy
He kute for kute per sewis, hym feruently
Lyke as sum tyme, quhen that the huntar stoll
Betrappit has, and vmbeset about
Myth hys ralys, and with his houndis gude
The mekyll hart, swymmand amyd the flude
Quhilk thare inclusit, nedelinges mon abide
For he may not eschape, on nowthir syde
For fere of houndis, and that awfull berne
Berying schaftis fedderit, with plumes of the erne
The rynnyng hound, dois hym assale in chete
Baith with swift rais, and with his quellis grete
Bot this hart all abasyt, of thare sythe
And of the strait and stay, bankis grete hicht
Can fle and eik returne, ane thousand wayis
Bot than the swipper, tuskand hound assayis
And neris fast, ay reddy hym to hynt

Now now almaist like, or euer be stynt
He suld hym hynt, and as the beist war tak
Wyth hys wyde chaftis, at hym makis ane swak
The bit oft failzeis, for ocht he do mycht
And chakkis waist, togiddir hys wappynnis wycht
Rycht so at thys tyme, apoun athir syde
The clamour rays, that al the laik wyde
And brayis about them, answerd so thay ferde
The heuyn ouer al, and eik rumlyt of that rerd
And Turnus samyn, fast agane can cal
Rutylianis chidand baythane, and al
Euery man clepand, by his propir name
To reik him his traist swerd for schame
And by the contrare awful Enee
Can thaym mannace, that nane sa bald suld be
And schew present the deith all reddy here
To thare vndoing, gif ony drew nere
And quaking for the fere made agast
Schorand the ciete to distroy, and doun cast
Gif ony help, or supple to hym schew
And thocht he sare was, feirslie did persew
Thus fyue tymes round, intil ane rais
About the feild can thay fle and chais
And als fele syis went turnyng here and thare
Like as before the hound, wyskis the har
And na wounder, for so the mater lyis
To na bourding, twyching thare interprise
Nor for sinal wagys, thay debait and stryke
Bot apoun Turnus blude schedding and like
On cais aimyd thys feild haid grew of late
Ane wylde Oliue to Iawnus consecrate
Quhare on grew bittir leuis, and monyeris
Was hald in wourschip, with al marineris
At the quhilk tre quhen thay eschapit had

The

The stomȝes blait, and wallis made thaym rad
Thare on thare offerandis, wald thay affix and hing
Vnto this god vmquhile, of laurent kyng
And thareon eik, the clathis bekend vplent
Bot tho the stok of the tre, doun was rent
Vp the troyanis mysknawing, it hallowit was
To that entent, to plane the batall place
Eneas big lance, oȝ hys castyng spere
Persais vpoun the poynt, was stikand here
Thiddir this, schaft the grete kȝs of his cast
Had thrawn the ilk stound, and thare fixit fast
Amang the grippill rutis, fast haldand
Wedgit full law, the lance on end did stand,
The troyane pȝince, it grippis in that stede
Willing in hand, to put out the stele hed
With cast therof, to follow him at the bak
Quham he thrȝow spede of fute, mycht not ouer take
Bot than turnus, half mangit in affray
Cryis O thou Fawnus, help, help, I the pray
And thou tellus, maist nobill god of erd
Hald fast the speris hede, by ȝour werde
As I that euir has, wourschippit on thir plainis
ȝour honour that be, the contrare Eneadanis
Has violate and pȝophanit, be strike quod he
With blude schedding, and doun hewing ȝour tre
Thus sayd he, and nothing in vane I wyse
The goddis help, he askit foȝ that hys wys
Ane full lang tyme, wrelis and tarpis Enee
Furth of the teuch rutis, of this ilk tre
His spere to drȝaw, and bitis on his lip
Bot fellynnyt sa is in the ware the grip
That by na manere force, thocht he was wicht
Furth of the stok, the schaft vp pul he mycht
Awd as brymly, thus enforcis fast

To dzaw the ſpere, this goddis at the laſt
Ymene Juturna, dochtir to dawnus king
Out thzow the feild, come rynnand in ane ling
Changeit agane, as that to foze ſche was
In to mete ſtus, ſemlant and likneſs
And to hyz bzothir, has his ſwerd detaucht
Quhare at dame Venus, grete dilemze cauht
Sic thing ſuld be tholit, thys bald Nymphe to do
Than ſuddanly, to the ſpere rekus ſcho
Bayth ſchaft and hede, anone oz euir ſche ſtent
At the firſt pul, from the depe ruue has rent
Than athir reſtit, and refreſchit wele
Bath in curage, and ſcharp wappinnis of ſtele
Ye traiſtand in hys ſwerd, that wele wald ſchere
And he full pzoude, and ſterne of his big ſpere
Incontrare vtheris, baldly lang thay ſtand
In martiall batall, athir reſiſtand
Alkane full wilful, vtheris til ouer thzaw
At ſic debatt, that bath thay pant and blaw

How Juppiter and Juno dyd contend Eneas frike, and Turnus foz till end.

THe fader almyghty, of the heuin abuf
In the mene tyme, vnto Juno his luf
Quhilk tho doun, from ane zallow wattry cloud
Beheld the bargane therof, nathyng proude
Thus ſpak and ſayde, O my dere ſpous quhaſ now
Quhat end ſall be, of this mater oz how
Quhat reſtys fynalie, now at al lat ſe
Thou wate thy ſelf, and grantis, thou wate Eneas
Is deſtinate, vnto the heuin to cum
And foz to be clepit, with al and ſum
Ane god amang, the goddis Indigites
And by the fatis, foz to reſt in pece
Vpheyit aboue, the ſterry ſkyis hye

Juppiters oyation to Juno.

Quhat

Iupiters oration to Iuno.

Quhat purpoſis, or ellis thou now lat ſé
And in to quhat beliefe, or quhat Intene
Hingis thou ſwa, in the cauld fyrmament
Was it honeſt, ane godly diuine wycht
With ony moꝛtall ſtraik, to woumd in ſicht
Oꝛ ſit ganand the ſwerd, loſt and adew
To rendir Turnus, to his brand of new
And ſtrenth in reſcus, to thame that vincuſt bè
Foꝛ quhat aualit Iuturna, but thy ſupple
Beſill hereof, and at laſt be the leiſt
And condiſcend to bow, at our requeſt
Na ſuffir not, thy hid ſoꝛow I pꝛay
Na langare to conſume, and waiſt away
That Ine mare, ſic wofull thochtis ſe
Schyne noꝛappere in thi ſwete, quod he
Foꝛ now is cummyn the extreme, lattir poynt
Thow mycht quhil now haue, cachit at diſcoynt
The ſylly troyanis, baith be ſe and land
And eik thou mycht alſo, at thine awne hand
Ane keil vntellabil batel, rais on were
Beforme the houſhald, and bring al on ſtere
Be mony diuers wayis, of furie rage
And all wyth murning, mixt thare mariage
Bot I foꝛbid ſou ony mare ſic thing
Thus ſpekand carpis Ioue, grete heuinnis kyng,
Saturnus douchter, Iuno the goddes
Inſwered on this wyſe caſtand doun hir face
O Iupiter dere loꝛd, certis ſayd ſche
Iunos an ſwere Becauſ this thy grete wil was knawin tó me
On foꝛce thare foꝛe, and in contrare my mynd
I left the erd, and my freynd Turnus kynd
Ne war not thay, thou ſuld me ſe allone
Thus ſyttand in the are, all wo begone
Suſtenand thus, al maner of miſcheſe

And

And euery stres, baith leiksum and vnleik
Bot that I suld gyrthit, with stambis rede
Stoutly haue standin, in 3one battale stede
And suld haue drawin, 3one troyanis aue and all
In to keil mortall bargane. Inimicall
I grant I dyd, perswading out of drede
Iuturna to pas doun, at sic nede
To hir brothir, and for hys lyfe eik I
Apprufis wele, and als dois ratify
To vndirtak mare, than to hir pertenit
Bot I forsoith persuadit, neuir nor menit
That sche suld dartis cast, or takillis draw
Nor with the bow, mak debait ony thraw
I swere thare to, be the vnpleland well
Of Styx the flude, and cheif fontane of helt
Quhois only dredefull, superstitioun here
The goddis kepis, that nane dar it forswere
And now forsoith, thy wyll obey sall I
And geuis ouer the caus, perpetualy
And here I leik sic weris, and debait
The quhilk certis, I now detest and hate
Bot for the land, of Latin or Itall
And for mateslie of thy owne blude, sans fale
Ane thing I the beseik, quhilk wele I wate is
Na wyse include in statutis, of the fatis
That is to knaw, quhen that ag wele mot be
Myth happy wedlok, and felicite
3one pepil twane, sall knyt vp peace for ay
Bynd confederance, baith contone in ane lay
That now ne wald, the auld inhabitantis
Byd change thare Latyne name, nor Itale landis
Ne charge thame nowthir, to be called troyanis
Nor 3it be clepit Phrigiane, nor tewcranis
Nor 3it the Latyne peppil, thare lord to change

Nor turne thare clethyng, in vthir habit straṅge
Lat it remane, latine as it was are
And lat the kingis, be namit euirmare
Princis and kaderis, of the stile albane
The lynnage eik, and grete offspring romane
Not discend tharfra, patent and mychip
Under the vertewis, titil of Italy
Troy is doun bet, doun bet lat it remane
With name and all, and neuir vprise agane
Than gan to smyle Jupiter, the grete kim
That is producer of men, and euery thyng
Sister germane, quod he, to Jouc art thou
And secund child, to saturne, auld ha how
Sa grete ane stormc, exspace of felloun Ire
Under thy breist, thou rollis hait as fyre
Not wirk as I the byd, and do away
That wraith consauit, but ony raus I pray
Jupiter grantis Juno hir petitione. I gif and grantis, the thy desire, quod he
Of fre will vncuist, reserris me to the
Thir ilk people, clepit Rusonianis
And vthir wyse, callit Italianis
The auld vsance, and lede of thare cuntre
Sal bruke and vse, and eik thare name sal be
It is now and as, thare stile remanis
Allane the thare personis, the troyanis
Sall inter middill, and remane thaym amang
The fassouns and the ritis, that not gang wrang
Of sacrifice to thaym statute I sall
And latyne repill, of ane toung mak thaym all
The kynd of men, discend from thir troianis
The maner by of the romanis Impir Mydlit with kyn of the Italianis
Thou sall behald, in pleie and gentilnes
To go aboue bayth men, and goddis expreis
For neuir clan mor vthir nationn by

Ik thaym ſall hallow, noꝛ zit ſacrify
Thy wourſchip eik, and honour as thay ſall do
Iuno anneꝛdit, and gaik conſent here to
Full blyith and Ioyus, of this grant perfay
Fra hir auld wꝛaith, has wythit hir mynd away
And in the mene tyme, vntil the heum hie dꝛew
And left the cloud and bad Turnus adew
This beand done, as ſaid is on ſic wiſe
This hie fader, can with him ſelf deuiſe
Ane vthir craft, and pꝛouidis the way
How that he ſall Iuturna dꝛiue away
From helping of hir bꝛothir, in till armes
Thare bene two vengeabil monſtouris, fwl of harmes
Clepit to ſurname, dire wikkit as fyꝛe
That is to ſay, the goddis waik and Ire
Quhilk mylcheuous, and cruell ſiſteris twa
Hampn wyth the helis furie megera
Bare at ane birth, foꝛ na thing pꝛofitabill
The nicht thare moder, that barne tyme miſerabill
And al elik wimplit, and cled ther traikis
With edderis thꝛawing, and haris full of ſnaikis
And thare to ekit wyngis, ſwift as wynd
Thir wikkit ſchꝛewis, reddys ſall ze fynd
Befoꝛe the trone of Ioue, and eik alſo
Within the wanis, of cruell king Pluto
Thay ſcharp the dꝛede, to moꝛtal wꝛechit wichtis
Quhen euir the king, of goddis by his michtis
The deith, oꝛ the contagius ſeiknes ſoꝛe,
Diſponis him to ſend, in the erth heꝛe
Oꝛ quhen that hem liſt, to ſtiꝛre and affray
Cieteis with weꝛefare as deſeruit hanie thay
Ioue ane of thir full ſwyppet to deſcend
Furth of the heum abone, anoye has ſend
And bald hir hald, doun baldly to the erde

For to relist Juturnais fre, and werdē
And scho anone dunn flew, to pleis the lardē
And to the ground thuddis, with hally swardē
Nane vthir wise, than from the string doth fle
The swift arrow, out throw the are we se
Or in to bittir venom, wet sum flane
Caslin or schot, by sum archeare perfanē
Wy sum persone, or man of Sydony
The schaft throwin, that quhirllis throw the skyē
And quhare it hittis, wirkis ane wound of pyne
Uncurabill, be craft of medicyne
And so swiftly slydis, throw the clouddis gray
That quhare it went, nane may persaue the way
On sic manere the nychtis, dochter on flocht
Throw the skyies doun to the erth, sone socht
And eftir that scho saw, the troiane oistis
And Turnus routis, arrayit on the coastis
Sche bir transformyt in liknes, of ane foule
Quhilk we ane litill howlet, clepe or oule
And that sam time, in granis or stokkis of tre
Or ane waist thak, or heilsis ruffis hie
Sittand by nycht, singis ane sorowfull tone
In the dirk skuggis, with skrikis Inopportune
This vengeabill wraik, in sic forme changit thus
Euin in the face, and visage of Turnus
Can fle and flak, and mad him for to grow
Sho soundis so, with mony his and how
And in hys schield, can with hir wyngis smyte
Ane new dolfnes dissolut, his membris tite
For verray drede, and for grete honour als
Vpstert his hare, the voce stak in hys hals
Bot as Juturna, sone on ker couth here
Of this furie the quhistling, and the bere
The southyng of hir wyngis, and hir fyche

Hys wokull lyster, hir hare rent for that lich
wyth nalis rylland reuthfully hir face
And smytand with hir neifis, hir breist allace
Turnus may best belout, brothir quod sche
Quhat may thy sister help, now wayis me
Or quhat now to me reskis, wrechit wycht
Thy liue prolong, how may I se quhat slicht
May I opptn me to resist, or stryue
wyth sic an monstour na, nane wycht on lyue
Now now I lest the feild, and gois away.
O ze mylcheuus foulis, I zou pray
Do me na mare grife, trimbland for fere
The clappyng of zour wyngis, I knaw and here
And eik the dedely soundis, wele on fere
The power command, of mychty Iupiter
That gidis all thyng, by his maieste
Dois me not now, assert for I it se
Is this the ganzeild, that he rendris me
In recompens, of my virgnite
Quhareto eternale lyfe, has he me geif
Quharto suld I, on this wyse euer leif
Quharto is me bereft, the faculte
Of deith, and grantit Immortalite
For gyf I mortall war, now now soothly
Thir sa grete dolozus, mycht I end in hy
And wyth my reuthfull brothir, go with all
Amang the dym, schaddois infernale
O dere brother germane, wythout the
Is na thing swett, nor plesand vnto me
O now quhat ground, land or erde teuch
Sall swelly me tharin, half depe ynouch
And thocht I bene ane goddes, doun me drawe
And send me vntill infernale, wychtis lawe
Thus mekyll said sche, and therwyth bad adew

Iuturna last sysart and rycht plesyt to hir bycheir Turnus.

Hir hede halit with ane haw, claith or blew
And murnand greitlye, thare as sche stude
Thys goddes depe, doukit vnder the stude

¶ It Eneas/Turnus ane stane dyd cast
Bot Eneas, has slane hym at the last

ENee with this instantly, did not ceis
For to recounter, Turnus in the preis
And his big spere, apoun him schakis he
Quhilk sempt rate, and square as ony tre
And with ane bald, and bustuous breist thus spak
Quhat menis that, langsum delayse mak
Quhy tarryse for schame, Turnus all day
Quharto wythdrawis, thou the so away
Vneas cõmonyng with Turnus afore his death.
Wee pingyl not for spede, na cours to ryn
Bot we debait, suld this barres within
With wappinnis kene, and with our birnist brandis
To giddir mete deryue, It with our handis
Do change thy selk, or turne at thy awne eis
In al maner of figuris, as the pleis
Sadder togiddir, and assembil now lat se
All that thou has, of strenth and subtillite
Wys now to sle vp, to the sternes on hicht
With feddrit wyngis, for to tak thy flicht
Or for to clois thy selk, this Ilk thrawe
In to sum cauerne, vnder the erth lawe
Turnus schakande his hede, said thou fers so
Thy feruent wourdis, compt I not ane stro
Thy sawis makis me, not agast perfay
It is the goddis, that dois me affray
And Iupiter be cummin my Inemye
Na moze be said, bot blent about in by
And dyd espie, quhare that ane grete rolk lay
Ane ald crag stane, huge grete and gray
Quhilk on the plane percase, was liggand nere

Ane marche ſetin that ground, mony ane zere
Of tua feildis, for to diſcerne thare by
The auld debait, of pley or contrauerſy
Sikarlly twyis ſex, ſtout walit men and wycht
Quhilk now the erde produtis, has ſic mycht
To charge it on thare ſchulderis, or to bere
Quham full lychtly Turnus, that nobil here
Hynt in his hand, and ſwakkit at his ko
And raſit him on hicht, thare vnder alſo
And tharwith chargit, ane ful ſwyft cours ran
Bot ſa confoundit, is this douchty man
That he ne knew him ſelfin, in that ſtede
Nowthir quhare that he ran, nor quhare he zede
Nor felt him ſelf lyftand, on the land
The meikill ſtane, nor ſtere it with his hand
His knetis ſtummerit, and his lymmes flydis
The blude congelit, for fere within his flydis
So that the ſtane, he at his fomen threw
Fayntly throw out the vode, and waiſt are flew
Ne went it all the ſpace, as he dyd mynt
Nor as he etlit, perfurniſt not the dynt
Lyke as ſum tyme, in our ſlewing we tak kepe
Quhen langſum dreuellyng, or the vnſound ſlepe
Our ene ouer ſettis, in the nychtis reſt
Than ſemes vs full bely, and full preſt
That vs ſtreik, and doith addres in hye
Lang renkis for to mak, and ryn ſwyftly
Bot al for not, for at the firſt aſſay
Or in the myddis of the ſtreit, by the way
All faynt we fall, as for feblit war we
The toung auails not, It wyll not be
Nor zit the ſtrenthis, in our body knaw
Semys ſufficient, to vs at that thraw
For ſet we preis vs, faſt to ſpeike out braid

Ne voce noꝛ woꝛdis kollowis not, is said
Sic like wyse, hes the goddis mysceuus
Umbeset al the way, of Turnus
Quhat euir to do, by hys strenth etlit he
Sche made obstakil, al that ganestandis sche
That in hys mynd, become his wittis strange
And begouth foꝛ to wary, and to change
And oft he did behald, rutulianis
And oft the ciete with al that rial wanys
Ne houeris all abasit, foꝛ dꝛede and fere
And gan to quayk, se and at hand the spere
Ne gan he fynd, quhiddir away to wend
Noꝛ on quhat wyse, hym selk he may defend
Noꝛ wyth quhat strenth, assale his aduersare
Noꝛ be na wayis persaik his cart oꝛ chare
Noꝛ se hys sister, that had hys cartare be
And as he stude, on houer thus Enee
The kataile dedely spere, in hand can tais
And wyth his ene markit, and walit has
Ane place be foꝛtoun, to smyte opoꝛtune
And with the hale foꝛs, of his body sone
Furth from his hand, the lance can thꝛaw
Neuir sa swiftlie, quhidderand the stane flaw
Swakkit from the ingyne, vnto the wall
Noꝛ sulderis dynt that caulis touris kall
Swith sic ane rumpll come bꝛatland on sa kast
Lyk the blak thud of awkull thunderis blast
Furth flew the schakt, to smyte the dedely straik
And wyth it bꝛocht, meikil mischeuus wꝛaik
Quhill thꝛow the halwꝛek skirtis peirsit has
And the extreme boꝛdoure, can arrace
Of his strang scheilde couchit of seuin ply
And quhirrand smat him thꝛow the thy in hy
That wyth the dynt huge, Turnus ful vnsound

Eneas gyffys tur nio hys dedlys wound.

wyth

ꝥyth fald and hochis,dulcht to the ground
Vp ſtert Rutulians,ſampn complenyng
ꝥyth ane ȝalloch,and careful womentyng
Quhil all the hyllis,rumyſkit thaym about
And fer on brede,thik woddis gaif ane ſchout
And Turnus than,quhare he at erth did lye
Addreſſis furth ful humyll and lauly
Towart Enee,his ſicht and ene tway
And ſtrekis furth his rycht hand him to pray
And thus he ſayd,forſoith I haue deſerue
The deith I knaw,and of thy hand to ſterue
Ne wyl I not,beſeik the me to ſpare
Vſe furth thy chance,quhat nedis prolcs mare
Bot gif that ony cure,or thocht quod he
Of ony woful parent,may twiche the
Haue reuth and mercy,of king da'mus the auld
Thou had forſoith,as I haue hard be tauld
Anchiſes ſic ane fader,as is he
And me or than,gif bettir likis the
My body ſpuilȝeit,and the life bereft
Vnto my folkis,thou may rendir eft
Thou has me vincuſt I grant,and me ouer cum
Italianis preſent,all and ſum
Has ſene ſtrekis furth my handis humelie
Lauinia is thy ſpous,I not deny
Extend na forther,thy waith and matelent
Eneas ſterne in armes tho preſent
Rolland his ene,towart Turnus did ſtand
And liſt not ſtrik,bot can withdraw hys hand
And more and more,thir wourdis by and by
Begouth inclyne,him to reuth and mercy
Abiding lang hour,quhat he ſuld do
Quhil at the laſt,on turnus ſchulder lo
The key girdil he ſette,did appere

Turnus laſt prayer to Eneas after he had reſaueit the bodyis wound.

ꝥyth

With ſtuchis knaw, and pendes ſchinand clere
The belt or tiſche, of the chyld pallas
Quhilk by this Turnus laitly vinciſt was
As we haue ſaid, and wyth ane greuous wound
Slane in the feild, bet doun and brocht to ground
And Turnus in remembrance of this thing
About hys ſchulderis bare, thys vnkeyndly ſting
Bot eftir that Eneas, with hys Ene
Sa cruell takynnis, of diſeis has ſene
And can ſic wede berekt thare eſpie
And ful of furour, kendillis he in hie
Full brym of Ire, and terribil thus can ſay
Sal thou eſchape me, of this ſtede away
Clede with the ſpulze, of my freyndis dere
Pallas Pallas, with thys wound richt here
Of the ane differand, of the goddis makis
And of the wikkit dauchter, punitioun takis
And ſayand thus full feirs, in all his mane
Laich in hys breiſt, or coiſt lay him forgane
His ſwerd has hit full hait, and therwithall
The cald of deith diſſolut his membris all
Death. The ſpyrete of lyfe, fred murnand with ane grone
And with diſdene, vnder the dirk erth is gone.

Finis.

¶ The Prologue of the .xiii. Booke

A dyſcrip-tion of June.

Ouart the heuin, amyd the ſomeris hete
Quben in the Crab, Appollo held hys ſete
During the Joyus moneth tyme of June
As gone nere was, the day and ſupper done
I walkit furth, about the feildis tite
Quhilkis tho replenift ſtude ful of delite
With herbis, cornes, cattel, and frute treis
Plente of ſtore birdis, and beſy beis
In amerand medis, fleand eſt and weſt

Eftir labour, to tak the nychtis reſt
And as I lukit, on the lift me by
All birnand rede, gan waxen the euin ſky
The ſon enkired hale, as to my ſicht
Quhirllit about his ball with bemes bzicht
Declynand faſt, towart the nozth in dede
And fyxte Phigie, on his dym nychtis ſtede
Doukit ſa depelys hede, in ſludis gray
That Phebus rollis doun, vnder hel away
And eſperug in the weſt, with bemes bzicht
Up ſpzingis, as foze rydare of the nycht
Amyd the hawchis, and euery luſty vale
The recent dew, begynnis doun to ſkale
To meis the birning, quhare the ſone had ſchyne
Quhilk tho was, to the nethir warld declyne
At euery pilis poynt, and cozues croppis
The teicheris ſtude, as lemand burial dzoppis
And on the helſum herbis, clene but wedis
Like criſtall knoppis, oz ſmal ſiluer bedis
The licht begouth, to quenſchyng out and fall
The day to dirkin declyne and deuall
The gummis rillis, doun fallis the donk rime
Bayth here and thare, ſkuggis and ſchaddois dym
Up gois the bak, with hir pelit ledzen flicht
The Larkis diſcendis, from the ſkyes hicht
Singand hir complene, ſang eftir hir giſe
To tak hir reſt, at matyne houre to ryſe
Out ouer the ſwire, ſwymmys the ſoppis of myſt
The nicht fureth fpzed, hir cloik wyth ſabyl lyſt
That al the bewty, of the fructuus feild
Was wyth the erthis vmbzage, clene ouer heild
Bayth man and beiſt, firth, ſtude, and woddis wylde
Inuolnit in the ſchaddois warren ſylde
Styll was the foulis, fleis in the are

All floze and cattall ſeſit in thare lare
All creature quhare ſo, thaime lykis beſt
Bowmis to tak, the haleſum nychtis reſt
Eftir the dayis labour, and the hete
Clois warren all, and at thare ſokt quiet
But ſterage oz mouyng, he oz ſche
Outher beiſt bird, fyſche, foule by land oz ſe
And ſchortly euery thyng that doith repare
In firth oz feild flude, forreſt erth oz are
Oz in the ſtroggis, oz the buſkis rouk
Lakis mereſſis, oz thare pulis Douk
Habitt lyggis ſtyl, to ſleip and reſtis
Bot the ſmall birdis, ſyttand on thare neſtis
The lytil mydgis, and the bruſum fleis
Lauboztus emottis, and the billy beis
Als wele the wyld, as the tame be ſtiall
And euery vthir thingis, grete and ſmall
Out tak the mery nychtyngale, philomene
That on the thoune ſat, ſyngand fro the ſplene
Quhais myrthfull nottis, ſanging foz to here
Vntyll ane garth, vnder ane grene Laurere
I walk anone, and in ane ſege doun ſat
Now muſyng apoun this, and new on that
I ſe the poll, and eik the vrlis bryght
And hozned lutyne caſtand, bot dym lyche
Becaus the ſomer ſkyes, ſchane ſo clere
Goldin venus, the maiſtres of the zere
And gentill Joue, wyth hir participate
Thare bewteous bemes, ſched in blyith eſtate
That ſchortlie, thare as I was lenit doun
Foz nycht ſilence, and thir birdis ſoun
On ſlepe I ſtaied, quhare ſone I ſaw appere
Ane agit man, and ſaid quhat dois thou here
Vnder my tre, and wyllyſt me na gude

me

We thocht I lurkit vp, vnder my hude
To spy thys auld, that was als sterne of speich
As he had bene ane medicinare, or leiche
And wele persauit, that hys wede was strange
Thare to so auld, it had not bene change
Be my consate, fully that fourty zere
For it was threde, bare into placis sere
Side was hys habyt, round and closit mete
That strekit to the ground, doun ouer his fete
And on hys hede of laurere, tre ane croun
Lyke to sum poet, of the auld fassoun
We thocht I said, to hym with reuerence
Fader gif I haue done zou any offence
I sal amend gif it lyis, in my mycht
Bot soithfastlie, gif I haue perfit sicht
Vnto my dome I saw zou neuir ere
Fane wald I wit, quhen or quhat wise or quhare
Aganis zou trespassit, ocht haue I
Wele quod the tothir, wald thou mercy cry
And mak amendis, I sall remit this fait
Bot vthir wayis, that let sall be full sait
Knawis thou not, Mapheus wegtous the poete
That vnto virgillis, lusty werk swete
The. xiii. buke ekit Eneadane
I am the same, and of the nathyng kane
That has the tothir thuelf, in to thy toung
Translatit of new thay may be red and soung
Ouer Albioun Ile, into zour vulgare lede
Bot to my buke, zit list ze tak na hede
Maister I said, I here wele quhat ze say
And in thys case, of perdoun zou I pray
Not that I haue zou ony thing offendit
Bot rather that I haue my tyme mispendit
So lang on virgillis volume, for to stare

Recommo-
nig betui
the auth(
and Ma
pheus.

And laid on syde, full mony greate mater
That wald I now wryte, in that trety more
Quhat suld folk deme, bot all my tyme forloze
Als sundry haldis, fader traistes me
Zour buke ekyt, but ony necessite
As to the text accordyng, neuir ane dele
Ware thay langis to the cart, the fyft quheil
Thus sen ze bene, ane chrysten man at large
Lay na sic thing, I pray zou to my charge
Ze may sukkyce wyrgyl, As at ane end
I wait the story of Jerome, is to zou kend
Quhow he was doung, and bekt into his slepe
For he to gentilis bukis, gaif syc kepe
Full scharp reprefe, to sum is wrate ze wyst
In this sentence, of the haly psalmist
Thay ar corrupit, and made abhominabyl
In thare studying, thing vnprofitabyl
Thus sare me dredis, I sall thole ane hete
For the graue study, I haue so lang forlete
Za son quod he, wald thow eschape me sa
In fayth we sall not thus part or we ga
How thynk we, he allongeis him for to assart
As all for conscience, and deuote hart
Fenze and hym Jerome, for to counterfete
Quhare as he liggis, bedoutn lo in suete
I lat the wyt, I am na beithin wycht
And gif thou has afore tyme, gane vnrycht
Followand sa lang virgyll, ane gentyle clerk
Quhy schrenkis thou, with my schorte Crystin werk
For thocht it be, bot poetry we say
My buke and virgillis, morale bene bot tway
Len me ane fourtene nicht, how euir it be
Or be the faderis saule, me gat quod he
Thou sall dere by, that euir thou virgil knew

And with that wourd, doun of the sete me drew
Syne to me with his club, he thaid ane brade
And twenty rowtis, apoun my riging laid
Quhil deo me o, mercy did I cry
And be my richt hand, strekit vp in hy
Hecht to translate his buke, in honour of god
And his appostlis, twelf in nowmer od
Ye glade thareof, me be the hand vp tuke
Syne went away, and I for fere awouke
And blent about, to the north eist wele fer
Saw gentyl Iubar, schynand the day ster
And chiron clepit, the signe of sagittary
That walkis the someris nycht, to bed can cary
Sounder doun dwynis the cuim sky away
And vpspringis the bricht, dawning of the day
In till ane vthir place, not fer in sounder
That to behald was plesance, and half wounder
Furth quenchеing, gan the sternes one be one
That now is best, bot lucifer allone
And forthirmore to blasin, this new day
Quhay micht discryue the birdis, blisful bay
Belyue on wyng, the bessy lark vpspyang
To salute the bricht morow, with hir sang
Sone ouer the feildis, schynes the licht clere
Welcum to pilgrymе baith, and laubore
Cite on his hines gaif, the greif ane cry
Awalk on lute, go tyl our husbandry
And the hird callis, apoun his page
To dryue the catall, to thare pasturage
The hynes wiffe clepis, vp katherine and gyl
Ya dame said thay, god wate with ane gude will
The dewye grene powderit, with dasies gay
Schew on the sward, ane cullour dapil gray
The myrry vapouris, spryngand vp ful swete

Waist conꝺoꝛtabil, to glaꝺ al mannis ſpꝛete
Thareto thir birdis ſingis, in ſhare ſchawis
As menſtralis playis, the Joly day now dawis
Than thocht I thus, I wil my cunnand keip
I wil not be ane daw, I wyl not ſleip
I will complete my pꝛomys ſchoꝛtly thus
Waid to the poete, maiſter Wapheus
And mak vp werk hereof, and cloſs our buke
That I may ſyne, bot on graue materis luke
Foꝛ thocht his ſtile, be not to virgil like
Full wele I wate, my text ſal mony like
Syne eftir ane, my toung is and my pen
Quhilk may ſuffice, as foꝛ our vulgar men
Quhay euer in latine, has the vꝛute and gloꝛe
I ſpeik na vers, than I haue done befoꝛe
Lat clerkis ken, the Poete ꝺifferent
And men vnletterit, to my werk tak tent
Quhilk is twiching this. xiii. buke in ſere
Begynnis thys, as furth wyth followis here.

Finis.

¶ The. xiii. Booke of Eneados.

¶ Rutulianis peppl, eftir Turnus ꝺeceis
Obeyis Eneas, and takis them to his pece.

Wapheus reherſis quhat thi ges war done efter Turn as ſlaughter.

AS Turnus, in the latir bargane lotſt
Vincuſt in feild, zald furth the fleand goſt
Thys marciall pꝛince, this vial loꝛd Enee
As victoꝛ, ful of mangnanymyte
Amyddis baith, the routis baldly ſtandis
That to behald him, apoun athir handis
All oniſt and agaſt, ware all him ſaw
And to the latine people, hale on raw
Ane felloun murnyng and ane wokful bere
And gan deuode, and hoiſtit out ful clere
Depe from thare breiſtis, the hard ſoꝛow ſmert

wyth curage loist, and doun swytten thare hert
Like as the huge forest can bewale
His granis doun bet, and his branschis skale
Quhen thay bene cached, and all to schakin fast
wyth the fell thud, of the northe wyndis blast
For thay thare lancis, frist in the erde
And lenys on the swerdis, with ane rerd
Thare schetldis of thare schulderis, slang away
That bargane, and that were fast wary thay
And gan abhor of mars, the wylde luke
Quhilk laitlye thay desirit, and did apruke
The bridill now refuse, thay not to dre
Nor zoik thare nekkis, in captiuite
And to Jupiter forgifnes, in all greit
Quyet and end of harmys, in myscheif
As quhen that twa grete bullis, on the plane
Togiddirrynnys, in byttir grete bargane
Thare lang debait, mydland, quhare thay stand
wyth large blude scheddand, on athir hand
Quhill athir, of thame vnto the battellis syne
His awne beistis, and birdis dois inclyne
Bot gif the price of victory betydis
Til ony of thir twa, on athir sidis
Anone the catall quhilk, fauourit langer
The beist ouercumin, as thare cheif and here
Now thame subdewis, vndir his ward in hye
Quhilk as the ouerhand, wynnyng mastery
And of fre wil, al thocht thare myndis be thra
Allentis him til obey, and euin richt sa
The rutulianis, al thocht the grete site
Thare breistis bad bedowit, and to smyte
with grete affray of slauchter, of thare duke
Yit thocht thame leuir, and hale thare purpois tuke
To follow and obey, for all thare harmes

The ḡentil chiftane, and bettyr man of armes
And thame ſubdew, to the troiane Enee
And him beſeik, of pece and amite
Of reſt and quyet, euermoyr from were
For thame thare landis, mobilis and vthir gere
Eneas tho, wyth pleſand voce, ful brade
And ſtand and aboue, Turnus thus he ſayd
O dawnus ſon, how come this haſty rage
In to thy breiſt, wyth ſolv and dotage
That thou micht not ſuffer the troianis
Quhilkis at commaund of goddis, in to thare planis
And by power of hie Joue, ar hydder cary
Wythin the boundis of Italie to tary
And all in vane ſo excellyng wald
Of thare behеſt, and promyſt hald
Lerne for to dreде grete Joup, and not gainſtand
And to fulfyl gladly, the goddis commaund
And for thare greif, wele aucht we to be war
Sum tyme in yre will grow grete muppter
And oft remembrance, of that wykkit wrak
Soliſtis the goddis tharof to tak
Lo now of al ſic furour and effere
The lattir meith and terme, is preſent here
Quhare aganis reſſoun and equite
Aganis lawte, and brokin al vnite
Of confederacioun, ſwoyn and band ar now
The troiane peppyl-ſare, and trublyt bas thou
Behold and ſe the extreme finale day
To gyf al vtheris, gude exampil for ay
That it mot neuir, leful be agane
Tyll ony tyl conteruyne grete Joue in vane
As for to rais, wyth ſic dreде and effere
Sa vnwourthy moctoun, of wykkit were
Now beis glad, bruke thine armour but pled

Exhortacion to bee circumſpect in tymes cummyng in mouing of warre

Mare

Allace ane nobil coꝛps, now lyggis debe
The grete Turnus, and as to my demmyng
Lauania has the coist, na littyl thyng
Noꝛ thou na schame, nedis thynk in na pärt
That of Eneas handis, thou kelpt art
Now cummys here, rutulyanis but delay
The body of ȝour duke, turnis hyne away
I grant ȝou baith, the armour and the man
Hald on and do tharto, al that ȝe can
As langis vnto the honour of beryng
Oꝛ to bewale the deith, of sic ane kyng
Bot the grete passand gyꝛdyl, and sic gere
That Pallas my dere freynd, was wount to were
To Euander, I wyl send foꝛ to be
Na litȳl solace, to him quhen he sal se
His kelloun ka is kelyt, this vnknaw
Ful glaid tharof, Turnus is brocht of daw
And nethe les, now ȝe Italyanis
That ythtrwyse, bene clepit Ausonanis
Remember hereof and lerne in tyme cummyng
Wyth better aspectis, and happy begynning
To moue and tak on hand debait oꝛ were
Foꝛ be the blysfit sternes brycht, I swere
Neuer na ostis, noꝛ ȝit armour gladly
Aganis ȝou in batal, mouyt, I
Bot cunstrenit by ȝour furie, as I kend
Wyth al my foꝛce, I set me to defend
The troiane party, and of our awyne of spryng
As al foꝛsoith this was, but leiksum thyng
No moꝛe Eneas sayd, bot tharewyth all
Addꝛessit him towart the ciete wall
And thꝛow the keyldis socht ful ioyfully
To his new troiane resset, and herby
Samin him followis, al the tout attanis

Eneas pyn deut & godly oȝacion.

Eneas humanitye & gentilnes

The pissance hale, and 3oungkeris of tewtranis
And ouer the planis glaid and wounder licht
The swift stedis, as the foule at flicht
Throw spede of fute, assayis by and by
And oft with bittir mouth, and crying fy
And can accuse, the Latyne pepill all
Oft kaynt folkes, and sleuthfull did thaime call
That with thare cerde, and bemyng quhare thay fare
For the derayfull bich dynnys the are.

¶ How Eneas glaid, of his victory
Zouit the goddis, and can them sacrify.

AND thocht Enee the besy thochtfull curis
Constrenit has as twiching sepulturis
Of his folkis slane, and bering
With funerall fire, and flambis according
3it neuertheles in his breist, rollis and steris
Ane grete mater, and largeare as efferis
Bot first the souerane honoure, on thare gyse
On the altaris, with detfull sacrifice
He ordand has, and than fra hand to hand
Efter the rite, and vsance of thare land
The 3oung ordn, gan thay sleik and sla
Within thare tempil, haue thay brocht alsua
The bullyous swyne, and the twinteris snaw quhite
That wyth the clufis, can the erde smyte
With mony plat schedand, thare purpoure blude
Furth haue thay rent thare entrailys ful vnrude
And gan denude, and striping of thare hydis
Syne hakkyng thame, by tailzeis and be sydis
The hayt flambis brycht, has thame laid
And furth thay 3et the wyne, in coupis glaid
God bachus gyftis, fast thay multiply
With platis ful, the altaris by and by
And gan do charge and wourschip with fat lyre

The smelland sence, vp blesis in the tyre
Than throw that hald thay feist, and make gude chere
Uprais the mery rerd, and ioyus bere
Thay did extol, and louing wyth grete wounder
Grete Jupiter, the kereful god of thunder
And dame Venus, thay wourschippit also
And the Saturnus dochter, quene Juno
Now pecifyit, in better than before
Ane huge laud, to the thay zald tharfore
And eik him selfe, Mars the grete god of armes
Thay magnify, as worthar of thare harmes
Syne hale the remanent, of thare cumpany
Of the goddis, thay name furth by and by
Wyth hie vocis, and wyth loud cryis
Lout and bowne vp hie, amang the skyis
Before thame al, maist gratius Eneas
His handis two, as the custum was
Towart the heum, gan vplyft, and arrate
And syne the chyld Ascanius, did enbrace
Sayand ane few wourdis, that al mycht here
O thou my son, and onlie chylde moist dere
In quham onlie restis, thy faderis beleif
Quham throw sa mony laubouris and myscheif
I carpit haue, cachit ful mony gatis
Be the hard fortoun, and the thrawart fatis
Lo now our rest, and quyet found for ay
Lo now the rest and maist desirit day
To mak end, of our harmes and distres
Our paneful laubour, pallit is expres
Lo the acceptabil day, for euermore
Quhilk I ful oft, has schawin the before
Quhen vntil hard bargane, callit was I
This was to cum, and betid by and by
Be dispositoun, of the goddis abufe

Eneas cō-
forteth his
son after
gret lau
bouris.

And now my derest chyld, for thy behuke
To morne sone, as Iuroza warys rede
To the ciete of Laurent, that rial stede
I sal the send, as victor with outir hand
To be maister, and to mantene this land
And eftir this, he turnyd him agane
Unto his folkis, and peppl troiane
And from the boddum of his breist, wele law
Wyth soft speche, furth can thir weurdis drawe
O ze my feris, and my freyndis bald
Throw mony hard perreilis, and thik fald
Throw sa feil stormis, baith on land and se
Hidder now caryit, to thys coist wyth me
Throw sa grete feruour, of batall, in to stour
And doubil furie, of werefare in armour
Be sa feil wynterys blastis, and tempestis
By al wayis, noyfum, and vncestis
And all that horribil was, ozzit heuy
Woful, hidduous, wykkit and vnhappy
Ozzit cruel, oz myscheuus, now stade
In bettir hope, returne zour myndis beis glade
Now is the end, of al ennoy and wo
The terme is cumming, here sal thay stynt and ho
And lyke as we desyrit for the best
Wyth Latyne pepill, in ferme peace and rest
We sal contone, and like in vnite
And Lauinia, of that ilk blude quod he
Quham I defendit, haue, in strang bargane
Of Troiane kyn, wyth blude Italiane
Sanyn mydlyt to me, as spous in hy
Sal zeild lynnage, to reyng perpetually
Ane thing my fallowis, and my freyndis dere
I zou beseking, and I zou requere
Bere zeur myndis equale, as al anys

As commoun freyndis, to the Italiānis
And to my fader in law, the kyng Latyne
Obeyis al, and wyth reuerence inclyne
Ane mychty ſcepture, and ryal weris he
This is my mynd, this is my wyl perde
Bot in to batal, and douchty dedis of armes
ȝou for to wreik and reuenge, of ȝour harmes
Lerne for to follow me, and to be meik
ȝe conterfete my reuch, and piete eik
Quhat gloire is betid, ful wele is knaw
Bot he the heich heuin, and ſterues law
To wytneſſyng, that I the ſampn wycht
Quhilk thou deliuerit has, in to the fycht
From ſa huge harmes, and miſcheuys ſere
I ſal ȝou ſeis, and induce now but were
In ſer largeare rewardis mychtely
And ȝou rendir ȝour deſiret by and by
wyth ſic wourdis, gan he thame conforting
And in hys mynd, ful, mony ſundry thyng
Of chancis bypaſt, rollyng to and fro
Thinkand how he is brocht to reſt alſo
With na litil laubouris, ſturt and panis
And wyth excedand luſt of the troianis
Ful ardently, he ſlokis al in Joye
Glade at the laſt, from dangeare and, ennoy,
So huge and heuy perrellis mony fald
Thay war eſchapit, and brocht to ſour hald
Lyke as quhen that the gredy glede on hycht
Skummand vp in the are, of Turnus his flycht
wyth felloun fard, watchand the chyknnis lyte
Thare deith mannaſſand, reddy for to ſmyt
The ereiſcit foule thare moder, tho ful ſmart
For hir pullettis, wyth harmes at hir hart
Affrayit gretely, of that woſull chance

Gan rax hir self, and hir curage auance
For to resist hir fa, scharpand hir bill
And with hale force, and mycht of egar will
Apoun hir aduersare, baldlie settis sche
Quhill at the last, to gif the bak and fle
With mekill pane, and verray violence
Scho hym constranis, and to pik him hence
Hir birdis syne clokand, scho sekis on raw
And all affrayit, dois thame samyn drawe
Ennoyit greitlie, for hir childer dere
And quhen thay bene assemblit, all in fere
Than glaid scho wourdis, and thare mete can scrap
For that thay haik, sa grete perrell eschaip
Nane vthir wise, the son of Anchises
With freyndlie wourdis thus, amyd the preis
The troyane myndis, can mese and assuage
As man fulfillit of wit, and vassalage
Dryuand furth, of thare hartis all on flocht
The bald drede, and birnand heuy thocht
That wele thame likis now, thare ioy and eis
At last fundin eftir sa grete diseis
And at last to fore, was tedious
To suffir or sustene, and ennoyus
Now to remembir the samin, or reherssing
Dois to thame solace confort, and lykyng
Bot maist of al, in the grete Enee
Quhilk in excellent vertewe, and bounte
Excedit all the remanent, ane fer way
And for sa seil dangeris, and mony affray
The goddis power, and mychty mateste
With giftis grete, and offerandis wourschippis he
Eik Iupiter the fader of goddis, and king
Gan to extoll, with maist souerane louing

How turnus folkis/ for him made sare regrete
and king latyne/contempnis his wrechit estate.

IN the menetyme, the rutulianis, yche one
The grete dede corps, reuthfull and wo begone
Of thare duke Turnus, slane as said is are
within the ciete, of Laurentum bare
with mekill murnyng, in thare myndis empyrent
And from thare ene, ane large schoure furth sent
Of teris grete, as thocht the heuin did rane
And ker one brede dyd fyl, thir eris twane
Of kyng Latyne with cry, and womenting
That al to irkyt, was the nobill king
And in his breist the selfe tyme, in ballance
was rolling mony selcouth, diuers chance
Bot quhen he hard, thare loude womenting
Incressyng mare and mare, and Turnus zing
wyth sa grisly ane wound, throw gird has sene
Than mycht he not, from teris him contene
And syne this rout, so trist and wo begone
Fail curtally chargis, be styl anone
Baith wyth hys hand, and wourdis in his presence
Intoned has, and commanded them silence
Lyke as quhen that the fomy bere, has bet
wyth hys thunderand, awful tuskis grete
Throw out the coist, and eik the entrallys all
Ane of the rout, the hound maist principall
Than the remanyng, of the questyng sort
For thys vnsilly chance, offrayit at schort
wyth drawis fra about, the maister hunter (for fere
wyth quhyncheand, mouthis quaik and standis
And with grete zouling, dyd complene and mene
Bot thare lord rasis hys hand bedene
And byddis teis, thay hald thare mouthis still
Thare quhyngeing, and thare questing at hys wyll

Refreneg

Refrenis, and all clois gan thaime withhald
Thir same wyse thir rutulianis, as he wald
Gan at command debait thare, voce and ceice
To here the kingis mynd, and hald thare peace
Than thus weping, from his hart rute wele law
The king Latyne begouth, thir wourdis schaw
O how grete motioun, quhat altering vnstabill
How oft syis interchangeit, and variabill
Bene the actis, and dedis of men quod he,
wyth how grete trubil, but tranquilite
Is quhirlit about, the lyfe of man behald
O dampnabill pryde, and ambicioun that wald
Bruke croun or sceptur proude, in thine entent
Quhilk bene so fragil, and not permanent
O fury o lust, that bene ouer gretumly
Bred in your breistis, to couate senzeorie
Thou blynde desire, insatiabil may not tary
Our mortal myndis, quhiddir do thou cary.
O glory and renowne, of lois in vane
Conquest with feil perrellis, and huge pane
To quhat condicioun, or to quhat estate
Thou steris furth, thir proude myndis inflate
How mony tichtis, and dissatis quent
With the thou turbis, how mony wayis to schent
How feill tormentis grete harme, and wikkitnes
Quhat labour curis falsched, and craftynes
How mony dartis, how keyll swerdis kene
Gif thou beheld, thou has afore thy ene
Allace thou swete venom, schawis and zit
This warldly wourschip, has the dedelye bit
Allace the sorowful reward, in al thing
Of realme, and thaime couatis for to ryng
Quhilk consistis oft na litil thyng, but were
Allace the heuy birding, of warldly gere
That neuir houre may suffir, nor prosperyt

king latynis pitefull oration deploring the inconstance of fortoune reherssinge the great calamitys and incommodytyis of king domes and commoun welthys.

Thare

Thare possessoure, in rest noȝ pece to sit
Allace the miserabil chance, and hard estate
Of kinglye honour, sa infoztunate
The chance of kingis, standis vnder lout
To mekil dze de, ay subiect and in dout
From thare estate, to decay suddanlie
That all quiet, and eis is to tham deny
O turnus quhat aualit, the to stere
In huge bargane so, and fere of were
Al Italie, with sic deray attanis
And to perturbe, the strang Eneadanis
Constrenyng tham hard, batall tyl assay
Oȝ quhat aualis now, I pray the say
Foz til haue brokin, violate oȝ fthent
The haly promyssis, and the bandis gent
Of peace and concozd oblist, and swozne
Quhat was thy mynd to rent, and al to tozne
With sa mekyl impacience, on this wyse
That thay list moue the, were but myne auise
With thy pepill so bald, strang and sage
That bene discendit, of the goddis lynnage
And at command of Joue, the god of thunder
Ar hiddir carryit, foz to mak sic blunder
That wylfully, but motiue so belliue
Enfozcit the thame, ouer coist to dzyue
And foz th brek the band, that promyssitis
Of our douchter, til our gud son Enee
And with thy hand hard bargane, rays and stere
Quhen I planely denyit, to moue were
How was sa grete folie, and dotage
Inuoluit in thy mynde with furie rags
How oft quhen thou to aukful batall wend
Amyd the routis, and on thy stede assend
In schynand armour, arrayit al at rycht

I allayit the, to wythdraw from fycht
And feil tymes, defendit the and forbad
To go the way, that thou begunnyng had
And al effect, quhen thou wald depart
Amyd the set, the stoppit wicht sare hart
Bot al for not, nathing mycht stynt in the
quhat I haue suffert syne, how standis wyth me
Our ciete wallis, wytnessing lute hate
Wyth tenementis and biggingis, half doun bet
And the large feildis strowit, quhite with banis
And hale the pissance, of Italyanis
Al wastit and distroyit, thus alake
The huge slauchter, and mischeuus wraik
And al the feyldis, warm rede and browne
Of mennis quelling, grete and occisioun
The lang abasit ferful quaking drede
And hard laubour, quhilk in extreme nede
In my age sa oft has vndertane
In sa feil dangeris, quhare remede was nane
Bot now Turnus here thou lyggis dede
Quhare is the nobil renoume of thy south hede
And quhare is thyne excellent hie curage
Quhydder is it went thy strenth and vassillage
quhare is the statly bewtie, of thy face
Quhare is the schinand fygure now alace
Of thy fare vysage, quhidder are gone but were
Thy pleasand forret, schaiplie and ene clere
Ha how feil teris, and wofful dolour smart
Sal thou Turnus, rendir to dawnus hart
And with how large wepyng, dule and wa
Ouerfleyit, sal al the ciete of Ardea
Bot thay sal not behald the wyth siclake
Throw gyrd wyth schamful wound, caucht in the bak
Na note the of na cowardice, in thy mynd

Noȝ that thou was degenerit, out of kynd
And to the wofull fader, wil of rede
At laſt, this ſal be ſolace of thy dede
Al thocht thy harmes, doth him ſoȝe ſmert
That grete Eneas ſwerd, has perſit thy hart
And ſayand thus, with teris of piete
His chekis baith and face, ouer chargit he
Syne turnand him towart the mekil rout
The reuthful coȝps, of this ilk Turnus ſtout
Bad turs away, and cary furth anone
Until his faderis ciete, wo begone
And commandit to do the body cald
Al funeral pomp, efter the vſage ald

¶ How Turnus coȝps. tyll ardea was ſens
Quhilk was by ſuddand fyre byrnt doun and ſchent

THe Rutilianis anone, al in ane rout
This dede coȝps that ſlane lay, ſtert about
The gentil body, of this ſtout ȝoungkere
Thay haue addreſſit and layd on ane riche bere
And with him eik, feil takynnis by the way
Reft from Troianis, in the bargane, bare thay
Baith helmis hoȝs, ſcheildis, and vthir gere
Swerdis gilthernis, and mony ſtalwart ſpere
Syne eftir this his wery cart furth went
Of Troiane ſlauchter, and hate blude al beſyzent
Furth haldis wepand, Meteſtus the cartare
As he that in the craft, was not to lere
Ledand the ſtede, bedouin al of ſwete
And chekis wet, of flotter and teris grete
Quhilk ſtede had caryit Turnus, oft tofoȝe
As victoȝe hame, with grete triumph and gloȝe
Ful pompuſlie, apoun ane vthir wyſe
Efter feruent ſlauchter, of his inemyis
ȝounder vtheris about him, enuyroun

beris

Beris thare armour, and scheildis turnit doun
The remanent syne of the bale barnage
Follows wepand knycht swane, and page
With habound ance of mony, trigland tere
And kyng Latyne, wyth al thame with him were
Towart his palace, can returne anone
With mynd trublit trist, and wo begone
For sa excellent dede corps, as was slane
Teris al samyn furthzettis, euery ane
Bayth agit men matronus, and chylder lite
The ciete fillis wyth womenting, and site
Daunus his fader, no wyse wyttand so
He suld remane, to se sic dule and wo
Nor that his son, his stalwart fyzete had zald
And maid end, in the lattir bargane bald
That thus was brocht to toun dede, by his feris
With sic plente of bitter wepand teris
The samyn tyme, with vthir diseis was socht
At mekil said dolour, and hauy thocht
For as the latyne pepill, war or set
In to battall by troyanis, and doun bet
And turnus by his het, and recent dede
Had wyth hys blude littyt, the ground al rede
And suddane fyze, within the wallis hie
Umbeset halelye, Ardea ciete
The byggyngis, of hys fader wo begone
Bzynt and doun bet, of reky flambis schone
And all returnis, into assis rede
The fyzie sparkis in to eueyry sted
Twynkland vpspzingis, to the sternes on hye
That now no hope of help, may fundyn be
Quhydder so it was, vnto the goddis lyking
Or that the fatis befoze, list schaw sum signe
Of turnus de th, in hozybyl battal slane

And

And quhen the pepill saw,remedy was naine
Belike the wokul,trublit citezanys
Thare dzery dzeistis batand,all attanis
Gan fast bewale,with pietuous drepand face
Of this vnhappy chance,the wzechyt cais
In lang rabill the women,and matrons
With al thare kozs fled,reuchfully attanis
From the bald flambis,and bzynt bleis stout
And like as that of emotis,the blak rout
That ythandlie labouris,and besy be
Had betidit vnder the rute,of ane hye tre
In tyll ane clukt,thare bike and duelling stede
To hyde thare langsum werk,and wyuter bzede
Gif so betid,thay kel the ax smyte
Apoun the treis schank,and theron byte
So that the crop down weltis,to the ground
That with the kelloun rusche,and grisly sound
Thare smale cauernis,all to bzok and rent is
Than spedely this littill rout,furth spzentis
Is wyll of rede sleand,thay wat not quhare
Tursing thare bindingis,affroitlye here and thare
Oz like as that,on the house syde the snale
Schakand hyz toppit schell,oz than hir tale
Fleand the birnand heit,that scho dois fele
Ane lang tyme gan do wersil,and to wzele
Thristand fast with thare feit,vnto the wale
And zit her hede with kozce,and strenthis all
Frawart the keruent flambis,fast with dzawis
Scho ikaldis,and with mony wykis and thzawis
Dzeistis koz to eschew,the kerefull hete
Nane vthir wise in sa keil,perrellis grete
Thir wokull citezanis,gan thame self flyng
Ruschand with trublit mynd,in tylane lyng
Bayth here and thare,and wist not quhare away

Bot

Bot maist of allace, and wellaway
Wyth reuthful vocis, cryand to the heuin
The agit kyng dawnus, and wofull steuin
And tho amyd the flambis, furth wyth all
Ardea the foule, quham the beroun clepe wil
Betand hyr wyngis, thay behald and se
Furth of the fyre, heich vp in the are
That bayth the name, and takin ouer al quhare
Beris of this ciete, ardea the auld
Quhilom wyth wallys, and towrys hye vntauld
Stude werelye wrocht, as strenth of grete defence
That now is chaunget, and kul quyte gone hence
Wyth wyngys wyde sleand bayth vp and doun
Now bot ane foule was, are ane ryal toun
Astonyst of thys nyce, and new cace
And oft the wounder rus meruellis, in that place
Quhilk semyt nothing, lytyl for to be
As thocht thay send war, by the goddis hie
The pepil al coukul yt, styl dyd stand
Thare burdingis, on thare schulderys cariand
And mouit nouther fute toung nor mouth
And kyng Daunus, for thys affray vncouth
With ardent luke symtyn, and desire
Of thys cheif cyte, destroyt and brynt in fyre
The hard dolour, and the sorow smert
Haldys ful clois depe, grauyng in hys hart

Fra that dawnus his son turnus saw dede
Huge lamentatioun made, he in that stede,

AWyd al thys deray, and grete effere
Fame of dyseis forryder and messingere
Come hurland with huge murmure fast to toun
And wyth large clamour fillis enutroun
Thare myndis al how ane dede corps new than
Was cumand at hand with mony wokull man

And

And Turnus likeles laid,wyth moꝛtall wound
In keild diſcomfiſt ſlane,and bꝛocht to ground
Than euery wycht trublit,and wo begone
The blak bleſand fyꝛe bꝛandis,mony one
As was the gyle,has hynt into thare handis
Of ſchinand flambis,glitteris all the landis
Thus thay recounterit thame,that cumand were
And ſamin Jonit,cumpanyis in fere
Quham als faſt,as the materis can eſpye
Thay ſmate thare handis,and ralit vp ane cry
That to the ſternes went,thare wofull bere
Bot fra Dawnus the coꝛps,of his ſon dere
Beheld,he gan ſtynt,and arreiſt his pale
And ſyne half dele,enragit in ane rale
Wyth huge ſoꝛow ſmyte,in ruſchis he
Impd the rout,that reuth was foꝛ to ſe
And apoun Turnus coꝛps,him ſtrekis doun
Enbꝛaſing it on grouke,all in ane ſwoun
And als faſt as he ſpeke micht,has furth bꝛade
Wyth wourdis lamentabil,on thus wyſe he ſaid
Son the deſeis of thy fader,thus dꝛeſt
And of my febyl eild,the reuthfull reſt
Now me birekt,quhy has thou ſo allace
In to ſa grete perrillis,and inſyc caſe
We cachid thus,and dꝛiue quhidder quod he
And vnder cruell bargane,as J may ſe
Now finale thus vincuſt,and ouercum
Quhare is thy wourthy valour,now becum
Quhare is thy douchty conſtance,of thy ſpꝛete
We carpit thus from reſt,and all quyet
Is this the notabyl honour,and louyng
Of thy manhede,and gloꝛy of thy ryng
Is this the grete wourſchip,of thine empyꝛe
O my dere ſon,quhylom thou bald ſyꝛe

Dawnus pitefull complaint for his ſone Turnus deith.

Kyngis thou vs hanie, sikkin triumphe as thys
So this the rest and eis, thou did promis
To thy fader so trist and wo begone
And oft ouerset, wyth Inemyis mony one
Is this the meith, and finale terme or end
Of al laubouris, as we destrit and wend
O wa is me wretchit, and wofull wycht
How haistely, doun fallyng from the hicht
Thir slyddry warldly chancis drawis fast
With how grete farde, ouer rollit and doun cast
Sa haistely bene thare, fatis behald
He that was laitlie, sa stout hie and bald
Renownit with grete honour of cheuelry
And baldin grete throw out ai Ytale
Quham the troyanis, so awfull fult in armes
And dred sa oft his furour, wrocht thaym harmes
Wy awne Turnus, lo now apoun this wise
Ane lamentabil, and wofull corps now lyis
Now dum and spechles, that hede liggis thare
Quhilum in al Italie nane sa fare
Nor nane mare gracious, in til eloquence
Nor nane so byg, but armes nor at defence
Son quhare is now thy schinand lusty hede
Thy fresch figure, in vilage quhite and rede
Thy plesand bewtie, and thine ene tweyne
With thare swete blenk and lukis mony ane
Thy gracius glitterand, semelie nek lang
Thy vocis soun, quhilk as ane trumpet rang
The gloze of mars, in batal or in stour
Is conquest wyth sic auenturis sour
Had thou sic wyl thy selfin in to submit
To feruent bargane, and to dedis bit
Quhen thou departit, of thys stede from me
For to returne, with sic pompe as we se

O haitful deith, that only quhare thou likis
Wyth thy reuengeabil wappinnis, so sare strykis
That thou thir proude myndis, bridil may
To all pepill elyke, and common ay
Thou haldis euin, and beris the sceptur wand
Eternalli abseruand, thy cunnand
Quhilk grete and small, doun thingis and nane rakkis
And stalwart folk, to febil equale makis
The commoun peppl, wyth the capitanis
And youth and age assemblis baith attanis
Allace detestabill deith, dirk and obscure
Quhat chance vnwourthy, or mysaventure
Has the constrenit, my child thus to be reft
And with ane cruell wound, thus dede to left
O sister Amata, happy quene quod he
Be glad of sa happy chance, as happynypt the
And of thy awne slauchter, be blyith in hart
Quharby thou has, so grete dishonour astart
And fled so huge, occasiouns of mysheik
So hard and chargeand huge, wo and greik
O goddis aboue, quhat ettil ze moze to do
Unto me wrechit fader, sen ellis lo
My son ze haue birekt, and ardea
My ciete, into flambis brynt alsua
Consumed is, and turnit in assis rede
Wyth wyngis fleis, ane foule in euery stede
Bot ha Turnus, mare trist and wo am I
For the maist pietuous slauchter, so bludy
Wantit this last myschance, zit or sic thyng
To thy vnweildy fader, auld Dawnus kyng
Bot liekirly, with sic conditioun ay
Thir warldly thingis, Turnis and writhis away
That quham the furious fortoun list Inkest
And eftir laug quiet, bring to vnrest

The inconstance of warldlys thingis

Bzayand apoun that catiue, for the nanys
With all hir forss, assailzeis sche attanis
And wyth all kynd of torment, in hir ireik
Constrenis him wyth soundis, of mischeik
Thus said he wepand sore, as man schent
With large flude, of teris his face bispzent
Dzawand the sobbis herd, and sichis smart
Throw rage and doloure, depe out from his hart
Like so as quhare Iouis, big soule the Erne
With hir strang tallouns, and hir punkis sterne
Lichtand had claucht, the littl hynd calk zing
Torring the skyn, and made the blude out spzing
The moder this behaldyng, is al ouer set
With sorow for slauchter of hyr tendir get

Kyng latyne till Eneas / send message
For peace and eik hys dochteris mariage.

The nixt day following, with his bemes bzicht
The warld on bzede, Illumynit has of licht
The kyng Latinis, tho seand but let
Italianis discomfist, and ouerset
By the fatale auenture of were
And wele persauit, how and quhat manere
The forcoun hale, turnit to strang Enee
And in his mynd reuoluit, eik has he
The huge dout of battel, and deray
Full mony ferefull change, and grete affray
His confederatioun, and hys sworne band
The wedlok promyst, and the ferme cunnand
And spousale of his dochter, hecht with all
Of all the rout, vntil him gart he call
Ane thousand wourthy men walit at richt
The quhilk the troyane Duke, and douchty knycht
Quham he desirit, suld conuoy to toun
In robbis lange, also or tralesde goune

wyth thame he Ioned, oratouris in fere
And to thame gaif, fell ſtrate commandmentis ſere
And forther eik, quhen thay depart can
Of his fre wyll, tham chargit euery man
That ſen be fauouris, and admonitionis
Of the goddis, be many ferefull ſingis
Expedient it was, the kyng troyane
Contone and myddill, with blude Italiane
And tharfore gladly, to thame gang wald chaiſ
And with gude wyllis, beſy and aſſay
For to conuoy, the ſaid Eneadanis
With Joy within the, hie wallis attanis
And in the myd, quhile him ſelf ful beſy went
The ciete quhilk was, diſarayit and ſchent
To put to poynt, and ordinance agane
And the bruetidy, commoun peppl Italiane
To caus addres, eftir thare faculte
Thare myndis meſis, and aſtablis he
And gan thame promys, reſt in time cumming
And how within ſchort time, he ſuld thame bring
In tyll eternale peace, for euir mare
Syne chargeit he, the peppll ouer al quhare
In toy blythnes, ſolace and deray
Tryumphe to mak with myrth gam and play
As was accordyng, and al thare lugeingis hye
Thare kyngly honour, and ſport ryall to be
And merely commandis, man and page
With ane aſſent blyith hult, and glaid vyſage
His gude ſon, thay ſuld do welcum and mete
And with hale hert, reſſaue apoun the ſtrete
The troyane peppll, feſtand thame in hye
With glade ſemblant ryall, and melody
And to furth ſchaw, ſere takynnis of kyndnes
And of new peace, ſo lang deſyrit ſolace

Heir endis the fourt ſchip fra kynge Latine tyll Eneas.

Be this the rout, as thay instrukkit wer̃e
In full gud reule, and ordinance in fere
Ar enterit, in the troians new ciete
And on thare hedis, garlandis of Olive tre
Peace thay besocht, as cheif of thare message
Quhen gentyl Eneas, euery man and page
Within his palice riall, to presence
Chargeit conuoy, and gif thaym audience
And of thare cumyng, the caus and maneré
With vilage full debonare did enquere
Than the agit drayces with curage bote
Begouth the fyrst, hys toung for to note
As he that was bayth glaid, Joyful and gay
For Turnus slauchter, that the was done away

Dyarees oyation to Eneas desiring hys kythip of feris/Lauinia kyng Latins dochter in mariage.

And thus he sayd, O gentyl duke troyane
Ferme hope and gloir, of the peppl phrigiane
To quhem of micht, and dedis of armes fare
In al the warld, that e may be na compare
We vincust folkis, to witnessing doith call
And by the goddis sweris and goddessis all
Contrare hys willis, fare the kyng latyne
Behald the grete assembli, and conuyne
Of the Italiants, and folk of latyne land
Agane hys stomak, ilk I bere on hand
Outtragiusly, the contract is Ibrokin
Ne neuir he in dede, na word has spokin
That mycht the troyane, honour truble ocht
Bot fer rather, baith in dede and thocht
Sen that the goddis, respons sa has taid
The wedding of hys douchtir, grant sou waid
And with ful grete desire, ful wele I knaw
Okt counte sou, to be his son in law
For all the brekc, and sterage that has bene
In fere of were, and birnist armour kene

wyth sa grete rage, of labour and of pane
The wylde furie of Turnus, now lyis slane
Inflammyt wyth the stang, of wikkitnes
And inekkit, with hie hattrent erpes
Has brocht on hand, and mouit sa to stere
Agane thare wyll, to rais batall and were
The latyne pepil, constrenyng by and by
Quhilk thay playnly refuiit, and gan deny
Him, all the ost, turnand bakwart agane
Besocht to ceis, and draw fra the bargane
And suffir the grete anchises, son of troy
His wedlok promyst, entois but ennoy
Syne the mayst nobil kyng, Latine full sane
Him for to brek, and wythdraw agane
His auld vnweildy handis, twa did hald
Hym to require, hys purpous fynt he wald
For wele he saw, in ouer ardent desyre
Of the bargane, he scaldit hait as fyre
Bot al our prayeris, and requisitis kynd
Wyche nowthir bow, that doure mannis mynd
Nor zit the takynnis, and the wounderis sere
From goddis send, wyth diuyne answere
Bot that euermore, and more keirsly he
Furth spoutand fyre prouocand the melle
And for sic, sucquerdry vndertake now
His awue mischeif, wele wourthy til allow
Ye fundin has, quhilk fynale on the land
Thou beand victor, with the ouer hand
Hym bet to ground, has made do gnaw and bite
The blak erd in till his mortall syte
Now lat that Ilk rebatour, wynde in hy
The blak hellis, biggingis to besy
Under the dzerey depe stude, of acheron
Lat hym go seirs, sen he is thidder gone

Vthir ostis or barganis, in his rage
And als ane vthir manere of mariage
Thou ker bettir, and grete dele wourthiar
To bere the riall sceptoure and to be are
Succede to realme, and heretage sall
Of laurent cuntre, with the nobillis al
In the alhale, the hous of king latyne
And his vnweildy age, like to declyne
His hope and all beleif, restis in the
And the onlie Italiantis, al said he
Aboue the schynand sternes, as gold bzycht
Full wilful ar, for to vphie on hicht
As mayist excellent, wourthy werioure
Thay the extol, in batall and in stoure
Thy heuinlie armour, eik with loude steuin
And thy verray renowne singis to the heuin
The graue faderis, of counsall venerabill
In thare degest, decretis sage and stabill
The anciant pepil, vnweildy for age
The glaid zoung gallandis stalwart of curage
The lusty matrouns, newfangil of sic thing
Wenschis vnwed, and littil childer zing
All with ane voce, and hale assent at accorde
Desiris the, as for thare prince and lord
And ioyus ar, that into feild fute hete
Under the wappinnis Turnus lyis doun bet
The auld Italie, clepit ausonia
Beleikis hereof, and forthirmoze alsua
Doith the extol, maist wourthy wise and wicht
In the onlie returnite, is thare sicht
The kyng hym self, Latinus now full ald
His anciant vnweildy lyfe, to hald
Has only thys beleif, and traist quod he
That he his douchter, may do wed with the

Dukis

Quhilk of kyn, succession and lynnage
Be that ilk souerane band, of mariage
Of troyane and Italiane, blude distend
Sal childer furth bryng, quhil the warldis end
Perpetualy to ring, in hye empire
Tharfore haue done, cum on thou gudely sire
The grete ledar of the troyane rout
Cum enter in, our werely wallis stout
Resaue thys wourthy notabil fair proffir
And sasyne tak, of honouris quhilk we offir
Thus endit he, and al the remanent
In til ane voce, sampyn gaif thare consent
Quham the reuthful Eneas, wyth glaid chere
Resauit has ful tendirly, in fere
And in few wourdis, and ane freyndly mynd
Thaym anserand, he carpit on this kynd
Not zou nor zit the kyng Latyne, but leis
That wount was, for to reygn in plesand pece
I wyl argew, of thys maner and offence
For soith I wate, the wilful violence
Of turnus, al that grete werk brocht about
And I am sour eik, and out of dout
Sa grete dangere of baitail, it was he
Prouokit sa, and moyit to the melle
For zoung delire, of hyé renowne perfay
And lois of proues, mare than I did say
And neuertheles, he weir it be I wys
Thys spousage Italiane, that me promyst is
Ne wyl I not, refuse on nakin wyse
Nor na knitting vp, as ze deuise
Thys haly peace, with freyndly alliance
With eterne concord, but dissenerance
The sampyn kyng latyne, my gude fader ald
Sal his empir, and bene rabill sceptoure hald

Eneas wil answere to the embaslis to Latyn.

And

And I tropane for me, vp in this feild
Ane new reflect, and wyth wallis fall beild
Quhilk cietc fall reflaue, his dauchteris name
And my goddis domeſticall, that fra hame
wyth me I brocht, I fall with zou conioze
In concord and vnite, all commoune
Into tyme tocum, lamin bthir fallouſchip
Under ane law fall leik, in grete freyndſchip
In the mene tyme go, and ſpede vs ſone
Vnto our werk, that reſtis zit vndone
And lat vs birnie the bodyis, and bery eſt
Quham the hard wokul rage, has vs bereft
And into battall, kelit lyis dede
Syne to mozne arely, as the ſon wozthis rede
And with his clere dayis, licht doith ſchyne
Blythlp we ſeik, to the cietc Laurentyne
Thus ſaid he, and the Latinis, quhill he ſpak
wyth village ſtyll, beheld him ſtupefak
Of his wiſe gracius anſueris, wounder and all
And of ſic wourdis, debonare in ſpeciall
Ware euidently gan maruell, he and he
Of his grete werk, of reuth and ſic pyete
Bluſſit with all thare fozeis, euery wicht
Weltis doun treis, grew ful hie on hicht
And baiſkely togiddir, gadderit has
In hepis grete, the funerall fyze to rais
And thare aboue, thir cietizanis has laed
Under quham ſyne, thay ſet in bleſis bzade
The flamb and reik, vpglidis in the are
That of the laithly ſmokis, here and thare
The heuin dirknit, and the fyzmament
Thay hynt from all, the feildis adiacent
Innowmerabyl rouch, twynter ſcheip ſyne
And of thir accoyne cwellaris, the fat ſwyne

The tidy 3oung or in, fitt thay fall
And in the funerall fyris, did thame kall
The large plants schinis, all of licht
And throw thar hart, skaldand stambis bricht
Stude blunt of beistis, and of treis bare
Wyth huge clamour, smyte dynnit the are

¶ How kyng Latinis / metis with Eneas kene
And freyndly taikin / was thir twa betwene

BE this the schipmand, secund dayis liche
Uprais phebus, with goldin bemes bricht
Than all the troyanis, and Ausonianis
Full blythly in ane rout, assemblit attanis
Mounted on hors, and held thare wayis syne
Unto the maister cietc, Laurentyne
With wallis hye, and biggingis warely maid
Before thame all, reuchtul Eneas rade
And nixt perordour, dzances that to the kyng
As agit man carpis, of mony thyng.
Syne come hys only son, Ascanius
That vthir wayis, was clepit Julius
Nixt him Alethus, with mind ful degest
Graue Ilioneus mynystheus, and sterne sergest
Syne followis thame, the forcy Serestus
Syas also, and forcy Cloanthus
Eftir thame mydlit, samin went arayne
The vthir troyanis, and foldis Italiane
In the mene quhile, the latine cietezanis
Wythout thare wallis, I schit out attanis
That with grete laude, and mychc solempnite
And triumphe riall, has resaut Enee
Be this thay cumming war, in to the toun
Quham with blyth front, to mete thame reddy boun
The kyng Latine, with huge cumpany
Thame welcumis, and feistis by and by

And

And frā that he beheld, amyd the rout
Eneas cummand, the Dardane capitane stout
His verray figure, did him not dissaike
For quharc he went, excellent all the laik
And heare ker ane, grete dele semes he
That ker on brede, his ryall maieste
And pryncely schynand countenance did appere
And quhen that he, cummin was so nere
That athir gudly to vthir speik mycht
And here the wourdis, carpit apoun hicht
And lyke as thay, desirit on the land
Colap in armes, and ad one hand in hand
The kyng Latinis, as ane courtas man
With glaid semblant, thus first to speik began

Lat. laty mis oratiō to Eneas offerand hym hys douchter in mary age.

Wele be ze cummyn, finaly Enee
And the kerme hope, has not dissauit me
Of my desirus mind, now full of ioye
O schynand glorius licht, to folkis of troye
Quham the command, of the grete goddis mycht
Throw sa feil chancis, catchit and euyl dicht
In Italie within our, boundis plane
Has destinat, and ordant to remane
And thocht mannis, wantoun wilfull offence
Be our malapert, and vndantit licence
In thare fury with brag, and mekil vnrest
The haly lawis, trublit and infest
Prouok and and commouand, the goddis greit
So that also quhiddir, me war loith or leit
Full oft resistand, and denyand the were
Constrenyt I was, and warpit thare and here
That magre my hede, me behuffit sustene
The hard dangeris, of mars and mekil tene
Now is it endit, bot certis na litil thyng
Has it cost sum man, sic vndertakyng

The

The godlie powere, wilful vengeance to tak
Hauand disdene, that sic deray was mak
Unto the wikkit saulis, for the nanys
Has send condigne punytioun, and iust pänys
Haue done grete troyane prince, now I the pray
Sen bayth the crop, and rutis ar away
Of all sedicioun, and discord I wys
And wirkaris, of sa grete trespas and mys
Cum and ressaue, the spous and mariage
To the promyst succede, to heretage
Realmes I haue, and cieteis mony ane
Full stranglie biggit with hie wallis of stane
And sum also, that I in were conquest
And thare bat mkynnis, to ground bet and doun kest
Bot only the belef, and beild quod he
Of my verray age, and antiquite
Ane douchter haue, quhilk suld be myn are
Quhare in tyme cumming, for euermare
I the ressaue, and haldis in Deynte
As son in law, and successour to me
To quham the gentill Eneas, reuerently
This answere maid agane, and said in hy
Gaist trial kmg, al tyme accustumate
To leif in plesand peace, but al debate
O this werefare, and sa grete stryfe quod he
I traist euer, thare was na wyte in the
Tharfore my derest fader, I the pray
Do all sic doutis, of suspitioun away
Gif ony sic thochtis, restis in thy mynd
And traistis wele, Enee fald and kynd
Now am I present, reddy as ze wald
That now ressauis, and fra thys sal hald
As fader in law, and in al chancis perde
As verray fader, that me begat but le

Eneas gē
eil answers

The

The figure of the grete Anchiles dede
I se here present, to me in this stede
And I agane, in feruent hate desyre
Sou for to pleis, my fader lord and syre
Sal birn in loue, as sumtime wont was I
Towartis hym me engenerit, of his body

Here Eneas that wonrey gentil knyche was spousyt, wyth Lauinia the bryche

With siclike sermond, athir bithir gret
And samin to the cheif palice wyth thet
Thay held in fere, than mycht thou se with this
The matrounis and the zoung damysellis Iwys
That grete delire, has sic thing to be hald
Thring to the stretis, and bie wyndois thik fald
The agit faderis, and the zoung gallandis
Herozdour eik assemblit, reddy standis
In grte routis, to besy and to se
The gudlie personis, of the troiane menze
Bot specially, and first of al the laif
The grete capitane Enee, notit thay haif
Attentfully, behaldand euery wycht
His stout curage, his byg stature and hycht
And in thare mynd compzasit his kyn maist hye
His plesand bylage, and knichtly large bewty
And glaid and ioyful, extol and loke thay can
The grete apperance of gude in sic ane man
And sa fare giftis, and beleif but leis
As thay desyrit, of finale rest and peis
Lyke as quhen the grete ythand, wete or rane
From the cluddis furth, set ouer all the plane
Haldis the husbandis ythil, aganis thare wyll
Lang wyth his crukit beme the pleuch lyis styll
Syne gyf bzycht Tytan, list to schew his face
And with swyft cours, fer furth ane large space

Commendatione of Eneas.

Dois cache his stedis, and his gylttin chare
And kythis his goldin bemes in the are
Makand the heummys, fare clere and schene
The weddir smout, the fyrmament serene
The landwart hynes, than bayth man and boy
For the soft sessonn, ouer flouris ful of ioy
And athir bitheris, gan exhort in hy
To go to labour, of thare husbandry
Na vthir wyse, the peppl Ausonians
Of this glade time in hart, wox wounder fane
Be this the kyng Latyne, lord of that land
Mouth maist nobyl Eneas, hand in hand
Within the cheif palice, baith he and he
Ar enterit in the sale ryall, and tha
Quham follouis nixt, the young Ascanius fare
That was his faderis, only child and are
Syne folk of Italy, mydlit with troyanis
Ar enterit in that ryall hald attanis
Mouth pompus feyst, and ioyus myrth ouer all
Resoundis tho baith palice, bour and hall
And al the chymnes, ryall round about
Was fyllit with thare trine, and mekyll rout
And thare withall, of chalmeris by and by
Mouth sa gudely ane sort, and cumpany
Of fare ladyis, and dampsellis vnwed
Innowme rabil almaist, als furth was led
The fare fresche, Lauinia the may
Amid thame schinand, in hir riall array
The crystall bemes, of hir ene twane
That as the bricht twinkland, sternes schane
Sum dele eschamed, towart the erth dois hald
Quhom as the troyane prynce, first gan behald
Of bewty schape, and all effaris perfay
Sa excellent that, wounder was to say

Eneas reparred in the kingis Palyce.

Lauinia

At the fyrſt blenk, aſtonith half wox ſche
And mu∫and houeris, ſtyl on hir to ſe
And in his mynd can rew, the hard my∫chance
Of Turnus quham, no litle apperance
Sa baldly mouit, to derene bargane
To rais the were, and ficht for ſickin ane
For wele he thocht, the hope of ſyc ane wycht
To dedis of armes, aucht to conſtrene ony knycht
Syne to abrege our mater, hand in hand
Thay war coniunct, into eternal band
Of matrymonye; and tho at all deuiſe
The wedlok with honour, as was the gyſe
The menſtralis, and heraldis of grete fame
Was playit and ſoung, and throw the court proclame
Than ioy and myrth, with danſyng and deray
Full mery noyis, and ſoundis of game and play
Aboue the hyrcht ſternes, vie vpwent
That ſemit for to peirs, the fyrmament
And ioyus vocis, ryngis furth allo
Quer all the palyce ryall, to and fro
And ſic ryot Indurand, amyd the preis
Enee thus carpis, to traiſt Achates
And bad him go belive, but mare delay
Do fetche the reche robbis, and array
The freſche attyre, and all precious wedis
Wrocht craftely, and weiff of goldin thredis
Quhilom be fare, Adromathais hand
By quham thay war, him geuin in preſand
And eik the cowar, of the fyne gold bricht
Wyth precious ſtanis, and with rubyis picht
Quham ſche allo, about hir hals quhite
Was wount to were, in maiſt pomp and delite
Quhil that the troyane, were fare ſtude aboue
The grete coupe eik, the quhilk in ſygne of loue

Mariage made be tuix Ene as and La tinia.

Quhylom kyng Priame: to his fader gaif
Auld Anchyſes of fyne gold and engraif
Than but delay, Achates at command
Brocht thir riche giftis, ane wounder fare preſand Giftes
Syne to his fader in law, the kyng latyne
The precius coup gaif he, of bricht gold fyne
And to his ſpous, Lauinia the may
The wedis ryall, and the collere gay
Than athir, did thare deulie obſeruance
Wyth blyith breithis, and pleſand daliance
To feiſting, intertene and cheris
Thare keris about, on the maiſt gudly wyſe
Wyth dyuers ſermond, carpand all the day
Thay ſchort the houris, dryuand the tyme away
¶ Grete myrth and ſolace, was made at the feiſt
Weyerlandmony hiſtoryes/and auld geiſt

BE this, it waxis late towart nicht
And faſt declynyng, gan the dayis lycht
The tyme requiring, fyr the auld manere
To go to mete, and ſit at the ſuppere The bāket
Anone the banket, and the manoyr
For feiſt ryal, accordyng by and by
Wyth al aboundance, pertenyng to ſic thyng
As wele effeirit, in the hous of ane kyng
Wyth alkin maner ordinance, was made
Amyd the hallis hicht, lang and braid
Apparalit, at al deuyſe and deray
Unto the banket, hale aſſemblit thay
And on the carpettis ſpred, of purpour fyne
The tablis ſet, quhare thay war ſeruit fyne
Wyth alkin danteys, and with meteſete
That al to rekkin, prolixit war to here
As how the criſtal cueris, to thare handis
The wattir gaif, and how ſeil ſeruandis ſtandis

To mak thame mynystracion, in all curis
And how thay trasing, on the large flouris
With blyith village, in to euery stede
And how that first on burdis, thay set brede
Sum with mesis, gan the tabillis charge
Ane vthir sort, douth set in all at large
The coupis grete, and drynkin cassis fyne
And gan to skink, and birll the nobill wyne
That to behald thare walkin, to and fro
Throw the roume hallis, and so besy go
And thame at tabillis, makand so grete chere
Ane paradise, it was to se, and here
Bot with his ene vnmouit, Latyne kyng
Gan fast behald, the child Alcaneus zing
Wounderyng on his efferis, and vilage
And of the speche and wourdis graif, and sage
Of sic ane childis mouth, sic wise suld sale
And of degest, and reddy wit with all
Befoir the zeris of maturite
And of fele thingis, him demandis he
Athir to vthir randerand, mony ane saw
And syne wald he also, ane vthir thraw
Full tendirlie da kys, hys lusty face
And lap him in his armis, and enbrace
And wounderly, reiosit declarit wald he
Happy and to the goddis, bede wit Enee
Quhilk him had geuin, sic ane child az thai
And quhill thay thus, at the supper sat
Eftir that with sa mony, deynteis sere
Thare appetite of metis, all wagit were
With commonyng, and carping euery wicht
The lang declynand, and ouer slippand nycht
Gan schape full fast, to mak schort and ouer drywe
Now the troyanis, hard au[illegible] belyue

¶ commendacione of Eneas

Reherſing ouer, and all the grekis ſtiche
Now the keirs bargane, and the awfull ficht
Of laurent pep il, calling to thare mynd
As how and quhare quham by, and be quhat kynd
The oſtis firſt diſconfiſt, war in feild
And quhare that athir rowtis vnder ſcheild
With dartis caſting dynt, of ſwerdis and mace
Conſtrenit was to fle, in ſic ane place
And leif the feild, and quha beſt did his det
Quha bald in ſtour eik maid, the firſt vnſet
And quha firſt one ane ſtertland conſour gude
His birniſt brand bedyit, with rede bluide
Bot pyncipalie Eneas, trot me bald
And Latynis the king ſage, and auld
Of conquerouris, and ſuffer and pyncis ding
The geiſtis can rehers, fra king to king
Twichand the ſtate, quhilom be dayis gone
Of Latium, that mychty regioun
How vmquhile Saturne, fleand his ſonnyis brand
Lurkit and dwelt, in Italy the land
Be quhilk reſoun he did it latium call
That kynd of pepil, ſkatterit ouer al
In mountanis wyld, to giddir made conuene
And gaif thame law, and ſtatutis and ſulle bene
Taucht thame to grub, the wynes, and al the art
To ere and ſaw, the cornes and zork car
And how the grete Jupiter, god diuyne
To this his faderis reſſet, ſocht has ſyne
And how that he engenerit thare allia
On Atlas douchter, the fare wynſche elettra
Schir dardanus that eftir, as thay ſayne
His awin brother Jolyus, has ſlane
Syne from the crete, chozite in Italie
To ſey is went, with ane grete cumpany

Vid hiſtory is reherſit

And

And gan arriue eftir, in Phrigia
And belt the ciete, on the mont yda
How that he in signe, for his banere
From Jupiter, reſſaut his fader dere
The ſteand Egill, diſplayit fare and plane
Ane knawin takin, to pepill hectoriane
As the firſt nobill armes, and enſenze
Baith of the troiane anceſtry, and menze
Be him ereckit, and vpraſit ſtude
Was firſt begun, and cheif ſtude of that bludē
Thus with ſic manere taking, euery wicht
Gan dryuing ouer, and ſchortis the lang nycht
Thare with the bryde and noyis rais in thay wanys
Quhil all the large hillis, rang attanis
Of mannis voce and ſound, of inſtrumentis
That to the ruke on hie, the dyn vpwenis
The bleſand orcheſtris ſchane, and ſergeis bricht
That fer on bred, all lemes of thare licht
The harpis and the gethornis, play is attanis
Vpſtert troianis, and ſyne Italianis
And gan do doubil brangillis, and grambettis
Danſis and roundis, traling mony gatis
Athir throw vthir reland, on thare gile
Thay ſuttit it ſo, that lang war to deuiſe
Thare haiſty fare, thare reuelling and deray
Thare mirthis, and quhil ſic riot nere day
Bot for to telling how with torche licht
Thay went to chawmer, and ſyne to bed at nycht
Wyne auctor liſt na mention, therof draw
Na mare wyll I, for thingis bene knaw
All ar expert, eftir new mariage
On the firſt nycht, quhat ſuld be the ſubchārge.

¶ Eneas foundit ane wallit towne/and ſquare
Quhom to venus, gan diuers thyngis declare

And thus thay feistit dayis,nyne at all
With large pompe,and kingly apparal
Accoyding sic ane spousage,as was this
And quhen the tent mozow,cumin is
Than this ilk souerane,and maist douchty man
Eneas foz to found,his toun began
First gan he make ane cirkil,with ane pleuch
Quhare the wallis suld stand,thare dzew ane seuch
Syne troianis foundis tenementis foz thame self
And gan the fowlyis,and the dykis delf
Bot lo anone,ane wounder thing to tell
Ane huge bleis, of kambys brade doun fel
Furth of the cluddys,at the left hand straucht
In manere of ane lychting,oz fyze slaucht
And did alycht richt in the samyn stede
Apoun the croun,of kare Laurinas hede
And fra thine,hie vp in the lyft agane
Ilt glad alway,and tharein did remane
The fader Eneas,astonyst wox sum dele
Delirus this thing suld be takin sele
His handys baith vpheuis,towart the heuyn
And thus gan mak his bane,with myld steuyn
O Jupiter gif ezist,ony time sayd he
The troiane pepil,baith by land and se
Thine admonitions command,and impyze
Obeyit has,page man oz fyze
Oz gif that I zour power,and godhede
Dzed and adoznit,in tyl ony stede
Our altaris,oz ony wourschip did tharetò
And be that thing zit,that restis foz to do
Gif ony thyng behind zit dois remane
Wyth this zour happy takin,augurtane
Zeild vs zour plesand rest,and ferme pece
Wak end of al our harmes,and caus thaim ceis

Eneas fo dis atouss callis Iaun nia efter his wifis name

Eneas o' ration to Jupiter

As he sic wourdis, warpis out that tyde
His goldin moder apperis, him besyde
Conkessand hir to be, the kair ben us
And with hir blissit mouth, scho carpis thus.
Son do sic thocht, and dreide kuth, of thy mynd
Kessaue thir godlie thingis, in better kynd
And joyously enioyis, myne awne Enee
The grete welekare kea thens, sall betyd the.
Now is thy rest, and quiet kund and kend
Now of thy harmes, is cum extreme end
Now at the last, as thou desiris perfay
Thys warld with the, sall knyt vp peace koz ay.
Abhoz thou not the kire, and flambis bricht
From thy dere spoulis hede, glaid to the hicht
Bot constantlie thy mynd, thou now addzes
It sal be sche, I the declare expzes
That sall with blude riall, thy douchty name
Thy succession, renowme and nobill kame
And troiane pzinces of thy sede discend
Aboue the cloudis hie, and sternes send
Sche sall of thy lynnage, my son Enee
Bare chylder, kul of magnanimyte
Of quhais ofspzing, sic men sall succede
That all this large warld, ker on brede
With thare excellent wourschip, sall kulfyll
And by thare mychty power, at thare wyll
As conquerouris, vnder thare senzeorie
Subdew and reule this warldis, monarchy
Of quham the schynand souerane, glozie sall wend
And ker bezonde the occiane, se extend
Makand thame equale, with the heuynnys hie
Quham finalie, thare ardent grete bounte
Eftir Innoumerabill, sa sele douchtyhedis
And souerane vertew spzed, so ker on brede is

Eneas oza tion to hir son Eneas pzomising him immoztalitye.

Sal mak thame goddis, and thame deify
And thame vpheis, full hie, aboue the skye
This flamb of fyre, the wourschip, and renoim
Doith signifye, of thy succession
The god almychty, from his sterit heuin
Has schawin tharefore, this signe of fyrie leuin
Tharfore in recompence, of sick in thing
And sa mekill wourschip, of hir fall syring
This ciete quhilk thou clois, with anewall
Efter thy spouss name, clepe thou sall
And forthir eik the goddis quhein thou hynt
Of troy that tyme, quhen in flambis brint
Penates or the goddis, domesticall
Thou set also within, the campyn wall
Tharin thougart them sone, to be brocht in hy
In hie honour, and tyme perpetually
Thare to remane, eternal to duell
I sall to the of thame, ane wounder tell
Thay sall sa stranglie luke, this new ciete
That gif thame happinnis, carpit for to be
Tyll ony vthir stede, or place thare by
All be thame self agane, sal haistelie
Thay sall returne to thys ilk, toun of thine
That thou beildis in boundis, of kyng Latyne
Sa how oft syis that, thay away be tane
Thay sall returne, haimewart agane ilkane
O happy ciete, and wele forthinat wall
With quham sa grete relikis romane sall
Quham thou sall in tyme to cum, but leis
Goucrne the troiane folkis, in plesand peys
Eftir this at last, Latyne thy fader in law
Wery of hys lyfe, and fer in age ydraw
Dounne to the goistis in campe Elisee
Sall wend and end, his dol y dayis and dee

Vnto his kepture, thou sall do succede
And vnder thy sen: eozie, keron bzede
Sall weild and leid, thir ilk Italians
And common lawis koz thame, and the trolans
Statute thou sal, and syne thou sal ascend
And vp to heuin glaidly, thy self asend
Thus standis the goddis sentence, and decrets
Na mare scho sald, but as the gleme dois glets
From thence scho went away, in the schere are
I wat not quhiddir, koz I come neuer thare
Enee astonist hauand, his mynde smyte
With sic pzomys of renoune, and delite
Hys blisfit moderis command, gan sulkyl
And now at plesand rest, at his awne wyll
The troyane pepill reulit, he in pece
With this the king Latynis, can decets
And left the sceptoure vakand, to his hand
Than the reuthful Enee, ouer al the land
Of Italiane, succedis, in his stede
And gan full large boundis, in lozdschip leds
That hale lie obeyit, to his wand
And at his liking reulis, al the land
Now equalie of fre wyll, euery ane
Baith pepill of troy, and folk Italiane
All of ane rite manere, and vsance
Becummyn are freyndle, but distrepance
Thare myndis, and thare bzeistis in amyte
In ferme concozd, and grete tranquillite
Gan leif in eis confederate, and a-ly
As vnder ane law samyn, contonit euirdle

Kyng latine deys & lewis hys kyngdome and hys dochte; to Eneas.

¶ How Jupter koz venus cause and lufe
Has set Eneas as gode in heuinabilite.

VEnus with this all glaid, and full of ioye
Amyd the heuenly hald, ȝicht mylde and Woyé
Befoꝛe Iupiter doun, hir ſelf ſet
And bayth hir armes, about his ſeite plet
Embȝaſand thame, and kiſſand reuerendlyé
Syne thus with voce, expȝes, ſcho ſaid in hy
Fader almychty, that from thy heuinlie ryng
At thy pleſure reulis, and ſtetis al thing
That mannis dedis thochtis and auenturis
Reklynnys and knawis, and therof has the curis
Wele I remember, that quhen the pepill troiane
With hard vnfreyndlie foꝛtoim, was ouertane
Thou pȝomiſt of thare labouris and diſtres
Help and ſuppoꝛt and efter diſeis ſolace
Nouthir thy pȝomyſſis, fader noꝛ ſentence
Has me diſſauit foꝛ lo, with reuerence
All the faderis, of Italye has ſe
But diſcrepance fully, thir ȝeris thre
In blyſſit peace, my ſon enioyis that land
Bot certis fader, as I vnderſtand
Vnto the eſtrmit heuinly hald, on hie
Thou pȝomyſt raiſe, thy maiſt douchty Eneé
And foꝛ his merite abone, the ſchynand ſkye
Him foꝛ to place in heuin, and deikye
Quhat thochtis now dois, rolling in thy mynd
Sen ellis dois the verteuis, theuis kynde
Of thys reuthful Eneas, the require
Aboue the polis bȝicht, to rais that ſyre
The fader tho of men, and goddis all
Gan kys venus his child, and thare with all
Ther pȝofound wourdis, from his bȝeiſt furth bȝaid
My dere douchter Citheria, he ſaid
Thou knawis how ſtranglie, the mychty Enee
And the Eneadanis, all of his menye

Venus oꝛ ȝacion to Iupiter deſyrighys ſone to be oꝛſauyt in Italy.

Iupiteꝛs anſwere to venus.

Thend

Ithandly and vnthrift, iuſt haue I
On ſey and landis, catcht by and by
In perrillis ſere, and how that oft time eik
Hauand piete, of the my douchter meke
For luk of the, for thare diſeis was wo
And now I haue, to finalte alſo
Al thare harmes and ennoy, brocht til end
And made Juno, as that ful wele is kend
For to becum freindly and fauorabil
Now likis me forſoith, al ferme and ſtabil
My ſentence promiſt, to complete quod he
Quhen that the riall troiane, duke Enee
Amang the heuinnis, inſtitute I ſall
And him to nowmer of the goddis cale
And thus I grant, with gude willis perfay
Tharefore ſe that thou change, and do away
Gif thare be in him, ony mortal thing
And ſine aboue al the ſternes, thou him bring
I ſal alſo betch ony of his kin
Quhilk of thare propir bertew liſt do wyn
Perpetual loungis, by dedis honorabil
And doth contemne, the wrechit warld vnſtabil
Thame inlikewiſe, aboue the heuynnys hie
I ſal do place, and deify quod he
The hoddis aboue, alhale gaif thare conſaut
Nor riall Juno, at that tyme preſent
Liſt not contrary, but gan perſuade ful euin
To bring the grete Enee, vp til heuin
And freindle wourdis, of him carpis thare
Than venus ſaid, diſcendand throw the are
And ſocht vnto the feildis, Laurentane
Nere by quhare that numetius, throw the p'
That freſch eriuere, flewis to the ſe
Dikit about, with redis growand hie

Godly motis euer vertewis mens.

Quhar in the body, of hir ſon ſo dere
Scho maid do welche, and vnder the ſtremis cler
Al that was mortal and corrupttibill thyng
Gart do away, and ſine at hir lyking
The recent happy ſaul, with hir hint ſche
And bare it vp aboue the are full hie
Vnto the heuin, quhare reuthfull Eneas
Amyd the ſtremes, choſin has his place
Quham the famile and kinred Juliane
Doith clepe and cal, amangis thame euery ane
Indigites, quhilk is als meikil to ſay
As god induellare, that thare ſuddoynis aye
And in remembrance, of this ilk toyne
Thay his templis wourſchip and adoyne.

Eneas ſaul reſaued in heuyn.

Finis.

Concluſion.

NOw is my werk, al finiſt and complete
Quhom Jouis yre, noyr kiris birnand hete
Noyr trenſche and ſwerd, ſal dekays noyr doun thring
Noyr lang proces of age, conſumis al thing
Quhen that vnknawin day, ſal him addres
Quhilk not but one, this body power has
And endis the date, of mine vncertane eild
The bettir part of me, ſal be vpbeild
Aboue the ſternis, perpetually to ring
And here my name remane, but emparing
Throw out the yle, iclepit Albione
Red ſal I be, and ſoung with mony one
Thus vp my pen, and inſtrumentis, ful zore
On virgillis poſt, I fix for euermore
Neuir from thens, ſic materis to diſcriue
My muſe, ſal now be clene contemplatiue
And ſolitary, as doith the bird in cage
Sen fer by wone, all is my childis age
And of my dayis nere paſſit the halk date

That

That nature kuld me granting, wele I wate
Thus sen I keile doun swyand the ballance
Here I resigne, vp zounkeris obseruance
And wyl derek my laubouris, euer mor
Unto the commoun welth, and goddis gloir
Adew gud readeris, god gif zou al gud nycht
And eftir deth, grant vs his heueinly lycht

The space tyme and date, of the translatione of this buk,

COmpilet was this werk, virgiliane
Apoun the keist, of Marye magdalane
Fra Cristis birth, the date quha list to here
Ane thousand fyue hundreth, and threttene zere
Quhilk for vthir grete occupatioun lay
wncleryt clois beside me, mony ane day
And neuirtheles, quhidder I serk thank or wyte
Fra tyme I thairto set my pen to wryte
Thocht god wate, gif thare boundis wer ful wyde
To me that had, sic bestines beside
Upon this wyse, as god list len me grace
It was compilyt in auchtene monethes space
Set keil syth, sic twa monethis in fere
wrate neuir ane wourd, nor micht the volume stere
For graue matteris, and grete sollicitude
That al sic labour, fer beside me stude
And thus grete skant of time, and besye cure
Has made my werk, mare subtil and obscure
And not so plesand, as it aucht to be
Quharofore curtes reders, perdoun me
ze wrytaris al, and gentil redaris eik
Offendis not my volume, I beseik
Bot rede lele, and tak gud tent in tyme
ze nowthir mail, nor mismeter my rym
Nor alter not my wourdis, I zou pray
Lo this is all, bew, schirris haue gude day

Finis

The auctor forbiddis euerye man to change his rym or wourdis.

CAne exclamacion agan's detractouris and uncurtaſe redaris, that bene ouer ſtudious but occaſioun to note and ſpye out faltis, or offenſis, in this volume or any vthir thrifty werkis.

NOw throw the depe, faſt to the porte I merk
For here is endit, the lang diſparit werk
And virgil has, his volume to me leus
In ſouir raid now, ankerit is our werke
We dout na ſtorme, our cabillis ar ſa ſterk
We haue eſchapit, ful mony perrellis weyt
Now god belouit has, ſic grace till vs ſent
Sen virgil beis wyde quhare, in latine ſoung
Thus be my laboure red, in vulgare toung

Bot quhat dangere is ocht, to compile allace
Herand thir detractouris, in till euery place
Or euer thay rede the werk, biddis birn the buke
Sum bene ſa frawart, in malice and wangrace
Quhat is wele ſayd, thay loik not worth ane ace
Bot caſtis thame euir, to ſpy out falt and cruke
Al that thay fynd, in hiddillis birne and nuke
Thay blaw out ſayand, in euery mannis face
Lo here he failzeis, lo here he leis luke

Bot gif I le lat virgill, be our iudge
His werk is patent, I may haue na refuge
Thareby go not, my faltis one be one
No wounder is the volume, is ſa huge
Quhay mycht perfectly, al hiſhie termes iuge
In barbare langage, or thame deulie expone
Bot wele I wate of his ſentence wantis none
Quha can do bettir lat ſe, quhare I forouayt
begynnis new, al thing is gude bynallayt

Fer ethar is quha lift, fyt doun and mote
Ane vthir layaris, faltis to ſpye and note
Than but offence, or fait tha me ſelf to wyte
bot for to chyde, ſum bene ſo birnand hote
Bald thay thare pece, the word wald ſkald thare throte
And has ſic cuſtom, to Jangil and bakbite
That bot thay ſchent, ſum thay ſuld birſt for ſite
I ſay no more, quhen al thare nerd is roung
That wicht mon ſpeik, that can not hald his toung

Go bulgare birgil, to euery churliche wycht
Say I auow, thou art tranſlatit richt
Beſeik al nobillis, the correct and amend
Bets not effrait, to cum in preſaris ſicht
The nedis not to eſchame, for thy licht
For I bair brocht thy purpois, to gude end
Now ſal thou with euery gentil ſtot be kend
And to vnletteryt folk, be red on hicht,
That erſt was, bot with clerkis comprehend

Finis,

To knaw the name of the tranſlator.

The gaw vnbroken, mydlit with the wine
The dow toned with the glas, richt in ane lyne
Quha knawis not the tranſlatouris name
Seik no fordyer, for lo wyth lytil pyne
Spye leile this vers, men clepis him ſa at hame

Finis.